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THE COURT AND LADY'S MAGAZINE,
MONTHLY CRITIC AND MUSEUM.

UNITED SERIES, VOL. IV.]

[ANCIENT PORTRAIT SERIES, VOL. XV.]

A Family Journal

OF ORIGINAL TALES, REVIEWS OF LITERATURE, THE FINE ARTS,
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c. &c.

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

THE FETE OF WEISSNICHTWO.

BY BON GAULTIER.

CHAPTER I.

"She will not fail, for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time."

SHAKSPEARE.

ALL the world has heard of the important negotiation, which depended about a century ago, regarding the marriage of the Elector of Hesse-Cassel's sister to the Duke of Weissnichtwo. The fate of Europe and a German principality hung upon the treaty. Fifteen ambassadors had successively exhausted their abilities in endeavouring to conclude the match, and the government repositories already groaned beneath the growing pile of official despatches on the subject. His Highness of Hesse-Cassel, however, was now beginning to grow restive. Sufficient scope, he thought, had been allowed for playing off the diplomatic skill of the respective courts, and it was time matters

should be brought to a point. He, himself, was perfectly indifferent whether that point was the point of the bayonet or not,—although he was inclined to think, that if any thing could make people look sharp *that* would; and he accordingly intimated, in the most polite and inoffensive manner imaginable, that unless his Highness of Weissnichtwo married his Electorship's sister out of hand, he need not be at all surprised if he found himself and his principality, some fine afternoon, blown to the—Heaven knows whither. The Duke of Weissnichtwo was at perfect liberty to do as he pleased. He would not, on any account, coerce his Highness's in

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clinations; but such was his *ultimatum*; and, failing compliance therewith, the Duke might look ahead for the consequences.

This intimation was, no doubt, sufficiently explicit, and it disturbed the composure of his *Serene Highness* of Weissnichtwo not a little: there were one or two trifling circumstances on the other side of the question which made him pause. Firstly, he had never seen the lady, who was thus to be quitted into his arms, and of course not in love with her. That, however, would have been of little or no moment, but for the circumstance of his being actually in love with another lady, a ward of his own, Laura of Vielgeldt, who had the finest eyes and fortune in the duchy, and both had made a considerable impression upon the heart of the Elector, who only waited till the Duke of Weissnichtwo was provided for, and then the Elector well knew he might claim from him the hand of his fascinating ward. The Elector's proposal, therefore, touched him on the tenderest part. Now this would in no sort have suited the Duke's purpose. Not only was he passionately attached to the lady, but interest conspired with love in strengthening his desire to secure her for himself; for, when not dazzled by the brilliancy of her charms, he was by no means blind to the lustre of her wealth; or to the important fact, that the fortunate aspirant to her hand, whoever he might be, received along with it the broadest and most valuable domains in the kingdom. Neither of these could the Duke afford to resign without a pang, more especially to a rival power; and thus between personal inclination, and a prudent anxiety to avoid a rupture with his powerful neighbour, he found himself hoisted on the sharp antlers of an excruciating dilemma. The worst of it was, Laura of Vielgeldt looked coldly on his suit. He dreaded a rival, but at the same time knew not whence to escape him. At all events his formal proposals for her hand had been declined in that significant manner, which ladies learn and practise by pure instinct; and yet the young Countess, to all appearance whole in heart and fancy free, reigned predominant among the beauties of the court.

It was neither symmetry of feature,
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nor of form, which gave her the ascendancy among her rivals, but that better part of beauty, which painting cannot convey. Handsome in face, a fine complexion, teeth of the prettiest;—and where is the simile that does justice to beautiful teeth;—lips of rosy fulness, and wooing to be kissed, raven hair, and eyes

“Affectionate and glad,
That seemed to love whate’er it looked upon,”

were all there. But these individual charms were less attractive than the general play of arch expression, dignified by innocence and kindness, that sparkled on her features in the occasional excitement of conversation. Charms like these were worth a struggle, and the Duke of Weissnichtwo determined, before abandoning his suit altogether, upon one more effort to enforce it.

His Highness had warded off the solicitations of the Elector's ambassador, Von Tieftrinker, for a definite answer, till that dignitary's patience having become exhausted, he had threatened to leave the court forthwith—a proceeding which, as matters stood, was likely to be speedily followed by a declaration of hostilities. Now, either the Duke's council had received weighty reasons for supporting the Elector's views, or they happened just then not to be in a fighting mood, for they were urgent in pressing upon their master the propriety of securing for his people exemption from civil broils, by involving himself in what, at worst, could only be a series of domestic jars. He was thus fairly driven to the wall, but had contrived to soothe Von Tieftrinker's impatience for a time, by announcing a splendid fête, at which he promised to declare his resolution,—hoping, nevertheless, in the interval to assure himself of the lady's affections. The day of the fête, however, had arrived, and matters rested precisely where they were. All was bustle and preparation; draperies to hang, wines to draw, and cakes to quarter. Lackies and grooms of the chambers pushing, stumbling, jostling, and elbowing each other in every direction, with all the fussy importance of such personages. Carvers, gilders, and a whole fry of decorators, walked to and fro in a state of desperate excitement, and the fires of preparation in the culinary department gave the

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cooks and victuallers a vivid foretaste of the glories of Pandemonium.

In a hall at the extremity of one of the wings of the palace, remote from the general tumult, a young officer, resting his elbows, his hands together pressed, palm against palm, and pointing from his breast, seemed to be assiduously endeavouring to trace a reflection of himself in the polish of his boots. In this attitude of peculiar pensiveness, he thus gave vent to his ruminations:—"No, no, she will not come,—I was a fool to expect it,—it serves me right for falling in love. In love, heigho! What right had a poor creature like me to fall in love,—with nought to back his suit but assurance, and a person not altogether repulsive? Why, I am as poor as a rat, with no better prospect before me, except from the chances of war, and in these 'piping times of peace,' that is likely to be nothing. Was there ever such an unlucky dog? To fix on the woman, too, with whom, of all others, my union is impossible. And yet she loves me;—that is something, to be sure. Something? Everything. Live then in hope, friend Albert; she may be yours after all. Stranger things have happened. Unlucky! No, I am the happiest of fortune's minions; she the kindest of creatures; and will keep her promise, and come—but dare she? Heigho! I can hardly hope it."

"Ha! traitor, and so I've caught you at dalliance with doubts already. How do you think I am to trust *your* faith, seeing you set so lightly by mine!"

"Forgive me, dearest Laura, forgive me,—love, you know, is full of fears."

"No such thing, unless with fearful people."

"Nay, but—"

"Well, there! I pardon your doubts; for in very sooth I hardly know myself how I came to be here. It was a rash promise, indeed it was; and you were no sooner gone, than I determined not to keep it. I pictured to myself your looks of disappointment, but yet I said—"I will not go,"—I have been renewing the vow all morning, and indeed I was still saying to myself, "I will not go!" when I found myself beside you!"

"A thousand, thousand thanks! I can be but a beggar in gratitude for such love!"

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"Don't talk nonsense now. Love makes no unreasonable demands; it is generous and open-handed, and only seeks confidence and love in return. The giver and receiver are upon equal terms. Gratitude! There is no such word in love's vocabulary."

"May I then claim such love?"

"Yes, Albert, I do indeed love you; the difficulties that surround us, make me speak with a frankness that is perhaps scarce maidenly; but my heart is yours, and it now rests with yourself to win my hand."

"Bless you, dearest, bless you! what would I not do to accomplish such a triumph; but how is it to be done? You with the possessions of a princess, and I without a rood! Title, ancestry, a lineage linked with royalty, all these are yours. My fortune lies in the strength of my right arm alone, and my name has all its honours yet to win."

"Nay, Albert, not all! honours it has already won; and what station is there so exalted, but a soldier's fame is a passport to it; bear, then, a soldier's hope. Already your merits have raised you to a rank that puts you on a level with nobility."

"The Duke has, indeed, been kind beyond my hopes; but then the success of an adventurer like myself has raised up hosts of enemies, and I have no friend, except in his generosity, and the zeal of my kind protector *Taschenspiel*."

"He is in high favour with the Duke, and may be of service to you; but do you really build upon the sincerity of such a man's affection? That skipping and fantastic spirit of his would seem to leave him no heart to feel an interest in any living creature."

"Nay, love, you wrong him; I have the best cause to know the worth of soul that lies beneath that flippant exterior. To me he has ever been a father; I never knew another; yet with him beside me I have scarce felt the event. You should know the man, dearest, and you would then love him as I do."

"You have said enough to make me do so; but we must part. I have already been here too long, for there are curious eyes and idle tongues about, and it would be ruin, if the Duke heard of our meeting. So part we must, and that without having made any arrangement either."

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"Except that we are to meet again?"

"Ah! As to that we shall see; meanwhile here is a present for you. Should you see me smile among the revellers to-night, look on this portrait, and I shall not be angry, should you press it to your heart, and say, 'She is mine, only mine.'"

With this she bounded along the corridor, leaving young Captain Albert Namenlos in a maze of delicious sensations; the which, being peculiar to lovers, are universally understood to be indescribable.

CHAP. II.

*"Oh! hell, to choose love by another's eye!"
Shakspeare.*

"VERY well, very well! A few more statues into these vacant niches! There, there! That's right! Another dozen or so, and the job's done. If your stock runs out, catch a stray privy councillor, and stick him up instead. Their Sir Gravities will grace a pedestal rarely."

"Peace, fool!" It was the Duke of Weissnichtwo who spoke. He had entered the apartment with the secretary Taschenspiel, whose directions to the servants he thus interrupted: "Peace, fool! and listen to me!"

"Tush, babbler, and hear me speak, quoth the jay to the cuckoo!" murmured Taschenspiel, with a significant smile. "Fool, quotha!—not such a fool, however, as to think nobody's voice so sweet as my own. I can humour those that do, however, and my vanity moults no feather."

This answer, even had it been less inarticulate than it was, would have passed unnoticed, for Captain Namenlos had caught the Duke's attention, and stepping up, he roused him from his reverie by a tap upon the shoulder. After some general questions, he inquired whether Galgenvogel, a well-known bandit, who had for some time infested the ducal territories, had yet been captured.

"So far from that, your Highness, he is now more daring than ever. There are three robberies reported again last night."

"Plague on the fellow! It seems decreed that my police are never to rid us of the rascal!"

"Why not do so yourself," exclaimed Taschenspiel, "without their assistance?"

Give him a passport from your Highness's dominions. He'll be glad to take it, and be off, I warrant me. Now do. He is really not such a bad fellow in the main, and is worth obliging."

"You know him then?"

"Not exactly, but he once did me a good turn. I had entirely lost sight of him, till about two months since, I happened to come in contact with him in Baden. It was in the pump-room, and I took his hand—"

"How! take the hand of such a villain?"

"Out of my pocket, your excellency. There was no mistaking the symptoms. I recognised my old friend at once."

"Your old friend? I am afraid that distinction will hardly prevent my stringing him up, if I can lay him by the heels."

"Mercury, thou god of conveyancers, preserve him!"

"Midas, prince of jackanapes, preserve your ears, or you are likely to say, good bye to them shortly!"

"Nay, nay! my tongue if you will, for it speaketh wisdom in vain. But spare my ears. They are sufficiently punished at court day."

Seeing no further excuse for his presence, Captain Namenlos was about to retire, when he was stopped by Taschenspiel.

"I pray your grace, forgive me; but I have not seen the boy this morning, and I cannot part with him so soon. How grave the fellow looks! Come, Colonel, tell me, why lookest thou in such doleful wise?"

"Colonel!" exclaimed Albert in surprise.

"Bravo! Master Taschenspiel," said the Duke, "you scatter promotions about you like a general after a victory!"

"Not so general, but I know where to be particular. But really, it is so rarely that you have an opportunity of conferring a favour on a man of merit, that it is a positive kindness to do so for you once in the way. Besides, this is no more than a simple justice, considering the services Albert has rendered you. It is as well to begin at once; for the ambitious young dog will never rest till you're forced to make him a general one of these days, in spite of yourself."

"Oh, certainly! Why not prime
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minister, or Duke of Weissnichtwo at once?"

"No, no, most gracious Duke! I ask an inch, and you are for giving me an ell. One step at a time. Meanwhile Albert, my boy, you are a Colonel."

"Not quite yet, Master Taschenspiel, by your leave," replied the Duke.

"Of course, not *quite* yet. The way must be smoothed a little first. You are not ennobled as yet, but that shall be provided for, and you shall not receive your commission till the day of your marriage."

"My marriage?" exclaimed Albert.

"Yes, your marriage. His Highness destines you for the husband of the rich Baroness Von Elsberg."

"Alas!" sighed Albert; "pensioned off upon a giddy-pated coquette, whom the Duke begins to find rather troublesome! I will die first. But is this true, your Highness?" he continued aloud.

"Yes, Albert, this alliance will raise you to a rank befitting your station in my army, and from this moment you have my permission to pay your addresses to the Baroness."

"Why don't you thank his Highness?" cried Taschenspiel, as Albert stood absorbed in a fruitless endeavour to draw a logical distinction between the terms *permission* and *command*. "But your Grace's kindness has overpowered him, I see. Let me thank you for him."

"It is true," faltered Albert; "I little expected—"

"No more now," interrupted the Duke, "we shall receive your thanks when you come to sign and seal."

Albert withdrew. His musings were not of the most enviable character; high as he had lately been in the ecstasy of delight,

"In his dejection did he sink as low,"

now that he saw nothing before him but destruction to the hopes on which he had built his happiness.

"How is it, Taschenspiel, that you have always shown such an attachment to Albert?" said the Duke. "He is a fine-spirited fellow, certainly; but you are as fond of him as if he were your own, and not picked up, as you say, a mere child under a way-side hedge!"

"Ah, but then, my lord, boys like him are not to be found under every
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hedge. But it is a long story, and a mournful one, and I must reserve it for some other time. A sad brow, and an aching heart, will hardly help me to keep up the life of your fête to-night. There is that swag-bellied Von Tief-trinker; I shall have to joke him into good humour."

"Do, by all means. His ambassadorship is somewhat testy with me, and I would have you humour him."

"No wonder!" Here you are, all but pledged to marry the Elector's sister, yet will you not say decidedly—yes, or no."

"How can I, when I dote to distraction on the beautiful Von Vielgeldt? The Elector, I know, has an eye to her himself, and I cannot afford to allow her immense estates to pass into his hands. It is in vain that I look to my ministers for countenance. No matter; since they have deserted me, I shall make a confidant of you, for of your fidelity I am, at least, certain. Even Von Miltitz, my prime minister, chooses to play the Sully, and cross my projects at every turn. What care I for this war, which he declares to be inevitable, so that Laura is mine?"

"How should you? It costs only the blood of a few thousand churls or so, and there is nothing which a prince can possibly hold cheaper."

"Seek out the Countess immediately. The ambassador must have my answer this evening. Hitherto she has been deaf to my passion, but this letter may perchance alter her intentions. At all events it must be tried. Enforce my suit with your choicest eloquence; for such, I know, you can command at will. Search out her motives of refusal. Should another rule her heart, he were better—but I will not think it. Contrive that she shall meet me here; if that cannot be accomplished, let her at least send me that portrait which I had painted of herself. She urged me to surrender it, which, like a fool, I did. I must have it at any rate. Away, now! I shall expect an answer speedily."

"Bravo! And so I am to play the carpet knight here, am I? the lispng squire of dames?" soliloquized the secretary, as the Duke turned from him, and retired along the corridor. "Let me see. How stands my vocabulary of lady-
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terms? It is long since I turned the leaves of that book, and it needs furbishing belike!"

CHAP. III.

"I am credibly informed, that there are highway-men upon this quarter; not, sir, that I could suspect a gentleman of your figure."

Beaux Stratagem.

At this point, Taschenspiel's attention was arrested by the entrance of a stranger at the upper end of the hall: a tall, slightly-built man, with a profusion of dark hair clustering about his shoulders, and handsome, rather than otherwise. He was considerably overdressed, and immoderately vulgar. His moustachios, overarching a firm lip, retired into an exuberance of whisker, and were lost, in their turn, in his thickly-curling locks. His eyes were dark blue, and never idle; but glanced in a rapid and apparently satisfied manner over the splendid furniture of the apartment. As he approached, Taschenspiel, starting back, saluted him in an ecstasy of surprise.

"Galgenvogel! by all that is felonious."

"Ah, old fellow, you recognise me, do you?" smilingly inquired the robber, for such he was.

"Recognise you! how could I miss? A new dress is nothing; you must put on a new face as well, if you want to escape recognition. In fact, a new face would improve you wonderfully. You are vain of yours, and don't think so; but that's always the way with you dreadfully handsome fellows. But, seriously speaking, what madness brings you here?"

"No particular madness, that I am aware of; but, if you will have the truth, three parts necessity, and a fourth business. The city gates, you see, are closely guarded, and spies at every turning. Not one of them but knows my marks, as well as an ostler knows his favourite filly's. Now, you give a fête here to-day, and the military and police have, in consequence, been let loose upon society. The town was becoming brutally vulgar, so I looked out some of my fancy wardrobe, and thought of dropping in here for a little healthful recreation among the dons."

"A pretty scheme, truly. And so you really expect to go the rounds of the palace without detection?"

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"To be sure I do. It will never enter any one's head to think of looking for me here, and here accordingly I shall remain, and take mine ease. I shall be in a sphere worthy of my abilities. The court, the court's the place for jugglery and chicane! A finished *artiste* in our profession is sure to find himself quite among friends there."

"I see now how it is that great statesmen are so scarce. The gallows cuts short their career, before they get this length; and, by my sooth, Master Galgenvogel, it is like to do you a similar injustice, if you do not take yourself off forthwith."

"I shall consider that point at my leisure; but in the meanwhile I have made up my mind to have a little playful relaxation this evening, and I cannot think of balking my inclinations of the promised treat. Already, I can perceive an odour of purses and jewels, which I find to be upon the whole remarkably exhilarating."

"This is too much," exclaimed his old acquaintance. "But if you are a fool, I must think for you. I owe a service for your kindness, when my dying wife and her helpless babe were thrown upon your mercy. Here," continued Taschenspiel, throwing open the door of a side chamber, and thrusting the conveyancer towards it—"stay here, and keep quiet, if you can, till I can get you conveyed to a securer place."

"Now, pray allow me but an hour to prosecute my researches—do now!" insinuatingly remonstrated Galgenvogel.

"Not a moment!" pursued Taschenspiel, giving him another push.

"One half hour, then?" said the robber, earnestly; "I will make the most of my time."

"Not one half second—unless you are prepared to quit life the next."

"My dear friend, only consider. What better am I by your way of it? You take my life, when you take the means whereby I live." But his further remonstrances were lost, as Taschenspiel thrust him into the apartment, and closed the door.

"Fool, to rush into the very jaws of danger! But I have no time to think of him at present. Now for the Countess!"

But the Duke's mission was apparently

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fated not to be accomplished, for scarcely had Taschenspiel disposed of his acquaintance, before he was accosted by his young friend, Albert Namenlos.

"Let me go, boy; I cannot stop to listen to you just now."

"Nay, dearest Taschenspiel, you must, for I am very, very wretched."

"Wretched, wretched! What does the boy mean? Here are you just going to jump into a Colonel's uniform, and a brilliant alliance, and yet, forsooth, you are very, very wretched. What would you have?"

"Oh, Taschenspiel, you little think at what a sacrifice these honours are purchased."

"Sacrifice, nonsense! A Colonelcy for nothing, and a handsome bride to boot. Is it the Baroness that frightens you? Tut, boy, marriages at best are but a leap in the dark, and you are no worse off than your neighbours. So to it with a will at once."

"What! wed the rejected mistress even of a Duke? I thought you had known me better."

"Why, I confess it did not strike me exactly in that light before. But then, my dear boy, if the Duke has taken it into his head to marry you to Von Elsberg, there is no help for it."

"There is still one resource left."

"And that is?"

"To die!"

"Die! Bah! That is what you youngsters always say; knowing you have a good spell of life before you, and so affect to hold it cheap. Old men like me never talk that way, for we don't know how soon we may be taken at our word."

"I am serious. Death, rather than this detested marriage."

"Boy, boy, you know not what you say. Life is not a mere baby's bauble, the toy of a moment, to be thrown aside at the first motion of caprice. It was given for worthier, nobler ends, and no man has it at his own disposal. Boy, I have had stronger reason to wish myself dead than ever you had, or, God grant, ever may have; yet I have never murmured, nor ever wished to hasten the period of that existence, which, I fear me, the best of us grievously misuse. You have been wrong, Albert; let me not hear such words from you again."

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"Forgive me; I was indeed wrong—but what am I to do? How can I give my hand to the Baroness, when my heart is already Laura's."

"Whose, say you? Laura Von Vielgeldt's?"

"Yes; my heart is unalterably here, and I shall never wed another but my beloved, my adored Laura."

"Well, well; love and adore Laura, as much as you please, or she doesn't object; but you need not shout the fact aloud in this manner for the information of the whole palace."

"I am resolved to inform the Duke of my intention, and brave the worst at once."

"Refuse Von Elsberg in Cambyse's vein, and wind up with claiming the hand of the Countess, I suppose? The boy's mad. Half as much would be your ruin."

"I must at least acquaint Laura of this new misfortune."

"And pray, how are you to do that, and not be observed? The one plan is as desperate as the other."

"No matter—see her I must at all hazards."

"Whither is the boy running? You lovers are always too impatient to wait for a hint, or perhaps I might tell you of a door at the bottom of the park, by which—"

"I know, I know—a little green door. But the key?"

"Oh, I've got no key."

"Provoking! I'll scale the wall."

"There, again! It is only thirty feet high, and smooth as a stripling's chin—so you're sure of succeeding that way. Now, don't look so very miserable. Lover's eyes, they say, are sharp to see, and there was a little brass spring on the left side of the door, which, on being pressed—"

"I see, I understand. You are my best friend," exclaimed Albert, as he started off, without waiting for more minute instructions.

"Your best friend! I am perfectly aware of that, and a pretty scrape my friendship for you is likely to bring me into. How on earth am I to dispose of the Duke's letter? It is of no use saying that I have not been able to find her, for I shall be ordered to return until I do. Let me see! I have it. Suppose I

quietly deposit the letter in my pocket—the Duke returns, and questions me as to the result of my message: 'My Lord,' I shall reply, 'I have seen your ward, and given her your letter.' 'Go on! go on,' he will exclaim, bursting with impatience. 'She perused it, my Lord, with the greatest in—in—indignation.' No, that's too severe. 'With the greatest interest,—' tell his Grace,' were her words, 'that I am too sensible of the splendour of his proposals, not to see in them merely a trial of my vanity. I have therefore but one answer to make, and before I knew where I was, the letter was fluttering in a thousand pieces.'"

So well did Taschenspiel rehearse this scene, that he entirely lost his own individuality in that of the character he had imagined, so that he finished the destruction of the letter and his soliloquy much about the same time. The dismay of Alnaschar, in the tale,—when he found that, instead of spurning his imaginary wife, he had kicked over the tray of crystal ware, his sole stock in trade,—was not more profound than Taschenspiel's, on discovering the mischief he had done. It was now too late to retrieve his blunder, for already he heard the Duke returning. Chafing with impatience, his Highness inquired of him, how he had sped, and when Taschenspiel, pointing to the scattered fragments, told him to infer the lady's answer from what he saw, his indignation knew no bounds. He strode from end to end of the apartment, throwing his arms about in the commission of imaginary assassinations with visionary stilettos. He denounced a comprehensive vengeance on every thing, and every body, and ended with throwing himself into a chair, where he relieved his mind by a succession of sarcastic reflections upon the fair sex as a body, which he agreeably diversified by a few energetic expletives addressed particularly for the soul of the beautiful Von Vielgeldt. Having thus in some measure reduced the effervescence of his spirits, he determined on commanding a private interview with the lady, and accordingly proceeded to an apartment, wherein he knew writing materials were kept, with the view of once more addressing her by letter. It so happened, that this was the very chamber in which Galgenvogel

was concealed. Taschenspiel's tribulation increased; he tried every thing he could think of to divert his master from his purpose. The Duke, however, besides that he was not in the very pleasantest of moods, guessing from his secretary's agitation that all was not right, made directly for the chamber. Contrary to custom, he found the door fast; his rage and his suspicions were now pretty equally excited; he shook the door violently, and demanded to know who was within, a call which was responded to by the robber stepping forth, and saluting him with the utmost urbanity of manner.

"And what, sir," inquired the Duke, "may be your name?"

"Galgenvogel, my lord, very much at your service."

"Audacious villain! How comes it that I find you here?"

"Really I had no intention you should find me here. The meeting has been entirely involuntary upon my part; and I would not protract it for the world, if not perfectly agreeable to your Highness."

"Insolent? But you shall smart for this. A guard there!"

"A moment's patience, my Lord," interrupted the robber. "I have picked up some fragments of information in that room, which may be worth your Grace's ear."

"Information!"

"Who occupies the chamber next to this?"

"The ambassador of Hesse-Cassel."

"Ah, old Tiefrinker! I thought I knew his voice, mellow with the juice of whole runlets of Malvoisie. You have a ward, I believe, my lord?"

"True,—Laura Von Vielgeldt."

"The same. Well, then, permit me to inform your Grace, that, unless you do something or other, what it is I cannot exactly say, she is to be carried off before morning."

"Carried off! Who are the villains?"

"That is just what I wanted to ascertain, for though my ears served me tolerably well, a plaguy partition entirely baffled the penetration of my eyes, perforators though they be in the general estimation of the sex. One of them, at least a principal, too, belongs to the palace, and he was particularly earnest

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in giving his friends to understand that he seconded the design merely from a regard to your interests, and the welfare of the State."

"Von Miltitz, no doubt. A specious knave!"

"To avoid suspicion, the conspirators are to mingle with your guests to-night, when each is to receive written instructions how to proceed."

This intelligence was too important to be overlooked. It tallied precisely with what the Duke had for some time suspected, and it was now plain, that his own council were conspiring with the Elector's ambassador to secure him the possession of the Countess Von Vielgeldt, and at the same time remove the main impediment to the Duke's marriage with his sister. How to act in the emergency he knew not. He did not wish to resort to violent measures, and yet such a course alone seemed to present the means for exposing the machinations of his opponents. To fairly foil them with their own weapons—to spring a mine upon them when most secure—to entrap the Elector's representative in a paltry plot, was what he would have given the best jewel of his coronet to effect. He might then bid the menaces of his rival defiance, for the Elector must needs be glad to purchase silence by passive submission. Could he but gain possession of these documents, his triumph would be certain; but what possible device could place them in his hands? In this state of mind, there needed but few words to convince him of the excellence of the plan, when Taschenspiel suggested that the talents of his friend Galgenvogel might here be turned to excellent account. It was accordingly agreed to engage that gentleman's extensive practical familiarity with the rule of simple subtraction, in a miscellaneous course of operations upon the pockets of the guests in the ball-room that evening. In requital of his services, the Duke engaged to provide him with a passport from his territories; and having thus arranged their plans, the counterplotters parted—the Duke to the oppressive toils of a state dinner, the Secretary and Galgenvogel to regale themselves with marmalades and marchpane, and to chirrup over their cups till the hour of business.

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"In Saale des Grafen da hebt sich ein Klingen,
Mit Fackeln und Kertzen, ein Tanzen und Springen."

"WHO is that handsome stranger?" inquired the beautiful Baroness von Schlafenkopf, in a languishing tone, of Count Limberwitz, a leading exquisite, of the court of Weissnichtwo.

"Stwangaw! Ilandsawm! The chawming Adele is pleased to be sawcastic. Handsawm! Good gwashous, and with a coat like that! The howwid cweecha!"

"I talked of the man, my Lord, not of his coat. But I have observed, that you are always confounding the two things. Perhaps you think, when a coat becomes a man, that he becomes a coat!"

"Decaidedly, decaidedly, most fascinating Adele!" replied the fop, not in the least comprehending the drift of the remark. "No man with pwawpaw feelings could survive under such a cwelly ill-built thing as that."

"Perhaps so—but that is no answer to my question. However, here is old Steinmetz, I will ask him. He is the walking Court Guide. Who is that dark, handsome looking man, Steinmetz?" inquired the Baroness, pointing to a brilliant costume, set upon a reasonably well-proportioned figure. "Making the amiable to Von Elsberg there?" rejoined Steinmetz: I have been asked that question, at least, fifty times to-night, already."

"How can you be so tiresome? I mean that man of *distingué* appearance, who makes himself particularly conspicuous, by the grace and polish of his deportment. You know him, of course?"

"Not I, thank Heaven! What, know a puppy like that? The gods forbid! I should have him out of that ambuscade of lovelocks and mustachios, before I crossed words with him. Who knows what he may be?"

"Oh, you men are so envious!"

"Very possibly; but all I know is, that my gold snuff-box has left my pocket since I entered this room, and that fellow keeps bustling about with an activity I don't greatly admire;" and Steinmetz passed on to a knot of politicians, who were unsettling empires in a corner.

The apartments were thronged with a brilliant assemblage, which kept moving

The Fête of Weismichtwo.

to and fro with smiling faces, and dressed in gayest holiday suits; each endeavouring to look happier and more alive than the other to the splendours of the fête; while, in fact, as at all such meetings, very many were sick at heart, and wished the pleasures of the evening at a close, with the exception of those who were cheerfully employed in ruining their friends at the gaming table.

The music, rising above the hum of voices, now broke out into an animating strain; the crowd fell back from the centre of the floor, and straightway innumerable couples were whirling about in the intoxication of the waltz. Conspicuous above all for precision and graceful abandonment of motion, were the lively Baroness Von Elsberg, and the individual who had so strongly fixed the attention of the beautiful Adele. The Baroness, notoriously the greatest flirt at the court, had on that night been successful, and many were the fair bosoms that heaved with envy, to see the marked attention paid to her by the handsome stranger. The hair of the volatile beauty was gemmed with ornaments of the rarest lustre. Diamonds blazed out from various parts of her dress in their bright and shifting hues, and a brooch, studded with brilliants, which it might wellnigh have maddened a female heart to possess, threw out its dazzling light from her snowy bosom. The music ceased, and the dancers retired from the fatigues of rotatory progression, to breathe out the passionate excitement, which is its usual result, in honeyed words, and all the other unclassified varieties of soft nonsense. Pressing his lips to the fair hand of the Baroness, her partner faltered forth an adieu.

"Farewell, angelic creature! But think not that I can forget thee. Our meeting of to-night has been worth treasures to me. May I flatter myself—no! yes! that look! I may—that I too shall not soon be forgotten."

He felt the pressure of his hand returned, as, while saying this, he looked love sonnets, and epithalamia at the Elsberg. They were in an alcove at the bottom of the room, and, as it happened, standing remarkably near each other. No eye was upon their motions. The stranger folded the too-susceptible Baroness in his embrace, pressed an oscular demonstration upon her lips, broke from

her side with considerable flurry of manner, and disappeared in the crowd. When the lady unrobed that evening, the absence of her diamond brooch assured her what good cause she had for not soon forgetting the *taking* manners of her handsome partner.

Again the music burst forth into a spirit-stirring strain. Again was the dance renewed, and all, whose tender feet did not forbid, were either earnestly threading its mazes, or criticising the movements of those who were. The Duke seized the moment for retiring into a side-room immediately adjoining the ball-room, accompanied by his secretary.

"You gave your friend the signal. With what an air the rogue carries it off! He has turned all the women's heads, and made all the men miserable. What life, what activity! He is everywhere and no where. Every body has an eye on him, and yet I'll be sworn, he has fished up the contents of every pocket, while bandying courtesies with its master, and no one a whit the wiser. But I wish he were come."

"A thousand pardons, my Lord," exclaimed Galgenvogel, bustling into the apartment. "A tender affair has detained me beyond the strict limits of duty—but when a lady's in the case—but to business. Allow me to lay before you my budget for the evening," and he drew forth from his capacious pockets a multitudinous chaos of *billets-doux*, rouge-pots, jewellery, scent-bottles, bottles of *eau-de-Cologne*, bottles of *eau-de-vie*, snuff-boxes, brooches, and such like rubbish.

"Hilloah! I never intended such a general sack as this!" exclaimed the Duke.

"Excuse me, my Lord, my professional talent was at stake. It is a rule to make a clean sweep wherever we insinuate our digits. Quantity first, selection afterwards. I am sure your Highness will appreciate the principle. As for these trifles, you may dispose of them as you think fit; for myself, I am content with the *ecolat* of the affair, and with this trifling document, which, with your leave, I shall retain—"

"What! the passport I had prepared for you? You might, I think, have spared my pockets, at least."

"Oh, dear me, no! It would have been a blot upon my escutcheon to have

missed one; but you will observe, that I did not drain yours altogether. There is a purse. I left it to your Highness's generosity to—"

"Oh, I understand. Take it, and be off with you!"

"I shall have much pleasure in taking it off simultaneously with myself. And now, farewell, a long farewell."

"Come along, come along," broke in Taschenspiel, hurrying him away. "We must take the back entrance."

"I'd rather go though the ball-room. It strikes me I have forgot something."

"Oh, no doubt." Their further conversation was lost, as Galgenvogel and his guide left the apartment.

"What have we here?" said the Duke, turning over the confused heap which the pickpocket had left on the table, and picking out of it a triangular billet almost drenched in perfume. "The Count starts for his chateau this evening. I shall be alone to-morrow at mid-day. Mechthilde.' So, so, Lady Demure, I guessed as much. 'Some thoughts towards the formation of a brilliant summer vest.' That ass Limberwitz's hand. 'Send me that sum I mentioned this morning, and I shall see what can be done with the Count about the place.' Excellent! From Schwarmer, too! I shall understand your abstract principles, in future, my gentleman. Ha! here is something to the point. No name, but Von Miltitz's hand plainly enough. 'My attachment to the Duke, no less than my regard for the welfare of his subjects, impels me to take a part in your design. This mad passion cannot last, and, meanwhile, I feel how essential it is, that he should form the alliance you propose. If he absolutely refuse, you may rely upon me. At midnight! It is the only way to bring him to his senses.' Vastly well. Letters from the Elector, too, and the instructions, as I wished. Now, then, I shall see whether the Duke is to be master of his own palace or not. Look here," said he to Taschenspiel, who had just returned, "look here, and see what a precious set of rascals I have got about me. But what am I to do with all this litter? Return them? The jewels certainly, but I must see more of these papers. They may let me into a few secrets worth the knowing. Here is a pocket-book. What may it contain? A portrait.

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Good heavens! Von Vielgeldt's, and the very miniature she insisted on my surrendering to her."

"Here will be a pretty piece of work," thought Taschenspiel, who observed the Duke's excitement and its cause, but appeared as though he did not.

"Whose can it be? A name. Albert! It is for him, then, that my suit has been despised. A beardless upstart, a hedge-brat, nursed into presumption by my own charity! And he is the man who thus dares cross my path. Here, Taschenspiel, send Albert to me. You will find him among the dancers.

Leaving the Duke to nurse his wrath to a comfortably elevated temperature, Taschenspiel departed on his errand, and when Albert, in obedience to his command, repaired to the Duke's presence, his Highness's indignation had just got to the point at which it boiled over with the greatest ferocity. The manner of his reception was altogether inexplicable to the young Colonel, who listened in amazement to a torrent of invectives, which were wound up by an order to leave the court forthwith for a military station, at as great a distance off as the rather circumscribed limits of a German principality would allow. The conference was next interrupted by Taschenspiel running into the room.

"Oh, my Lord!" he exclaimed, in a paroxysm of virtuous horror, "such monstrous ingratitude, such double-dyed baseness! In him, too, of all people in the world! an old friend—"

"What's in the wind now? What are you speaking of?" asked the Duke.

"Who am I speaking of? Of Galgenvogel, to be sure, who else? That pocket-book! I would rather have lost anything else, no matter what. It was that very pocket-book, Albert, which you gave me this morning. You know the one I mean."

Albert could only answer him by a look of hopeless ignorance, which Taschenspiel vainly endeavoured to irradiate by a succession of winks of the most intelligent character.

"And pray, what have I to do with all this?" said the Duke, peevishly.

"Do with it? More than you imagine. Oh, my lord, there was a portrait in that book!"

"Well, and if there was. It had a name, I suppose."

The Fête of Weissnichtwo.

"It had indeed, but that name is one which I must reserve for your private ear," returned Taschenspiel, with a significant look.

"Yes, yes, I know. Not a word!" said the Duke, drawing him aside, while Albert, who by this time had perceived that his pocket-book was gone, stood wondering how the device would end which Taschenspiel was obviously playing off. "How," said the Duke, "came that portrait into your possession?"

"The Countess gave it me not an hour ago to restore to your Highness, and I had placed it for safety in the pocket-book."

"To restore to me!"

"Even so, and as she gave it, with cheeks crimsoned with blushes, she said, 'his Highness will understand.'"

"Colonel Namenlos, you may remain at court. I see that I have been misinformed," said the Duke. "Meanwhile, desire the Elector's ambassador, along with Von Miltitz, and the rest of my council, to attend me here. You will also bring with you the Countess Von Vielgeldt."

Albert retired upon his errand, and the Duke, turning to Taschenspiel, informed him, that he was resolved at once to decline the projected alliance with the Elector's house, and to declare his intention of espousing the accomplished Laura. The plotters were now completely at his mercy on the one hand, while the Countess's message on the other sufficiently proved that the marriage he had proposed was no longer disagreeable to her. Taschenspiel was overwhelmed with dismay. A discovery, it was evident, could not be averted, and he had just made up his mind to make a full disclosure of the deception which he had practised in reference to the pocket-book, when he was prevented by the entrance of the party summoned.

"Gentlemen," said the Duke, "I have called you together to receive my warmest thanks for the amiable solicitude for my welfare, which you have lately shown."

With one accord the group bowed humbly, and a smile of tranquil satisfaction mantled over their combined vi-

"Mankind are all more or less the fools of passion, and my rank does not, I fear, place me beyond its reach more

than other men. If, however, I have erred, I know that I may count on your forgiveness. Nay, gentlemen, look not surprised. The child who is not to be trusted with the command of his own actions, must show penitence for transgression, and I am distressed in the extreme to think, that mine should have put you to the trouble of those precautionary measures, which I find so amply detailed in these documents."

Unconsciously the hands of each member of the council wandered towards his pocket to assure himself of the loss he had sustained. There was no getting out of the dilemma, and the entire body looked as blank as if quarter-day had arrived, and they had found the exchequer empty, when the Duke held out for their individual inspection the several notes of instructions, which the dexterity of Galgenvogel had placed at his disposal.

"And you, my Lord Von Tiefrinker," he continued, "the sooner you carry to the Elector a report of the success of your plot against the person of this lady the better. You must excuse me, however, if I do not feel inclined to restore these documents, the credentials of your most honourable embassy. But before you go, you shall yourself see how unfounded is the charge which has been reared against me, of using my influence as this lady's guardian, to force a marriage, from which her inclinations are averse. Countess of Vielgeldt, you will oblige me by declaring whether you are prepared to resign your hand to any favoured suitor, and, if so, to whom. Rest assured, whoever he may be, that I will ratify your choice."

The Countess, who had entered the room on Albert's arm, and still retained it, took counsel of the ground for a few seconds—then, turning with a graceful confusion to the young officer, she said, in faltering accents,

"I give my hand here, where long since I gave my heart."

"How! What madness is this?" exclaimed the Duke, who saw that he had committed himself. To retrieve his error was now impossible, without forfeiting the pledge which he had just given. One loop-hole of escape, however, seemed yet to present itself in the obscurity of Albert's birth, and the entire disparity between his fortunes and

[THE COURT

those of the Countess; and he accordingly declared, that unless Colonel Namenlos could prove himself at least of honourable, if not of noble parentage, his duty as the lady's guardian forbade his giving his sanction to their union.

"I cannot," he concluded, "give my ward's hand to one who has never yet shown that he had ever a father."

"If that is the only impediment, I can speedily remove it," interrupted Taschenspiel. "I am his father."

"A very likely tale, indeed!" replied the Duke. "But though you were his father, that but confirms my objections. Marry the Countess Vielgeldt to my secretary's son!"

"A few words in private with your Highness may perhaps remove your scruples," rejoined Taschenspiel; "trust me, it is not without reason that I say so."

"It is true, my Lord," continued Taschenspiel, when, at the request of the Duke, the rest of the party had withdrawn, "it is true that your Lordship's humble secretary is little fit to be the parent of him who claims the hand of your noble ward. To you I have never appeared otherwise than the servile minister of your wishes, and you have thought me base in birth and in soul, as in station I was humble. But it was not always so with me, my Lord. Time was, when I bore as lofty a mind, and as erect a brow, as ever did man, to whom the consciousness of inward power, and the yearnings of high ambition were familiar. I was well, if not nobly born, and circumstances threw me into the society of the highest ranks. It was there that I met her whose destiny was fatally linked with mine. I loved, and was beloved in return. Birth, station, fortune, what were they to hearts that beat but for each other? Love levels all distinctions, and heedless of the chilling dictates of family pride, your sister permitted me to claim her for my bride."

"How! My sister?"

"We were secretly married, and shortly after, to avert suspicion, your sister travelled from the court, ostensibly for the benefit of her health. At that time you were a mere boy; I accompanied her in

the capacity of physician. One night, as we were journeying through Bohemia, the carriage was overturned in the heart of a dismal forest, and with difficulty I bore my Sophia to a cottage to which a light directed me. That cottage was one of Galgenvogel's haunts."

"Why was this concealed from me till now?"

"Before her death, your sister, from some weak misgivings, conjured me to conceal our union, unless some extremity should render a disclosure necessary. The wish accorded but too well with my own desire, and I hurried from the court, where my presence would have been held as that of an intruder. For a long time I strove to fight my way through the world, but there was some blight upon me. Poverty came, and with it sickness, and helplessness. I could not die and leave my child uncared for. Once more I sought your court. The story I had framed won your sympathy. You took me into your service, and I have been fain to quell my proud spirit, and play the light-hearted minion of your wishes, that I might have it in my power to push my boy forward in the world. Many are the times he has besought me with tears to tell him who his parents were, and, hard as was the struggle, I have hitherto refused. But now, when his happiness is at stake, I hold myself requited of the vow I gave his mother, and leave the decision of his fate to you."

Need we say more, when fancy has already told the tale, except that, when the parties were recalled, it was to hear the assent of the Duke of Weissnichtwo to the marriage of Colonel Albert Namenlos and the Countess Laura; and as the chief motive for declining the alliance with the Elector's sister was now removed, the Duke took an opportunity that evening of concluding an arrangement with the Elector's ambassador. The peccadilloes of the council were forgiven, and the union thus cemented, proving ultimately agreeable to both parties, stood for many a year "a column 'twixt the amities" of the houses of Hesse-Cassel and Weissnichtwo.

THE CAVES.

It was on a soft, balmy morning, clear and bright, yet with a mistiness in the distance which promised extreme heat in the middle of the day, that we crossed the ferry with our ponies, and sauntered along the sea shore, with the express purpose of taking advantage of the low tide, and exploring the caves and fissures in that line of rock extending between the T. road and the ocean. We fastened our little four-footed companions to an adjacent shed, and then separated from one another, each following her own devices, now peeping into the tall narrow interstices worn in the solid rock by the continual dripping of springs from the rugged mountain above, now resting in a dark chamber, or cell, fit for the dwelling of a sea-nymph, with its smooth level floor of yellow sand, and the walls stained with a thousand hues,—now curiously examining the huge pieces of rock scattered on the shore, covered with minute periwinkles and muscles, if perchance might be found some rarer specimen lurking amidst the coarse and common shells, but all watching narrowly the insidious tide, which on this coast often approaches unawares on the incautious wanderer, and in this spot particularly, would occasion worse than perplexity, did it cut off the only path to the sandy promontory leading to the distant ferry. It was lovely to watch the tiny wavelets rolling gently on, and then unfolding into a silver line, no broader than the indication of glory on a pictured Madonna, then retreating with a sound no louder than a whisper, and scarcely with force enough to bear with it the rosy *Tillina tenues*, that thin and delicate little bivalve, one of the earliest objects of admiration to the collector of our native shells. It was lovely to gaze on the broad Atlantic, as blue and calm as the heaven above it, here and there dappled by the air, winnowing along a cloud of downy whiteness, and speckled with a sail which seemed to concentrate the brightest rays of the sun to itself.

Then the distant range of the C. hills extended far into the sea, almost reminding one, in their soft lilac and blue tints, and fine outline, of the boundaries of the Neapolitan Bay, the light playing on their cliffs and inequalities, and the sacred Island of B., swelling its high back from the ocean, a perpetual tomb and monument for the saints who sleep therein. Across the mouth of the A. we looked on the humble Port, with its grey stone dwellings, perched on the ledges of the rocky hill, and then, with a never-failing exclamation of admiration, our eyes wandered over that lovely estuary, beautiful even in its present state of shallow water and golden sand, with the noble Cader Idris rearing high its lofty heads on one side, and on the other the innumerable little promontories jutting into its edge, some gilt with the rich blossoms of the gorse and purple heath, or olive-tinted with the dripping sea-weed, left uncovered by the reflux tide; the mountains at last lapping over each other, till the effect was that of a complete land-lock. It was in vain that we sought for the hull of the vessel, which a few winter's since, in a stormy night, drifted upon this dangerous shore and struck upon the rocks. We had been told that a part of it was still to be seen, but probably the barnacles and limpets had already claimed it as their own, and the timber which once had reared its lofty trunk in the forest, was now deeply and ingloriously embedded in the sand, tapestried with the long tangled arms of the fuci, and affording a hold for the coarse shells of the patella, the mytilus, the cardium, and the purbo. After a fruitless search, we fixed on a large, dry rock, produced our provision-basket, and, amidst all the splendid scenery of earth and water, condescended to satisfy the cravings of our sublunary natures. Then did we wander again, and whilst one of the party sketched the hollow cavern and the huge black rock, which formed a

The Caves.

frame for the distant view of the opposite shore, another of us drew forth a pencil and made a second portrait of the scene, in the following lines,—at least a most faithful description of it.

Upward the rugged mountain cleaves the sky,
While, far below, its excavated sides
Descend upon the shore, and brave the tides
Which, breaking there in foam and tossing waves,
Hollow a chain of solitary caves
Where, in the summer-time, the wild sea-breezes sigh.

Wove by the eternal sea in various forms—
Here, a mere niche scoop'd in the living rock,
There, broken down by some rude tempests shock,
Which, severing with a stroke the mighty crag,
A vault is straightway made, where mew and shag
Find refuge from stern winter's gales and ruthless storms.

And here, by drip perpetual of stream,
Falling for ever down the fractur'd height,
Dispart huge stones, which, fearful to the sight,
Hang, wedg'd in narrow clefts, 'twixt rock and rock,
Whilst half dismay'd we stoop beneath the block,
And seek the dim recess scarce lit by day's fair beam.

The pebbled floor is here worn smoothly bright,
And all the trickling walls are stained with red,
Or grey and dingy-colour'd ochres shed
By Nature's lavish fingers: weeds marine,
Trailing their delicate fibres here are seen,
Carmine and olive-tinted, or of verdure light.

And scattered on the rock innumerable shells,
Each with its living habitant; e'en here
Such various forms of life and being appear;
The muscles darkly blue, varied side and side,
The concave limpet's strength so firm applied,
Each here from ocean's rage in careless safety dwells.

And here, reclining in this cool recess,
Impervious to the day-star's feverish blaze,
I contemplate at ease, with thoughtful gaze,
The soothing loneliness, the wide-spread sea,
The fleecy clouds, the sea bird's happy glee,
The small and silver waves which on the gold sands press.

And far beyond, the pale blue mountains rise,
And the round isle, like monster of the deep,
Where legends say, in peace the holy sleep;
Nearer the ancient chapelry, whose date
Is all engraven on its Saxon gate,
I trace its holy walls against the clear, bright skies.

Sonnet.

There, in its silent churchyard, lie at rest
The victims of old ocean's wrath; and those
Who, after many a weary toil, repose:
The storm-beat sailor, and the fisher lone,
Alike at peace beneath the rude carv'd stone,
Here claim their final home within their parent's breast.

As here composed I sit within this cell,
Methinks 'tis strange there are, who can prefer,
To this fair scene, the wild unceasing stir
Of worldly passions, and those haunts of strife,
Where cares and envy fill the cup of life:
Ah! peaceful and remote, let me with Nature dwell.

And now the evening shadows began to gather, first stealing down the distant mountains, till a veil of purple haze mingled their bold outlines with the clouding sky—then falling with a darker hue upon the nearer forms of headland and wooded knoll—then casting a grey mantle over the quiet waters of the river; whilst opposite to us, the kingly sun summoned a mighty mass of clouds to stand about his throne, as he himself descended in a blaze of resplendent gold, to shed his glories on other lands. Excepting in those rich chambers of the west, a pale, silvery shade was fast enveloping the scene, and warned by it, we hastened along the smooth, level

shore, now and then disturbing the pretty Puvre almost from under the feet of the ponies, which, uttering its sharp, small cry, pattered away almost too swiftly for eye to follow; and then, taking wing, flashed its white sides in mazy circles, always sitting down on some pebble, or heap of weed, as if to watch jealously our intrusive steps. Picking our way carefully over the rough stony beach, near the point, we sent forth a lusty shout for the lagging ferry; and often as they are wont to turn a deaf ear to the voice of the impatient traveller, nevertheless they attended to our call, and after a few minutes' sharp tugging, speedily wafted us across.

SONNET.

ON NATURAL SOUNDS AS OPPOSED TO HUMAN.

How doth the mighty voice of God confound
The feeble tone of man! The thunder's scorn,
The clashing cymbals, and the mellow horn,
The rolling drum, and trumpet's silver sound.
One peal that echos all the mountains round,
From the dark womb of murky vapours borne;
One roar of troubled waters, one deep groan
Uttered by stormy blast; nay, the low wind,
That pensive sighs amid some ruin lone,
Or moan mysterious, heard by frightened hind,
Muttering within the Druid's hollow stone;
No human sounds like these the soul can bind
With such a lofty spell; awakening thought
Of import high, with stores of wisdom fraught.

ELLEN EVELYNE, OR BLIGHTED LOVE

"This is not well my child," said Mr. Evelyn half reproachfully, pressing, as he spoke, his lips to the forehead of a beautiful girl of eighteen, whose eyes bore the traces of recent tears, "this is not well; you should learn not only to conceal emotion but conquer it. It is four years now, Ellen, since your poor mother died."

"Four years to-day, father," said the girl mournfully, and again the tears started from her eyes.

"I know it," replied her parent with emphasis, and he stooped to gather a rose, to conceal the painful expression of his feelings.

"Oh! not that, not *that* rose, dear father," said she hurriedly, "it was *her* tree, her favourite one, dear father, not that."

"Just that one, Ellen," returned Mr. Evelyn calmly snapping the stem. "You should learn to check this dangerous sensibility. I had hoped, nay thought, four years had calmed these feelings; has my labour been in vain?" he added, almost sternly.

"No, dear father," said Ellen, in a low voice as she took the offered flower whose leaves fell in showers at her feet; she gazed on them silently, but her dark eyes swam in tears, and pressing her father's hand to her lips she left the garden.

Mr. Evelyn walked thoughtfully on; he feared his child's feelings were too acute for her happiness; he had long studied to control them, but every new emotion seemed like the waves on the sea-shore to bear away the structure so carefully reared to contend against their ingress.

Two years rolled on and made little change in the interior of the merchant's family; Ellen's mind expanded, and her father began to reap the fruits of his unwearied care. Each day on retiring from business he sought his elegant home, removed as far as possible from the bustle of mercantile pursuits, and in the society of his much-loved child nearly ceased to mourn her he had lost.

One evening about this time Mr. Evelyn returned with a gayer countenance than usual, and announced his

intention of dining the following day with Mr. Selwin, an old friend, whose rise in life had been principally owing to many kind acts—indeed, pecuniary acts of kindness from him; and who had just returned from abroad.

The next day Ellen made her toilet with a thousand feelings almost inexplicable even to herself; and with the enthusiasm of youthful natures she began to build a thousand schemes, and fancy in Julia Selwin she might find a friend;—yet, it was scarcely for *her* that various ornaments were laid aside and others chosen;—no, there was a faint hope that Reuben Darnley might be there; she had once seen him at Mr. Selwin's, and although not a word was exchanged, the recollection of his elevated style of beauty had struck her with admiration. Just as she clasped the diamond bandeau round her raven hair, her father entered, and with flushing cheek and beating heart she leaped into the carriage that soon conveyed them to Mr. Selwin's.

Julia came forward to welcome her, and her mild soft manner pleased Mr. Evelyn who solicited her friendship for his daughter. The dinner passed off as all such dinners do; the gentlemen spoke of politics, races, literature, and the ladies of the last new novel or the latest French fashions; yet Ellen felt as if all was brilliant, for by her side sat Reuben Darnley, and he spoke alone to her;—the low music of that voice never was forgotten. In person, Darnley was tall, elegant, and commanding, and there was an air of mingled nonchalance and hauteur, sternness and grace that excited and fixed attention. Ellen felt the charm and yielded to it.

Months glided rapidly on and saw her a frequent guest at Mr. Selwin's; Darnley was also often there, and, ere long, Ellen almost felt terror that her heart no longer beat for her father—but that love, deep and fervent, glowed within her bosom. Reuben Darnley was the son of a colonel in the army, who had wished his son to embrace his own profession, but as he had chosen that of painting and fancied himself destined for something great, the father

put no restriction on his inclination; and young Darnley, at the age of twenty-six, master of five thousand pounds and as many hundred unfinished sketches, all intended, no doubt, as *chefs-d'œuvres*, yet all equally doomed for oblivion. It was at this time that he first met Ellen, and was struck, not less by her beauty than by that nameless charm with which noble intellect usually invests its possessor. He had long seen her dark eye brighten and her cheek flush at his presence, and he resolved to gain the young heiress—let not this word convey an idea that her fortune was ought in the scale; without property she would have been dear to him, but then Mr. Evelyne, the man of business, would he consent to bestow her on one so unequal in a pecuniary point of view? This he resolved to know before he confessed his love—he would not inflict upon her unnecessary pain.

On the evening of the day these thoughts had occupied Darnley, Ellen sat alone gazing at the time-piece; it was past seven o'clock, and six was the usual hour at which her father returned: a thousand fears beset her,—a hasty knock made her start up in joyful expectation of receiving him; the door opened—it was Darnley.

"Mr. Darnley!" she exclaimed, "this is unexpected; I thought—I hoped it was my father.

"Your father is detained by unexpected business," he replied; "and commissioned me to be the bearer of the news and solicit your hospitality."

Ellen made some slight reply and rang for dinner. The meal passed silently—both seemed engaged with their own thoughts. When the servants had withdrawn, to break the embarrassment that evidently affected both, he took down a guitar long hanging against the wall; it had been her mother's. Presenting it to Ellen he asked her to sing.

"I neither sing nor play, Mr. Darnley," she replied, calmly; "my father has much discouraged every tendency to cultivate music."

A slight yet transient tinge of disappointment passed across the features of her admirer, and he ventured to volunteer a song. As his fingers struck a few preluding notes, Ellen gazed in

silent admiration! There is a charm in music every heart must feel, and she felt it as she looked on his nobly expressive features, lighted with the soul of genius and enthusiasm. He swept the chords with a master hand—a wild sweet strain arose, it seemed as if the wand of memory had conjured up some bygone dream—then it took a bolder tone, and as his rich, deep, manly voice joined in the strain, she caught his words breathing liberty and hope—gradually that strain subsided, and he concluded with a low, mournful air she had often heard him sing. She could not speak, but her tears fell abundantly. Darnley hastily replaced the instrument and seated himself beside her; "Ellen!" he exclaimed, "dear Ellen!"

"Reuben," she answered,—and extended her hand; the look, the gesture spoke volumes—they were pledged! O! the extacy of the silent hour that followed—they were each far too happy for words, until suddenly she remembered her father. "Oh! you must ask him first, dear Reuben, I cannot, cannot see you again until he knows all."

"He does know all and approves all dearest, I am here by his permission to-night. Do you forgive me, sweet one, say?"—and he bent low before her:—"I thought," he proudly added, "the rich heiress might be denied—if so, you had never known I loved you."

She gazed on him tenderly yet half-reproachfully as she extended her hand, and he rapidly related the particulars of his interview with her father. Mr. Evelyne had consented if he would but perfect himself in his profession, alluding to the unstability of fortune. Being unwilling, as he said, to resign his only darling to a man who had no resource; he was therefore instantly to proceed on his long-deferred journey to Rome, and this visit to be a long farewell.

These explanations had scarcely been concluded when Mr. Evelyne returned. "You had better hasten your departure, Mr. Darnley," he said, adding in a slightly tremulous voice, "Ellen cannot bear further agitation to-night,"—for he noted the changing cheek of his darling child. The youth obeyed; a farewell was sorrowfully taken with

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many professions on one side and a few natural tears on the other. As the door closed on her lover, Ellen felt as if some dreadful calamity had befallen her; she knew she could not meet her father calmly, so she retired for the first time without the accustomed kiss.

The next morning she descended to the breakfast parlour with a cheerful face; her conscience had reproached her with the almost neglect of the last few weeks, and she resolved to let him see that his lessons were not forgotten, and that she could not only conceal but conquer emotion.

The breakfast parlour was vacant. Ellen was surprised, for Mr. Evelyn was usually punctual to a moment: half an hour passed—an hour—and unable to check a vague feeling of dread, she hastened to his chamber. Twice did she knock, no answer was returned, fearfully she opened the door—for an instant she paused on the threshold—the room was in utter darkness; advancing to the bed she stumbled over something:—'twas the body of her father!

We will hasten over the harrowing scene that followed, and explain the cause of this dreadful event.

The business which had detained Mr. Evelyn was information from a private source of the expected failure of a foreign house of business in which not only the whole of his own fortune was engaged but a large sum, borrowed, from Mr. Selwin. This information he would not, he dared not credit—and on Darnley leaving him, he hurried to Mr. Selwin's, where he had all but the confirmation of the dreadful catastrophe. The loss of his own fortune affected him as far as it concerned his child's happiness alone; but to have been the cause, although indirectly, of another's loss, was agony to his just but proud mind; the engagement he had just entered into for his child added to his torment, and he returned home in that dreadful state of mind which it were torture to picture.

By a powerful effort he mastered all display of feeling, not wishing to alarm his daughter without cause; for by courage all might be retrieved. The effort was however fatal; on retiring to his room he ruptured a blood-vessel, and thus died a martyr to his own principles.

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The few weeks that followed the funeral were occupied in the arrangement of his affairs, which, as they had always been kept with regularity, was an easy task; but poor Ellen found, that to reimburse Mr. Selwin, she must sell off furniture, jewels, nay almost all she possessed; yet she hesitated not, and the pang over, which harassed her mind at consigning favourite articles of her father's to vulgar hands, she patiently submitted to her hard lot.

Mr. Selwin was not exactly a bad man, for though he would never injure, at the same time he never would benefit another. Like most worldly-minded men he thought it no crime to take the last farthing of his due, though, in the present instance he left the orphan of his former friend without a home: yet he flattered himself he had acted justly,—acted as a man of business,—for the honour of humanity let us hope that all claiming that designation act not so! The afflicted Julia would have flown to comfort her friend on the first news of her bereavement, but this her wary parent forbade; fearful, lest he might entail inconvenience on himself by such a step. Little did he know the proud spirit which he imagined would stoop to be relieved by him. Julia's was a gentle, nay, even timid character; and yielded—only obtaining by passionate entreaties, the hard wrung permission to be allowed to pay anonymously thirty pounds a year out of her own private allowance—to cease on Ellen's marriage—the latter clause her father added. Poor Ellen!—she was indeed alone; with prosperity all her friends had apparently deserted her.

Ellen soon exhibited herself as a woman of no ordinary mind; her father's judicious culture had eradicated much of her early sensibility and given that tone of dignified independence to her character which he had so often endeavoured to inculcate. Stimulated at first by high-mindedness to avert even the shadow of blame from the memory of her parent, she had exerted herself, but that stimulus gone, she sunk into apathy.

Some months after this, Ellen was seated in the poor but neat chamber of a small cottage in the vicinity of London, where her annuity, with the

strictest economy, might furnish her with the means of a humble existence. The shades of evening were closing around when her landlady knocked at the door, saying that a man with a child wished to see her. There was a slight pause;—the tremulous voice of age seemed anxious to convey words of consolation—the door again unclosed, and an old man entered, leading in a child in deep mourning.

He gazed a moment strangely around the room, then produced a letter, saying, in a tone of inquiry, "Miss Evelyne?" Ellen saw not the look, but caught the letter; she thought of Darnley—alas! again disappointment; she read as follows:—

"ELLEN EVELYNE,—A voice from the grave now addresses you;—and Lucie Tyrrel, your poor mother's friend feels she shall not appeal in vain to the rich heiress. Oh! no, I am dying, Ellen; the preserver of my child will tell you of my fate. When I last saw you, you loved me with a child's love,—bestow that affection on my poor girl—be kind to Florence, she has been used to love;—chide her not if she weep for her Italian home—the skies of England may seem cold and drear.—Oh! I am very weak, I can write no longer—but I pray for Florence, and I pray for you.

"LUCIE TYRREL."

Ellen's eyes swam in tears as she perused the above, for she well remembered her mother's beautiful friend; and with looks of sympathy she turned them on the orphan, who, with a cry of passionate sorrow, flung herself on the bosom of her new protector. Her history was soon told; her mother had been deserted by a profligate husband, and with her last breath she had consigned her fair offspring to a stranger.

A bed was hastily arranged; and having seen the weary traveller at rest, Ellen returned to her humble sitting-room to arrange plans for the future. When Florence arose, her first act was to throw her arms round Ellen's neck, and with mingled smiles and tears sob forth her gratitude. A short time sufficed to make them acquainted with each others' past sufferings and present position, and each succeeding day found them more and more at-

tached. The beautiful and romantic land of the orphan's birth—that land of genius and talent—had seemingly inspired her; she painted remarkably well for her extreme youth, and was no mean proficient in music. Ellen, since her mother's death, had abandoned the practice of both these enchanting arts, but to please Darnley and add to their insufficient means of existence, had since assiduously cultivated them, and their kind landlady now found means to dispose of their drawings in her weekly journeys to London. Florence however did not know this, nor suspect the deep gratitude she owed Ellen; and the gleam of a lamp from the cottage window told there was one within who watched through many a long and dreary night to rescue her from the extremity of want.

A long-expected letter came at length from Darnley, who had been detained by illness on the road to Rome, but was now in the Eternal city: he wrote of his travels, his impressions, his hopes—and Ellen felt happy. Part of the letter she read to Florence, for it was of Italy; and the child's eyes brightened and her cheek flushed as she listened to the praises of her sunny clime. There were the germs of passion in that young heart, it needed but the enchanter's wand to call them into being. "You will sing to-night, Florence," said Ellen, "we must be gayer now, dearest."

The young girl obeyed, and took up the guitar—the only thing which had been saved from the wreck of former splendour, because it had been her mother's, or because Darnley had touched it on the last night they met had it been hallowed ever since. Seating herself on a stool at her feet, in a low sweet voice she sang some sad Italian airs; and Ellen taught her Darnley's favourite songs. Florence was an apt pupil, and her heart yearned to those who loved her native home.

Time passed—and at long intervals letters came from the traveller: he wrote with confidence of his future destiny, told how he was laying in store for a high name in his own land—owned he had been extravagant—and was returning impoverished. He had then been absent upwards of four years, and

his last letter spoke of a speedy return, dwelt joyfully on their long delayed marriage, and Ellen wept blissful tears to think her darling Florence would soon have a more efficient protector, one fit for her extreme youth and beauty; for although she had laid aside all the vanity of women in her lone situation, had covered her rich raven tresses with a plain muslin cap and assumed a matronly style of dress, yet the excessive loveliness of Florence, with all her care, had at times attracted impertinent curiosity and bold admiration.

Our heroine's beauty, it is true, was faded; sickness, sorrow, long night-vigils, and, more than all, the soul-withering blight of hope deferred had left traces of their presence, and few could have recognized in the pale, emaciated, yet intellectual being before them, the lovely blooming girl of some years back. But to Florence—every sun gave new beauty, and, as with the bright spirits of youth she would joyously carol forth some snatches of old romance, Ellen felt she was indeed a being to be loved.

One evening, being unusually depressed, she called Florence to her side and bade her sing. The young girl instantly put aside her drawing, and seating herself as usual, at her feet, began a gay air of love and chivalry.

"Not that one, my love, to night," said Ellen, "sing something sad."

Florence took up the guitar, and sang, in soft, sweet tones, an air she had often heard her benefactress murmur. It was the last song from the lips of Darnley, and the attentive girl had caught both the words and melody. Sinking back in her chair, Ellen listened to that pure rich voice of silvery intonation, uttering those dearly-loved words, and her tears fell slowly and chillily on the white hands that rested listlessly on her knees: a thousand thoughts of past happy times came rushing o'er her brain: she gazed intently on the fair face of Florence shaded by the thick sunny curls that fell carelessly on her neck and almost dared to envy her youth and happiness. The last note of the singer had scarcely died away, when the door opened hastily, and a stranger stood before them—yet not a stranger, the joyful cry of Ellen

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told *who* it was; yet still, for the moment, Darnley remained as if petrified, and the next Ellen was folded to her lover's heart. Florence soon retired to her chamber, and then began explanations on both sides, interrupted only by irrepressible expressions of affection.

Ellen had never named her altered fortunes, or spoken of her loved charge. Had she told him of her poverty, it would have been an instant summons to him to return; delicacy therefore forbade her doing so: she could not even speak of her young inmate, for converse upon exterior objects once begun, she would have been forced to have explained how their time was spent and their pittance earned, nor did she write as if she were still in affluence. Yet at this moment the past was as a tale that was told, and Ellen smiled through the tears of bliss that would not be repressed, and her dark eyes brightened as she read unaltered love in his—listened to his plans for the future, and his promise of adopting the orphan girl as his own.

It was late when Darnley quitted the cottage, but he left hope and joy behind. We must now follow him and endeavour to trace his feelings. That morning he had landed in London, and after much difficulty succeeded in tracing Ellen; wondering how her father's death could have caused this change of dwelling, for he had never even dreamed of her being reduced to poverty. On entering the cottage he had lingered a few moments at the door; he knew Ellen to be an accomplished musician, although he had never heard her perform; and as he listened to the rich music of the gentle voice that met his ear, breathing his own words and melody, his heart told him it was his own beautiful Ellen. As the last note died away he opened the door, and beheld—not her, but another, whose beauty might more than equal a poet's wildest dreams—for the light fell full on the bewitching face of young Florence, whose deep and spiritual blue eyes glittered with tears as she gazed on the wan face of her protectress in premature age, increased by her dress; for the mourning worn for her father was now old fashioned; whilst Florence wore white, and had

that day playfully twined some early flowers in her hair. The contrast was too much for one like Darnley; he had been too short a time intimate with Ellen to love her solely for her mental perfections; and, unknown to himself, he had been caught by her beauty—that beauty now almost gone: and though his fickle heart quivered beneath the sunny gaze of loveliness—honour, feeling, every thing spoke against a change, and he strove to banish from his mind the syren who had more than charmed him, or else think of her with brotherly regard.

Day after day saw Darnley a frequent guest at the cottage; he instructed Florence in painting, and fascinated her by his tales of Italy. The young and innocent girl listening to the magic of a voice formed to charm, drank in delicious poison from his radiant eyes, and unconsciously before long yielded heart and soul to her dangerously attractive friend and instructor.

Ellen was strangely blind to all this; she looked on Florence as a child, Darnley too was twice her age—alas! she remembered not that there is more danger, as there is more flattery in the attention of a man older than the woman, and that even youth which seemed a safeguard was the attractive spell which bound him to her rival. Time flew by, and Florence loved him with all the passion of her character, and before long, Darnley saw it too. Did he regret it? alas! no—his heart bounded wildly at the thought—chance threw them often together alone, and he soon obtained a free confession of love from the blushing girl, and told her in return he should die if she would not become his.

At first she heard him in terror, for his engagement to Ellen was no secret; but love stifled every pang of conscience—alas! what ties will not love link, or rend asunder! and one fatal night Florence fled to become the wife of Darnley. When Ellen awoke, the sun was shining brightly through the casement, and the sweet odour of flowers ascended like incense up to heaven. Some say there arises in the mind a presentiment of evil, like a warning shadow—though certainly not always; for at the very threshold of misery,

the heart will bound with transport, and the veiled future be hailed as a welcome guest; when any eye but that of the victim could have traced the dread features of sorrow and despair. Thus it was with Ellen. The bright summer morning had communicated its gaiety to her for the first time for years. She arranged her beautiful hair without a cap, twisted some white roses 'mid the curls, and, for an instant, lingered with pardonable vanity before the glass; a happy smile parted her lips, and there was a bloom upon her cheek, a brightness in her eye which had long been strangers there. The little breakfast parlour was vacant, as it was very early; and Ellen felt so very, very happy, she did not grieve to be alone awhile; at length the village clock struck nine—with a light step she ran up to the bedroom of Florence—gaily she entered—the room was untenanted—the bed untouched—and on the small deal table a letter from Darnley!—yet no fear entered her mind—what could she fear? almost unconsciously she opened the letter and read the following words:—

“DEAR ELLEN,—Your life has been one of self-denial and sacrifice; knowing this makes me alone dare to address you; for, believe me, I suffer much to write thus to you; but Florence loves me—yes, Ellen, I had gained that fair girl's heart almost unknown, and when known, I could not hesitate,—alas! I loved her in return. I feel I am not worthy of—I knew your high-mindedness—and felt you could tear a passion from your heart when the object was unworthy—it is not thus with Florence—she would die if I deserted her—she implores your forgiveness—I implore it for her—consider her youth—her extreme inexperience—pardon both, Ellen, and sometimes think kindly, if possible, of those whose grateful affection will ever be your's.

“REUBEN DARNLEY.”

Ellen read the above with fearful calmness, and as she came to the conclusion her features gradually assumed the rigidity of marble; not a tear flowed, though her heart was shattered by the blow. “Aye she is fair, she is young,” she murmured, “I am neither.

—Oh! Florence! Florence! I did not deserve this from you!" She raised her hands to her burning brow, where the oppression of madness seemed to be overpowering her, and coming in contact with the roses, with ghastly laugh she tore the flowers from her hair, her heart felt as if freezing into ice; seeds of hatred, bitter and dark, were planted in that hitherto pure mansion; then memory returned, and throwing herself on her knees and raising her eyes to heaven, she repeated those beautiful and impressive words, "forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them who trespass against us." Then she tried to think kindly, tried even to forgive; and she did both, but it was many months afterwards—after rising from a bed of sickness, on which her very life had been saved by her kind landlady who loved her as her child—and although Ellen felt it would have been better for her had she died, yet she was patient.

Three years had now passed away and often had Ellen sought to obtain information of the fugitives, for she feared they were in great poverty—but all her endeavours were useless.

About this time Julia Selwin died, and the harsh old man, her father, was left entirely alone, for he had never made a friend; mourning his childless lot he thought of Ellen, and resolved to make reparation to her: for the old miser shrunk from the thought of dying with a grasping hireling to close his eyes. Accordingly he sought Ellen and offered to make her his heiress if she would live with him, and, by her kindness, cheer a home death had rendered desolate. Poor Ellen read the letter and sadly smiled; over her, also, the blight had passed, a blight worse than death—ingratitude from those loved and trusted! Still she answered kindly, though proudly perchance; and forgivingly declined his generosity—again he wrote and implored her consideration of his offer: and here for the present will we leave her and follow the absent Florence.

The day had been dark and tempestuous, and the loud roaring wind had at length subsided into sullen moans, yet heavy gusts swept by at lengthened intervals; the fleeting clouds passed

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rapidly under the moon, whose beams vainly strove to shed their influence on the inmates of a wretched hovel the last of the long village of A***. The dwelling was dreary and comfortless, being absolutely destitute of furniture of any kind save an artist's easel and a low bed, on which lay a child reduced apparently to the last extremity by hunger! The light that streamed in at the uncurtained window disturbed the sufferer as with a low moan, he turned his head away. "He will die, oh! God—he will die!" exclaimed a female who, until now, had knelt utterly motionless by the couch. "Is there no help?" and she wrung her hands in agony. The person thus addressed came suddenly forward; high intellectual beauty could still be traced there, although the countenance was much changed by care and suffering; yet the expression of the features was proud and unbending—the eagle eye did not soften as he gazed on the sufferers, though his heart was bursting—no, it blazed wildly, nay, almost fiercely, as he answered in a deep hoarse tone of frightful calmness:—"If there is a God in Heaven my boy shall be saved!"—and pressing his fevered lips to the cold cheek of his young wife he snatched up a pistol and left the hut. When Florence—for it was indeed she—found herself alone she resumed her kneeling posture by the bed; where the agony of the last few days appeared to have numbed every faculty save thought for the safety of her boy; she heard her husband's words vaguely, they seemed to promise life for him, and she noted not the desperate look and action that accompanied them.

The night wore wearily away; still Reuben came not: the grey light of morning dawned and the infant had sunk into a broken slumber; it was a sad sight, that young—almost girlish form motionless beside the dying boy. At length the latch of the door was raised, so one entered—and in his presence there was hope.

"Oh! Reuben, dear Reuben," exclaimed Florence, as a long-stifled groan burst forth at last! but her eye fell and her cheek blanched to a more deadly whiteness when she saw her visitor—'twas but one moment, the

mother mastered all other feelings—shame was forgotten as, sinking at her feet with clasped hands, she shrieked out—“Ellen, Ellen Evelyn save *his* child, he is starving!”

Ellen stood one moment motionless, she had been prepared for much misery, but not for such a sight—yet her calm dark eye rested coldly on the still beautiful, although most wretched mother, as, sweeping past her, she approached the bed, and for the first time saw the infant. Her heart beat with woman's feeling at the sight of the child of him she had so fondly loved, yet neither word nor look betrayed her—and without exhibiting hope or anger she slowly left the cottage. As the door closed, Florence started up wildly; and a vague dread entered her mind that she was abandoned by all; then she called to mind Ellen's kindness, and her heart bitterly reproached her—she had blighted all her happiness—she, the child of her bounty, had blasted every hope and printed premature old age on the noble brow of her much injured friend. And had she herself been happy? no; no, poverty and remorse had been their inmates ever since her marriage.

A few minutes passed thus, seemed to her as hours; exhausted nature could bear no more, and shortly afterwards the mother lay senseless by the child! Many an hour now passed away in utter oblivion; and when Florence recovered her senses a bright fire burned in the grate, warm coverings were on the bed, and the child, on Ellen's knee, was taking some light food that she kindly administered to him. Florence's first movement was to regain her boy; and, as Ellen carried him to her, he extended his arms and smiled on his mother who pressed her recovered darling to her heart, and in tears of joyful gratitude sobbed forth her contrition for the ungrateful part she had acted. Her faithful friend now soothed her with fond caresses to take food of which she stood in so much need. The child's health was soon restored, attention and nourishment were all that was requisite; but with the mother the case was different; her past misery had enfeebled a never strong constitution; added to which, remorse and dread, uneasiness for her husband, stretched her on a bed

of sickness, for none dared to tell her the rumours respecting him, and she still whispered hopes she herself felt not.

When Darnley rushed from the cottage, desperation in his heart and madness in his brain, he unfortunately encountered a traveller: to stop him and wildly demand his money was the affair of an instant; the man hesitated, and he discharged his pistol in the frenzy of the moment: as his victim fell, recollection returned and he hurried madly from the spot. The wounded man crawled to the nearest habitation, alarmed the inmates, and by his description of the assassin, suspicion turned on Darnley, the proud stranger who had long excited the curiosity of the villagers. In a wood near his own dwelling Darnley had concealed himself that night, whence he saw many enter the cottage in search of him, whilst his poor wife lay insensible after Ellen's first visit; this also, to his astonishment, he had seen, and relieved from immediate fears for those beloved objects, for their sakes he fled to London, hoping in that large city to remain unknown until the stranger's fate was decided. The eve of the day on which Ellen discovered Florence was the one on which she reached the village, whither she had, through some drawings she had recognized, traced the fugitives; from her inquiries she guessed that the proud strangers were her former friends, heard of their poverty and was deliberating upon the best means of relieving their wants, when the frightful news of robbery and almost murder reached her: a secret presentiment told her it was Darnley, and if so, what was the fate of her once cherished Florence? Ellen did not hesitate, and we have seen how her conjectures were realized.

Every care was now bestowed to prevent the news from reaching the invalid until at least she had gained more strength; but one day, during her momentary absence, a neighbour entered, and unfeelingly told poor Florence she ought to be glad the man's wound was healing and that her husband was only a robber instead of a murderer. Florence listened, aghast, with horror; this was the first intima-

tion of the fatal occurrence, and ere the tale was ended she had swooned. Here-upon the officious gossip left hastily, terrified at what she had done. Florence soon recovered and insisted on knowing all; Ellen, who had by this time returned, endeavoured to soothe her by assurances of the man's perfect recovery and Darnley's safety. The blow, however, was struck; Florence never looked up again, and ere the young moon shone full in heaven there was a grave more on earth.

Ellen and the orphan boy were left companions of each other—the child of Darnley smiled on her, and though every smile, so like his father's, gave a pang to her heart, each proved a fresh link in the bond of love and pity, yet this new stimulus gave an impulse to her saddened life. A few weeks after, and Ellen sat beside a new raised grave, for in spite of culture the newly-planted flowers still drooped and showed they had not long perfumed that last bed of death. Reuben, the child, was chasing the wild bee, when something apparently startled him, and he sought refuge in the arms of his protectress—how inexpressibly touching is the confiding look of infancy! As Ellen felt it her dark eyes glittered with unshed tears.

"Don't cry, aunt Ellen," said the child, for thus she had taught him to call her—"don't cry; mamma cried and mamma left Reuben: are you going to leave him too?"

"Never, sweet boy, never, my darling," she replied, clasping him to her bosom; "but do you love Ellen?"

"Oh! yes," he said, looking brightly up, "but Reuben loves mamma best; mamma used to sing to Reuben, aunt Ellen never, never sings."

Ellen could not reply to the innocent prattle, and her tears fell heavily on his sunny curls. At length, "mamma is in heaven," she said, falling on her knees beside the grave, "will Reuben pray for her?"

The child knelt silently with her, and raising his little dimpled hands, said earnestly,—“Reuben prays to go to mamma.”

A groan of bitter anguish startled her, she raised her eyes—they encountered—Darnley—and the boy with a

shriek of infantile joy rushed into his father's arms. There was pride as well as love in Ellen's heart, and she would not, even in that hour of sorrow, have Darnley see she loved him as fondly as ever, she bowed her head until her forehead pressed the cold, damp earth beneath which Florence lay. For a few moments the memory of the past, conjured up by that loved form, came rushing by as on the whirlwind's wing—then reason vanquished passion; and raising her face she stood before him calm and motionless as a statue. But Darnley's eyes were riveted on his boy, as he parted his golden curls and kissed his sweet blue eyes with passionate fondness. Ellen was again forgotten!—she, however, gazed on the fugitive and saw with horror traces of famine and despair on those, to her, matchless features. A sudden thought crossed her mind like lightning. "Yes," she murmured as a sad smile parted her lips—"even that for him."

The child's voice roused them both from their trance, and Darnley gazed on the devoted being before him with looks of deep and earnest gratitude.

"I dare not ask forgiveness, Ellen," at length he said after a painful pause, "one of us you have pardoned," and his eyes fell mournfully on the low grave of his young wife. "I only implore your tenderness for my boy—I am a fugitive from justice now. I must if possible leave England; in another land I may rise by my own exertions, and then I will reclaim my boy—will you protect him until then?—there is none but you to help him."

"On the grave of Florence I accept this dear, sacred deposit," said Ellen; "but," she exclaimed, suddenly remembering the danger of his present situation, "on one only condition—to-morrow night come privily to the cottage for we must meet once more."

"To-morrow," replied he, "I will be with you; until then, dearest, best of women, adieu;" and pressing his lips to the fair brow of his child he again fled to the woods, and the sad Ellen regained her home, vainly striving to soothe the cries of Reuben for his father.

The child having sobbed himself to sleep; she commenced the plan which

had so happily crossed her mind. Pride would ever have prevented what she was about to do, had it only been for herself—but for *them*! oh! woman's love will conquer much! Engaging a village nurse to attend her boy for one day she instantly set off for London. The distance was trifling, yet it seemed a weary walk; she sought the residence of Mr. Selwin, found him ill and feeble, yet he hailed her presence with pleasure and warmly urged her to stay. In a few words she explained her situation with regard to the child, and offered to agree to his wishes on two conditions—that Reuben was to reside with her, and she to receive five hundred pounds for immediate use; to both the lonely man readily acceded, and in two days she promised to be with him. That night saw the last expiring struggle between pride and principle; the latter conquered, and for him who had cruelly deserted her she surrendered her vainly cherished independence. The next morning early, Ellen returned to the cottage; the day wore wearily away, although the birds sang and the bright sunbeams danced on the surface of the water and tinged the trees with golden light. Her heart was sad, for she was about to enter upon a new existence, to bid farewell, perhaps for ever, to the cherished object of her young heart's first affections—and she gazed around the chamber in silent anguish. 'Twas there he had suffered much, there Florence died; and taking the boy by the hand she wandered to the church-yard. Reuben did not play that day as usual, but sat silently and thoughtfully by her side. An hour passed, but when she rose to depart, the child hesitated—"Not yet, aunt Ellen. Papa will come perhaps; he came yesterday." Before she could answer, the old grave-digger, who was close by, raised his keen grey eyes and fixed them inquisitively on Ellen; her heart almost failed her; but at that instant a beautiful butterfly arose from the flowers on the grave of Florence, and flying before the child's face almost brushed his curls, who with a gay bound darted after it;—Ellen gladly followed. At an early hour she put her loved charge to bed, and prepared a supper for her expected guest. About eleven a low knock was heard at the

window; pressing her hands tightly over her heart to still its wayward beatings she opened the door. It was the fugitive, looking worse than on the previous day.

"I have come Ellen," said he in a hollow voice, "to hear your conditions—to know if my child is to find a protector in the only being I have ever injured."

"Talk not of that, dear Reuben," (she used the words of former days unconsciously) "I do take your child, he shall be to me as my own son, dread not his future fate; I am an heiress again, Reuben," she added with a faint smile that played on her pallid features like moonbeams on the snow. "My conditions are few, but I feared to trust to memory to-night; take this packet, read it when you are in a place of safety."

A deep flush suffused the haughty cheek of Darnley as a vague suspicion crossed his mind that the parcel contained money; his looks told her so and her own proud spirit for a moment rebelled. Would he not then be indebted to her who had sacrificed all pride for him? but gentler thoughts came back as she remembered his misery—"Reuben," she said, kindly taking his burning hand in her's, "dear Reuben, we are parting now, perchance for ever! I never asked a favour yet—will you refuse the first?"

Reuben's spirit melted beneath her gentle voice, and sinking on one knee before her he pressed his lips to her hand and placed the packet in his bosom. The hour of parting was indeed come; slowly he approached the sleeper who smiled unconsciously; bitter burning tears fell rapidly on the child's face and disturbed him; opening his eyes he perceived his father and joyfully extended his arms. "Papa come home again! Papa kiss Reuben." Again and again he kissed his boy and replaced him in his cot; he then turned to Ellen. Now indeed were her father's lessons needful, not only to conceal but conquer emotion, and outwardly all was calm. Darnley took her cold damp hand in his, she spoke not, moved not; he bent forward and imprinted his last kiss on her burning cheek, still she did not speak—her eye seemed fixed on vacancy—the clock struck midnight—

Ellen Evelyne, or Blighted Love.

this roused her, "Reuben, dear Reuben, one moment he lingered on the threshold—farewell for your child's sake!" she added hurriedly, "stay no longer." the next she was alone. That night Ellen spent in prayer. She waved her hand towards the door, Darnley and Ellen never met again!

RIVER EXCURSIONS.—No. 2.

I summon ye forth on this bright summer's day,
The tide is propitious, the boat 's in the bay,
The sailors look up as to chide your delay—
Come away ! come away !

There is not a wave the frail shallop to toss,
But the lightest of zephyrs to waft us across
The bright river, as green as the emerald moss—
Come away ! come away !

See yonder fair headland ! we'll land just beneath,
Where its rocky brow wears its superb summer wreath
Of the golden-eyed gorse and the rich purple heath—
Come away ! come away !

We'll plunge in the depth of that right royal vest,
Oh ! the heath-couch is sweet, when the weary would rest,
And sweeter when shared by all those we love best—
So away ! come away !

When the mountain-breeze comes with its spirit of power,
Away with our sloth, we will start from the bower,
No matter how lofty the beetling crags tower,
We are up and away !

We will thread thro' the copses like birds on the wing
Thro' glen and ravine like the roe-buck we'll spring,
And the foremost shall still make the wild vallies ring—
Come away ! come away !

We will pause on some rock where the sea-breezes blow,
And watch the white gulls with their bosoms of snow,
Till the boatmen's hoarse summons comes up from below—
Come away ! come away !

These lines I put together as I sat one fair morning on a dry stone in the bay waiting for my tardy companions, who at last came gaily tripping down the steep hill, and in a few moments we had embarked and were gliding along the water gently rippled by the softest of summer breezes. The harmony of colouring was exquisite ; we wanted only the harmony of sound to complete it, and we longed for the bugle or the hautboy or for some sweet, clear voice, to call forth the

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echoes from the rocks. We talked of the Canadian boat-song, and of those enchanting snatches of melody which may generally be heard on the Swiss lakes or on the majestic Rhine, and one amongst us dictated words for music, and called them a song for our river.

Pull brothers, stoutly pull
A hearty stroke and strong,
The river 's brimming full,
The passage is not long.

No breath upon the river
Doth now its surface curl,
Our canvass would not shiver
Did we the sail unfurl.

So, brothers, stoutly pull
A hearty stroke, and strong,
For he whose arm is dull
Shall never join our song.

Pull gaily through the water,
Sea, see, how swift we glide ;
Our boat we've surely taught her
To mind not wind or tide.

So, brothers, stoutly pull,
With manly hearts and merry
We'll beat yon soaring gull,
We'll shoot before the ferry.

Now fast the land flies by us,
Fresh reaches open to us,
Oh ! let no bark come nigh us,
Tho' hotly they pursue us.

Then, brothers, stoutly pull,
Till our oars are dripping showers ;
What care we for the breezes' lull
With arms as stout as our's ?

We crossed to the opposite side, floating gently in shore, close by the rocky banks from which the foliage dripped in the present state of the tide, allowing us to pluck the ripening ash-berries and the long tendrils of the honey-suckle. As we swept round a headland the land retreated so as to form a miniature bay, and a lovely scene it was. A broad ravine divided the rocky mountain, completely filled up by the most luxurious foliage pertaining to the charming woods of Garth. Uneven crags rose from the water gaily clothed with heather, and on the tops of eight of these pinnacles stood as many herons, their angular and most picturesque forms relieved against the blue and cloudless sky, and as motionless as if the hand of man had carved and placed them there. They were probably waiting for the fall of the tide and were reposing after their long flight, for I believe they breed many miles away, though they appear pretty constantly on our river at low tide, standing on the reaches of sand in patient determination for the approach of

their finny prey. This brotherhood of eight, however, liked not our nearer approach, and, unfolding their broad wings reluctantly they arose with simultaneous consent and flapped away into the woods beyond, whilst we gained the point of our destination and landed in a creek which leads to one of our favourite haunts. From the river it is not visible ; but pursuing the course of the clear brawling stream, we are led round a projecting rock and presently enter a bright, verdant, nearly level field, bounded by this crystal brook on one side, and from whence the view of Cader and the other mountains towering in sterile grandeur above the steep crags of the nearer ridges which are one mass of wood, is most admirable and exquisite. Many an hour may the botanist and naturalist while away here, unmindful of their lapse. Never have I seen in such abundance the splendid *Io* as in these regions. I have counted more than a dozen all basking at once on the lingering flowers of autumn, their gem-set wings glowing and burnished in the sunbeams. Here one summer bred in numbers the graceful painted lady (*papilio cardui*) so capricious and uncertain in her visits. Here also have I seen a brood of the golden tinctured nyale, and the humming sphynx—

“ Whose drowsy sound
Hums in the leafy covert round.”

Beneath the shade of the abundant hazel may be gathered that most fairy-like of flowers, of unrivalled delicacy, the campanula hederacea, whilst abundantly the equally fragile but less shy anagallis tenella unfolds its veined blossoms from the moist couch of vivid moss where it loves to shelter. The *circea lutetiana* (enchanted nightshade) waves its weak stem and flowers minute from the stony soil, and the *noli me tangere* (yellow balsam) profusely ornaments the recesses of the wood with its tender blossoms which—
“ Shrink from the touch with jealous care.”

Here, too, we sometimes have come unexpectedly upon that plant of lofty beauty worthy in its rich and palmy grace of a better tribute than the following :—

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TO THE OSMUNDA REGALIS.

Regalis ! 'tis a name befits thee well,
For thou in truth dost bear a lofty mien ;
And for the brow of sylvan king or queen
No plume so meet that waves o'er brake or fell.
Crown'd with thy towering stems—a magic spell
To shield from evil influence—safe, I ween
They sport amongst their leafy glades and green,
Where with their elfin court they love to dwell.
Dare I, presumptuous, pluck thy gifted seed !
That I, perchance, by it may hope to trace
The steps and presence of the fairy race,
As o'er the thymy mounds and banks they speed ;
For sages say, ta'en in propitious hour,
To show of secret things—thou hast mysterious power.

The eye of the curious botanist may discover in the secret recesses of these groves, the tinyest of the race of ferns, but replete with elaborate workmanship, the *Hymenophyllum Wilsoni*, or filmy fern, first, I believe, detected in Scotland. Delicate as is its structure, it is very tenacious of life, and I have preserved it for many weeks in a cup of water amidst its protecting moss. There are many of this beautiful tribe peeping from every rock and fissure, and many mosses too, vying with each other in delicacy of fabric and intenseness of colouring. The golden rod (*solidago virgaurea*), is in gaudy profusion. I have, though rarely, gathered the *inula helenium* (*elecampane*), and the meadows on each side the river display the handsome globe flower, or *trollius Europæus*. All the *hypericums* are to be found—and a handsome race they are; and in spring the sandy promontories are gay with that pretty bulb, the vernal squill. The moist, boggy tracts abound with

'The flower I love so well
The odorous golden asphodel (*narthecium ossifragum*)
Which shines amid the mist and damp
Like wandering Willie of the swamp."

And the *myrica* gale scents every breeze with its strong aromatic odour. I have more than once met with the *papaver cambricum* ; but of late years it seems to have taken leave of its former locality. The *rosa spinosissimus*, or burnet, spreads lavishly over frith and meadow, affording, I suppose, its favourite nourishment to that indolent

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beauty the sphynx *filipendula*, and also to

" Her who bears the crimson bar
On a green field, hight Cinnabar."

" The stalks of pale Cotyledon
Thro' the old walls and fissured stone
In sober vest the summer threw,
Puts forth her spikes of faded hue."

attended by the garnet studs of the bossine *telephium*, one of our handsomest natives. Another very beautiful plant which ornaments the banks and hedges is the *geranium sanguineum*, worthy, from its size and colour, of cultivation in the flower garden. In the autumn the delicately fragrant spiral *ophrys* (*neottia spiralis*) grows abundantly on the hills and also in the sandy meadows parallel to the sea shore, under the highroad, though I found it a matter of difficulty to persuade a learned botanist (Dr. Stokes) of the fact. The *rhodiola rosea* has been found on the river banks, and the *rubia peregrina* on the friths, though by no means common. On the high banks may be found that most delicate and lovely plant, the *dianthus dioscorides*, which tantalizes one with its bewitching beauty and with its inveterate determination of withering and closing up so soon after its removal from its natural abode. It is, indeed, as if the pure unconfined atmosphere alone was fit for its fragile and aerial tints, and as if we had no right to expect it could be transferred with impunity to air enclosed within four walls, and polluted by the presence of the human kind.

But tedious the attempt, and vain,
To note all Flora's rainbow train,

By the fresh breezes rudely kiss'd,
Or nurtured in the mountain mist,
Or to the sun's full blaze display'd,
Or lurking in the secret shade,
Or cowering in the clefted stone,
Or fed by chilly damps alone,
Or floating on the restless brook,
Or stealing o'er the mossy nook,
Or clasping round the hazel stem,
Or wreath'd round rock, like diadem,
Or stamp'd as if by graver's art,
And of the very stone a part.

I have here let my thoughts wander to the productions of all the seasons, without troubling myself to sort my flowery acquaintance under the respective months of their appearance. In truth, as I wrote they grew in my recollection, and as the most careless observer can hardly be far misled as to the times of their existence, it is perhaps sufficient to note that, in their due seasons, those I have mentioned are to be met with. In the town grows the largest standard fig-tree not only in the principality, but as I have been told in England; but though in healthy condition and abundant foliage it never bears fruit. I should think from the general mildness of the climate, the hardier sorts of grapes might be successfully cultivated, but the great obstacle to our vegetation is the wind which blows with such tremendous force from the Atlantic, and a summer gale is quite as destructive as the cold blasts of winter. It often makes me grieve to behold its fatal effects upon the shrubs and plants. If the branches are not broken, the leaves are either stript off, or they are blackened and destroyed as if by fire, but this is in fact occasioned by the friction which bruises them till the sap exudes.

But this time we have been wandering amongst the woods and copses, up one steep heathered crag and down another, till emerging from the shadowing thickets, we stand in the open air, and are made sensible of an approaching weather change. The clouds have been collecting, and their fleecy folds darkening into a deep leaden hue, together with a portentous stillness in the air, and an oppressive sense of heat announce the coming storm. Ever and anon the thunder muttered from the obscured hollows of the mountain and

died away in the vallies, and it was evident that some exertion would be *requisite to enable us to reach our home before the storm burst in its power.* We landed in our bay whilst the skies still retained their burden, and there was something so peculiarly fine in the whole scene that although I care not to be beyond the shelter of a roof in these elemental commotions, I nevertheless turned from my home, and pursued the road to D—, and from thence making my way to one of the craggy promontories on the river side, I seated myself on a rock to contemplate at leisure the thousand gorgeous effects in the heavens and on the earth. I longed to be a painter—not a modern—but one of those of the olden time, who seem to have drank deeper of the spirit of nature than any in our days, who dashed their pencils boldly into the rainbow, or the reservoirs of the tempest, and transferred the celestial glory of the one, or the sublime mysteries of the other to the canvas, with a power that stirred up the hearts and souls of all who looked upon them. At this moment I recall my speechless admiration the morning when I first stood before that exquisite *Salvator* which fronts you as you enter the first room (that is, containing pictures) in the Pitti Palace at Florence. We had very lately passed the Cornice, and this picture at once renewed the memory of the magnificence of that unparalleled scenery. The exquisite transparency of the water which, although the hues darkened towards the shore, seemed to allow a yet more intimate acquaintance with its secret recesses; the crystalline heavens; the rich colouring of the receding hills; the graceful and fantastic architecture of tower and convent crowning the heights, the truth of the whole is so marvellous that I was constantly arrested in my way by this wonderful picture, and to pass it I was forced resolutely to turn my eyes another way. But I am again digressing strangely.

I verily believe that were the scene I would now describe to be transferred to canvas, it might be deemed unnatural and imaginary, and I confess that in our cold and sober-coloured clime, never before or since have I beheld so gorgeous a development of colour. Be-

neath the headland where I was seated, and extending to the opposite shore, the water, of unusual clearness, was of that rich velvet tint which adorns the mosses of some sylvan fountain, or decks the old roots of the forest tree. The whole of the mountains were wrapt in an intense yet bright purple fold which did not blend with the emerald of the water, but from the land line assumed at once the hue of royal splendour. The summits of the five pointed C—were crowned with a deep dark flame colour, reflected from the sun which was setting over the C—hills in a gorgeous shrine of crimson, and which seemed besides to hold some mysterious communication with the lurid awful mass of clouds above, for from

their thick volumes rolling slowly and majestically from all sides, and meeting there as at a centre, flashes of lightning repeatedly quivered and quenched their arrowy fires in the green waters below. This most extraordinary and sumptuous display of colouring lasted for more than twenty minutes in the same magnificence; then the darkening shadows of night gradually stole down and dimmed it; and, as if the powers of the air had changed their purpose, they called off the fearful heralds of the storm, and the angry vapours dispersing, the sky, late in the evening, resumed its serenity, and the moon rode in her silver car along a cloudless heaven. ■

THE POACHER'S SONG TO THE OWL.

Of all the birds that skulk by night
Or fly throughout the day,
Of dingy wing or plumage bright,
Or pinion softly grey—
There's none so well that pleaseth me
At midnight when I prowls,
As she who haunts the ivy tree—
The jolly old brown owl.

She sitteth 'mid the leaves so green
All day, and dares not budge,
But blinks and winks her round bright e'en,
As grave as any judge.
She screeches out te-whit to-whoo,
And scares the feather'd fowl,
As if no friend to them they knew—
The jolly old brown owl.

But when the eve is grey and still,
And deep the shadows fall;
And when the moon sits on the hill,
And night-birds waken all:
Then up she gets from ivy bower,
And peeping forth doth scowl,
She loves, like me, the murky hour—
The jolly old brown owl.

Stately she sails athwart the sky,
And flaps the whispering air;
Oh, woe betide the buzzing fly,
And beetle humming there.
Still perch'd upon the old fork'd fir,
Like monk in hood and cowl,
She marks each little field-mouse stir—
The jolly old brown owl.

The Poacher's Song to the Owl.

When sottish Hodge 'is snoring laid,
O'ercome with nut-brown ale,
He turns his sleepy head, afraid
To hear her screech and wail.
But I who steal the woodland through,
And dread the mastiff's growl,
Love well to mark thy whit-to-whoo—
Oh! jolly old brown owl.

There's much resemblance, wise ones say,
Between the owl and me;
Both shun the broad sun's tell-tale ray,
And poachers both are we.
Both skulk along to seize our prey,
Tho' gusty winds do howl,
So like are we, by night and day—
Oh! jolly old brown owl.

And with our gains, when darkness wanes,
We hurry on our track,
Before the morning's crimson stains
Have lit the cloudy rack:
I to lone hovel hie me then,
And quaff the brimming bowl,
Thou to thy hole in silent glen—
Oh! jolly old brown owl.

VAIN GLORY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

Our life is like a crystal rill
Nameless and lowly issuing from the rock;
While in the clear deep bed by nature scoop'd,
As in a cradle, noiseless, calm, it sleeps,
Flowers crown its bank with perfume, and serene
The blue of heaven descends upon its breast;
But from the hill's close arms escaped, when spread
Its waves o'er neighbouring plains—with river slime
How swell its billows, and with bloated bulk
Grow pale and putrid! From its shores recede
The wonted shade, and but the naked rock
Receives its fugitive waves. Cleaving new paths,
The graceful windings of its parent vale
It scorns to follow—but, 'neath arches deep,
Rolling with haughty port, there gains a name
As sounding as its surge. Still onward rushing
With bounds impetuous, bearing in its path
The ships, the tumult, and the mire of cities!
Each stream that swells its course another change—
'Till, swoll'n with waters various and corrupt,
Troubled, though great, its being vain resigning,
In the sea's breast it pours its pride and slime!

ZAKAIA, THE DAUGHTER OF THE DESERT.

AN EPISODE OF THE VICEROYALTY OF MEHEMET ALI.

(Concluded from page 74.)

CHAPTER IV.

Ismael raised the daughter of Malek Zibarra from her humble posture; he conducted her respectfully towards a young camel kneeling on the sand, elegantly caparisoned, and furnished with inflated skins and cushions of various colours, accommodated to the inequalities of its back, in order to moderate the shock of its jolting leap. Beside the animal's neck a young Ethiopian stood like a bronze statue, holding a fan of ostrich feathers. The chief of the negroes knelt whilst, assisting her to mount, he received the young girl's foot in his huge hand, and, as a mark of deference common in Egypt, preserved the sand thrown up by the sole of her *brôdequins*. The camel was then led towards the centre of the caravan. At a whistle from the leader, all was motion, and nothing more could be descried beneath the dun vault of night, save a long file of Arab steeds, gleaming lances, soldiers, and camels, fast disappearing amid a rude harmony of clashing cymbals, mingled with the tinkle of camel bells, and the glare of resinous torches, which flung a shower of sparks on all sides.

Mounted upon fleet Arabian mares, Ismael and I galloped along the flanks of the *cortège*. Eagerly accepting my proposition to join the caravan, he attached to my person a few Mamelukes of his guard, and recommended me to second pacific negotiations, should Malek Zibarra succeed in subduing the other chiefs of tribes, so far as to induce them to enter upon a treaty.

We speedily reached the exterior boundary of the camp; Ismael raised himself upon his saddle-bow, saluted Zakaia by a wave of his hand, wheeled round his charger, and the next instant the numerous torches of the soldiery being extinguished in the sand, the dubious obscurity of twilight enveloped us on all sides.

Behind—before us spread nought but the desert. Solitude seemed

awakened, enlarged, and developed in all its grandeur; a pale line defined the horizon, causing its limits to stand out in distinct relief. The flat bed of this ocean of sand sank into deep hollows beneath our tread; the hoofs of our beasts were buried in the moving hillocks of that far-stretching expanse which presented on all sides a soft and trembling arena. By degrees, the cold grey of the sky became blended with more decided tints; streaks of dawn were quickly succeeded by gleams of light; the stars grew dim, the curtaining shadows were rolled away as by some all-powerful hand. Long rays of the most vivid colours inundated the firmament, the mists became tinged with gold, and along the line upon which our gaze was fixed, a jet of flame burst from a cloud of furnace-like vapour. Then darting forth like the flash from the pan of a carbine, the sun's rays ricocheted over the undulating solitudes, and gradually across the white shoals of that dazzling sea, diverged the faint, arcade-like shadows of some slender palm-trees. Twice, in a few moments, the sun seemed to rebound along the earth, for the air being calm, and the moment favourable, the caravan plunged with increased ardour into the sandy sinuosities, and mounted again their western acclivities at full gallop. At length, from behind a group of ruined columns which reared their tall shafts all blackened with dust, and set in an horizon of flame, the glaring orb took his steady course through space, appearing like the holy sacrament upon a tabernacle. At the whistle of the Nubian chief we halted, and whilst idolatrous soldiers and devout Mamelukes, alike inclined their bodies towards the east, silently muttering their several forms of prayers, I had time to cast a circuitous glance over the immense uniformity by which we were environed. Sun and space were rivals in splendour; here and there might be descried a terrified gazelle

flying onwards with a series of prodigious leaps, or upon the summit of some near eminence, a huge buffalo stupidly examining us. The wide-strewn ruins greatly interested me; but it was necessary to proceed, and as we passed the crumbling colonnade which first excited my attention on the right, the utmost satisfaction I could afford my eager curiosity was to raise myself for ten minutes in my stirrups, to behold, amid the intricacies of projecting rocks and confused piles of stone furrowed with luminous exhalations, colossal statues seated; with hands upon their knees; caryatides bent beneath enormous slabs, and ready to break under their weight: whilst, springing aloft to the sky, those melancholy granite obelisks towered above a nameless city wherein no longer dwelt the living—a sepulchre of past grandeur and present littleness—"the lines of desolation and the stones of emptiness!" Over all, too, the mocking hieroglyphic—of which every successive year the key is fondly thought to be discovered—that language of the lapidary, whose undeciphered alphabet seems lost for ever.

We travelled nearly the whole day under a vertical sun, with our shadows nailed, as it were, to our feet. The pale and chalky flints of these interminable strands reflected a suffocating heat; we were, literally, upon the focus of a burning-glass: the atmosphere seemed of gas. The discouragement born of fatigue might have been readily divined by our silence. The mournful-looking Mamelukes mutely interrogated the blazing sands; more than one hesitated to advance, the dromedaries even seemed loth to go forward. Vainly was the pace of the caravan increased; it appeared as though we were ever in the centre of that inevitable disk. No breeze, not a cistern, not a tree; nought, save a dreary expanse, and that oppression which weighs down the eyelids. I felt momentarily bereft of all moral energy—life itself, was failing me. The monotonous noise, the wearisome tinkle of the bells adorning the trappings of our beasts was lulling me to a perfidious slumber—more than once my eyelids closed. One would infallibly allow one's-self to fall into that fatal lethargy, were it not that the ferocity of the na-

tives, who are ever on the alert to spring upon the traveller, masters the mind by stimulating fear. Nevertheless, I had already become so prostrate as no more than mechanically to resist that intoxication engendered of sleep and fire; feverish fascinations were prefiguring in my brain the strangest phantasmagoria, when, suddenly a burst of joyful songs from our soldiers rose like a thunder-peal above the responsive clash of cymbals, and the accelerated gallop of the dromedaries, happily conquering this vertigo, and informing me that the camels at last perceived the neighbourhood of a spring. Fatigue was forgotten, and satisfaction beamed on every countenance. The caravan resumed its triumphal march—its military regularity; and after having climbed eminences, laboured along flats, descended ravines, we at length descried the welcome water bubbling up amidst a wood of tamarinds, bannana, and palm-trees, from under a confused pile of rock, over which, from base to summit, sprang blue lotos-flowers and the white-stalked colocintida.

CHAPTER V.

By an unhopèd-for meeting which, under other circumstances, might have proved perilous to us, our band was strengthened at this spot by a small band of Caghaians, who, having from a distance perceived that it was for the most part composed of the Mamelukes of Ismael's guard, had placed themselves in ambush to fall upon the caravan. The chief of the Nubians was the first who signalled them, after which, there was little more than a moment's hesitation in the advance. The daughter of Malek Zibarra rode up to the foremost, and met with instant recognition; lances were consequently raised, and carbines again thrown back in the shoulder-belts. Slaves hastened to unburthen the camels, construct tents in the shade of the palm-trees in the order prescribed by native custom; and in quality of military commandant, I scattered sentinels upon various points, who were relieved every quarter of an hour.

Whilst taking our repast under the grateful shade, we learned from these new companions that a few hours would

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bring us to our journey's end. Malek Zibarra had caused his armed adherents to follow him, and at that moment was mustering round him the *maleks* of the surrounding tribes, who had coalesced for mutual protection. To match the consummate strategy of the Mamelukes demanded their concentration. They were encamped in some villages but a short distance off, and a congress was about to be held at which extreme measures were expected to be decided upon. As such an accumulation of resentment might retard the lofty views of the pacha, and procrastination prove utter ruin to them, Zakaia, already devoted to the interests of the son of Mehemet Ali, would not permit herself longer delay. At day's decline, therefore, at that moment (so well described by the modern Irish bard)—

“ When sinks the sun on Afric's shore
That instant all is night ”—

When the glowing orb shot oblique rays through the fast-changing atmosphere and the dewy exhalations, concentrating upon the sandy strata of these deserts, interposed themselves far and wide like a wall of amber between us and the sun, she urged me to order the song of departure to be struck up throughout the caravan. This signal, added to the hope of soon bidding adieu to the desert, was welcomed by resounding acclamations. The whole long night we wearied through the solitude, and at the first glimpse of next morning's twilight the wall which formed the outermost rampart of Malek Zibarra's camp spread verdantly before us.

We halted, and a Caghaian was sent forward as an interlocutor. He returned, after having stipulated for certain hospitable arrangements necessary to insure us safe reception. Zakaia, however, would not quit the caravan and considered herself in the light of a hostage, for her presence amongst us was, effectually, our only guarantee. Still, it is but justice to add that to the most implacable ferocity shown towards their enemies, these hordes of Abyssinia often unite a chivalrous respect for acts of confidence which flatter the African pride; nevertheless it was safer not to

confide in it on the present occasion. But had the worst chanced, our carbines would have told with deadly effect upon these nearly naked and for the most part ill-equipped men. Their intrepidity alone renders their onset dangerous; they fight like wild beasts, without order or prudence, and are at the mercy of the slightest panic-terror. My Mamelukes too, proud of belonging to Ismael's body guard, although uncertain probably upon the issue of the adventure, were cautious of allowing a shade of doubt to be apparent by look or gesture, and especially occupied themselves in bringing, by brilliance of array, honour to their general—shame to their adversaries.

The importance of his rank among the chiefs of tribes retained Malek Zibarra within the encampment whither it was necessary for us to repair. He would not have it said that his dignity had been lightly compromised by a deference to Ismael's emissaries. On our part it was essential to confine ourselves simply to the restitution of Zakaia, and to remain, until fresh orders arrived, upon the extreme limits of a generosity void of all political character. Such then, at this juncture, was the position of affairs on both sides.

Whilst our soldiers loaded their pistols and carbines, I traversed the ranks enjoining silence and attention to be kept by all. The solemnity of these preparations made every visage glow with courage and resolution. At the principal entrance of the little village we were received by a strong band of half-naked foot-soldiers in short tunics scarcely reaching the knee—evidently boastful of their disproportionate numbers; and here my slaves unloaded the camels bearing presents from Ismael, and by my orders the caravan erected its tents outside the Abyssinian fortifications, a detachment remaining to guard the baggage. A body of Cordofan horsemen with drawn sabres placed themselves at the head of our Mameluke corps, and we penetrated, four abreast, at full gallop a double file of foot soldiers which in echelon order lined the road. The lances of the latter, stuck almost horizontally in the sand, formed right and left a sort of halustrade which fenced off a turbulent

crowd of men, women, and children, that momentarily attempted to break through in their endeavours to get a better view of us. We were received by a salvo of savage shouts, stamping of feet, gestures of defiance, and Babel-like exclamations. The multitude thought at first that we had been taken prisoners. Notwithstanding the richness of the oasis and its delicious vegetation contrasted with the desert, the aspect of these people and their habitations is most wretched. The village was scattered along a valley, and our gaze wandered over an endless line of circular huts, built of brick or red and yellowish calcareous stones, surmounted by conical thatched roofs, enlivened at intervals by groups of magnificent trees. In the clear spaces at the foot of the mountains, bare from peak to summit and cleft by deep ravines, spread green meadows, over which horses were pasturing at large, dotted here and there with a few heavy-looking edifices. From their massiveness and dilapidation, these ruins—vestiges of christianity once located upon, but long driven from that fertile spot, now appeared at once the abode of lizards and desert chieftains. There was nothing markedly characteristic about the men save their colossal stature and general nudity. As for the women, the extravagant luxury of their jewels contrasted strangely with the indigence of their attire: rich bracelets were on their legs, thick rows of necklaces encircled their necks, their hair was entwined with strings of pearls, on each finger rings in profusion, massive rings also decked ear and nose, whilst the only vestment worn was a strip of white or blue cotton twisted round the body and falling over the left shoulder. The children were entirely naked. The recklessness and prodigality of banditti might be traced in this blended misery and ostentation. I kept myself on the alert and hastened the pace of the troop with a view to deprive the horde of an evident disposition to assail it. On again beholding their chieftain's daughter they uttered shouts of joy, and spite of a shower of blows from lance-staffs and whips of hippopotamus-hide several women glided intrepidly under the very feet of the Mamelukes. At one instant their enthusiasm went as far as revolt, and

the restoration of order even to murder. Blood flowed—soldiers were suffocated in the press—women slain by sabre cuts, and infants trampled to death. Already had a shower of stones been furiously hurled at our heads, when a large body of horsemen, driving before them a mass of runaways who gave way right and left before our intrepidity, swept the entire space which separated us from the centre of the village, and we perceived, amidst a circular group of palm-trees, the immense rotunda of the grand council.

The aspect of the council-tent was not devoid of a certain elegance. It was roofed by wide bands of cotton stuff, alternately white and blue, crossing one another diametrically from all points of its circumference and attached to a wooden pillar which raised the roof aloft and formed the centre of the rotunda. A gilded ball decorated the cone-shaped summit, round which were united and fixed in narrowed ends the long triangular strips whose enlarged bases were fastened at intervals to the trunks of date-trees. In place of their tufted foliage, ostrich plumes had been substituted. Each interval of this picturesque colonnade was masked by a species of store, screened by the same unvarying symmetry of white and blue—the favourite colours of the country. The continued rustlings within causing an incessant trembling of the slight cloister, together with the low hum but ill shut in by the vast enclosure, and the prodigious number of black slaves standing motionless each with his hand upon the yataghan stuck in his girdle, sufficiently indicated an assembly of *maleks* and the sanctuary of their deliberations.

During the unavoidable delay of the ceremonial, I had leisure to observe that beyond the palm-trees, the first avenue of which we had passed, a ring of soldiers was by degrees extending, with grave attitude and lances crossing one another as thick as the stalks of a cornfield. The features of the Mamelukes, whose countenances I eagerly interrogated, wore a disdainful smile, and the grasp of each caressed the embossed butt-end of his fire-arm. It appeared to me, however, that these precautions were being taken in our

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behalf, to serve as a barrier to the crowd whose tumultuous heads were seen beyond all in tossing motion like the Nile waves through the reeds of a cataract. After all, it was not the first time that, with a small number of Egyptians in a similar crisis, I had fairly ridden over the heads of like masses, whose stupid courage proves invariably ineffective, from their not being sufficiently civilized to make use of gunpowder. As a reserve, the horsemen guarding our baggage had received express orders to second us vigorously at the slightest signal, in case of snare or treason.

CHAPTER VI.

At length six negroes, commanded by a robust Caghiaian, came to seek the daughter of Malek Zibarra. Descending from her camel, she leaned upon my arm, and placing my horse's bridle in the hands of a slave, we made our way into the enclosure, the curtain of which a soldier raised with his lance-head to give us entrance.

The *coup-d'œil* of the interior presented an extraordinary mixture of barbaric riches and patriarchal grandeur. Malek Zibarra, in all the luxury of oriental costume, with legs crossed upon crimson cushions, occupied the place of honour in the centre of a semicircle of *maleks*, his peers, not less magnificently arrayed and squatting also in the posture peculiar to Egyptians. Behind each *malek* stood a group of negroes, and in each of these groups the principal slave bore upon his naked shoulder his chief's sabre sheathed in a zebra skin scabbard, shod and ornamented with silver—symbolical of the laws of a deliberative council whereat reason, not physical force ought to preside. At their feet, below the platform, knelt black slaves between trays of sandal wood and an ivory sculptured receptacle for pipes, employed in cutting tobacco or mixing beverages. The rest of the rotunda, from the division of the central pillar, was separated by a barrier; and two sides of the avenue, which I traversed on entering with Zakaia to reach the assembly, were filled by numerous spectators, crowded together in parallel lines, all anxiously standing on tip-toe, but keeping a respectful silence.

Each of the *maleks* seemed solicitous

to repress, to the utmost of his ability, the unavoidable instinct of curiosity by an attitude full of hauteur and indifference. I could read upon those tawny foreheads the impatience which disconcerts, and the wrath which predominates over equanimity. At the sight of his daughter, Malek Zibarra was observed to start. I watched a tear losing itself amongst his whitening beard. Zakaia made an attempt to rush towards him, but the Caghiaian who acted as our guide kept her at a distance; she extended her hands and knelt on the ground.

"Whence comest thou in such a guise, young girl?" cried Malek Zibarra, with a voice of thunder. "Is it amongst the enemies of thy race that thou oughtest to cast off the garb of thy companions? Who has permitted thee to tarry within the camp of Ismael? Oughtest thou to have been far from me when the accursed angel dishonoured a father's brow, by goading with the spur of terror his horse's flanks to urge onwards his headlong flight? And Malek Zibarra's honour having been thus wounded—how, Zakaia, hast thou preserved thine own?"

Zakaia raised herself with dignity from the ground and drew forth the yataghan concealed in her bosom.

"How have I preserved it, my father?—I have thrice stained this weapon with Mameluke blood. Three soldiers' carcasses, slain by a girl, are extended upon the shore of the Nile. The steel does not belie me—behold its rust!"

An approbative murmur circulated throughout the assembly.

"Yet wherefore happens it that thou returnest hither under the protection of those whose brethren thou hast slain? Lie not, young girl; there are eyes here around thee which fathom the soul; judges to strike the child who deceiveth."

"My soul wears no veil—I know neither fear nor deception. If the son of the Egyptian, to whose feet force dragged me, had laid a sacrilegious hand upon me, not hither should I have come to seek a judge—I should have adjudged myself."

"Zakaia, the crime is in the violence—where there hath been no compliance,

honour takes refuge in indignation. It is something to be pure in the eye of heaven, and a virgin before thy maker."

"I am a virgin—before both God and man!"

"Then is it a miracle, my daughter, for which praise must be rendered to heaven; since it has caused respect for a feeble child to descend from its sanctuary into the soul of our most cruel enemy."

"He is not our enemy!" replied the maiden, with ardour; "for if he wields the sword with might, he raises it regretfully against his brethren; and to his spirit—jealous of glory, a thousand-fold loftier than that of the battle-field—victory is but a means of generously fertilizing in these deserts the germs of peace and arts so cherished by the rest of the world."

"Wherefore speakest thou of arts, and of peace, young girl?" impetuously retorted a sexagenarian *malek*: "hast thou, since quitting the cradle, seen aught of that remnant of the world, save soldiers, or trafficking travellers? The last are vile Jews from Europe, crawling hither to occupy themselves, like miserable pilferers devoid of courage, in bartering the gains of usury so familiar to their race, for our treasures acquired by bravery; the others are villains gorged with gold at home, and who, when we are absent in pursuit of slaves amongst the mountain-holds, come in numbers, with stealthy march, insolently to steal our children, and devote them to a life of slavery. These call themselves merchants—they are but cheats. They brag of courage, and make use of a fire-weapon—the weapon of the coward, which protects fear, and kills with an invisible blow, the enemy who defies them to equal combat. They are thieves and assassins, and we must exterminate them. Heaven is with us. The peace they proffer is a snare: the arts of which they boast—a fraud. They may seduce women—but men despise them."

A general shout of approbation saluted this speech of the old man.

"Neither seduction nor fraud is here," rejoined Zakaia, "who dares doubt when I speak, and Malek Zibarra believes me? When white hairs cover a foolish head, reason must speak

through the organs of the young. I kneel here only to my father. If Jews have robbed you by trickery, you have robbed by violence; if they carry away your children into slavery, you also hunt down mankind. 'As ye do, so shall it be done unto ye,'—Ismael hath taught me thus. My mother was native of a clime of which thou knowest nothing, although thou art full of years. Often during the cool nights of the desert, as I grew up curious and affectionate, she discoursed to me, whilst bewailing her captivity, of magic songs, of things of another world, the freedom of peaceful modes of life, the labour which effects miracles, the seas subservient to man, and drawing closer fraternal bonds between countries separated the entire distance of the rising from the setting sun. Ye are not what ye believe yourselves to be. The angel who enlightens the soul, has not yet had leisure to detach for you even one of the rays from his effulgent diadem. Your very industry is barbarous—necessaries are even wanting to you—and the proof offers itself to me at this instant, for your arms are less powerful than those of a neighbouring people. You *malek* was upon the point of assuring me that we ought to choose sides and measure them against one another! Thus, doubtless, ought the gazelle to address his neighbours when hunted by the spearmen. Still, it is not, I believe, the privileged creature of heaven—intelligence is refused it, and to look upon your faces, one would take you to be men."

One of the chiefs extended his hand:—

"Is it thus complaisantly to hear a girl insult our sacred customs that Malek Zibarra has convoked us around him? Is it not time to avenge the still smoking blood, and put an end to this insensate gabble of inexperience against wisdom—of the child who knows nothing, with the old man who knows all things?"

Malek Zibarra threw a savage glance upon him who had last spoken:—

"I as little counted upon your aid at the commencement of war, as your counsel toward my extrication from the crisis in which your desertion has left me. This check is not my disgrace but

your's. Alone have I stayed, for ten whole days, the army of Ismael; and, when at the last I had reason to expect, as the reward of my efforts in this unequal struggle, that you would arrive from far and wide, at the head of your bands to succour me, you now appear to have come merely to deliberate and dispute for the command. At this juncture, my troops will obey me only as their general. They can make choice of the most skilful, whenever you may present, as a title for preference, such a number of brave men amongst your followers as may equal those who joined my ranks when I required them. All of mine left are here. But, thanks to your want of energy, I perceive only a single topic for discussion about which you seem interested—the truth of my daughter's words, and the conditions you would offer Ismael."

"Zibarra," fiercely retorted, he whom this bitter taunt seemed most directly to concern, "you defend conduct which no one blames, merely to find a pretext for separating your interests from ours; and your first step towards the Egyptian is in this taken against us—the trick is clear as day. Your daughter, doubtless, follows secret instructions: hence it will be more candid to avow to us openly that she has arrived at this very moment the bearer of a mission from the Pacha."

"I fear no man," answered Malek Zibarra, laying his hand on his poignard.

"We are under the tent of deliberation," cried the chief of the elders; "hospitality is our due. Hence he who should shed one drop of blood would alike draw down upon his head the wrath of every tribe, and Heaven's eternal proscription."

Malek Zibarra lowered his flashing gaze, while for an instant a sinister smile curled his lip.

"Well!" continued the menaced malek, "since it is only a question of command, and not to learn what posts ought to be assigned to our brave followers—since, instead of the grand plan of defence which we had hoped to have agreed upon, it remains but to create a chief amongst this assemblage of equals—Zibarra, perchance, will be satisfied:—our tribes await orders, their fighting

men are ready. Each of us can summon his adherents to this spot, where rights shall be weighed and suffrages reckoned. It needs but a few hours longer for our titles to be made apparent. Henceforward we will not longer weigh against our independence, the privilege of electing the most worthy from amongst us all—in other words, the least suspected."

"And what will ye do, already divided as ye are, against the artillery of Europe which Ismael brings in his train?" interrupted Zakaia. "Oh! how noble is that blind bravery which stupidly brings itself, and obstinately delivers up whole countries to extermination merely to save the honour of brigandage! I know the hatreds, unextinguished by time, that are rapidly awakened amongst the tribes at the voices of their *maleks*. The signal to rouse them has been given. Your united masses may still resist; but disunited as they are, all will flee before the advancing conqueror, either from the edge of the sword, or by the spirit of vengeance which is secretly organising its desertions. Crushed in detail, or traitors one towards another, behold your fate, and brave it!"

The wrath of the assembly, aroused at this address, burst forth with inconceivable violence. All shouted together—but the sexagenarian orator stopped further explosion for a space by resuming, with much craft and great solemnity, his harangue.

"Malek Zibarra, are we here at the mercy of a child where the gravest tremble to urge their advice? In the sanctity of his dwelling, during the enjoyment of peace, let the chief who cares not in his relaxation to retain the resolution of the man amuse himself with the songs of a young girl, and let her relate to him the traditions of past ages, of which he has made it a task to embellish an excellent memory—nothing can be wiser. Here those soft voices are banished—such timidity is unwelcome. In the hearing of cowards only is war railed against, and by reason alone ought bravery to be disarmed. Desire this beauteous child to remain silent—for thy argument will doubtless find more echoes in our breasts than will her discourses. Time is a precious

gift, and those who waste it ought to make reparation."

"It is you," replied Malek Zibarra, "who have sought what has come to pass, and I am not surprised at it. Your defiance surrounds me. There is, I know, at the bottom of certain consciences resentments which will not forgive me notice of their hesitation when I myself hesitate not. I have fought first—the glory of a bold resistance, in which I alone have taken part, is sought to be tarnished. One among you has demanded that the tribe shall be summoned—that matters should be explained before them:—they are now listening to us. The heads of families are before you. It was to invoke intelligence, you said, that they were summoned, that the purity of our efforts should shine forth side by side with our rights. Who talks to me of mystery now? Is it when all arms are wanted that an eagerness should exist to thrust a word to every heart. True, my daughter has been frank—her youth is her excuse. Youth is a crime which expiates itself daily. Of what have you to complain?—of being unable to make her a reply!—attempt it. It ought to be easy for you—yon, who have lived so long! Your white hairs testify your wisdom, and a child angers you! Be calm. I reserve what I may have to urge until I shall be less suspected of dictating her words."

"Defeat has left you captious," coldly replied the most impetuous of the *maleks*; "your resolution is troubled by it. During disaster one becomes superstitious. Everything which recoils at the moment of the onset seems an interposition of heaven. On again beholding the glittering lances of the tribes, and the warlike splendour of multitudes eager for battle, your energies will be regenerated—we must plunge into action. To-morrow, at sunrise, your camp will prove the terror of Ismael. Adieu!—reckon upon us, and you will rely more surely on yourself."

During this scornful address, on an imperceptible gesture from Malek Zibarra, a negro bent near his master, and having gathered a few words quitted the rotunda; all the *maleks* arose, and the conference was about to be broken up.

"Is it this that the tribes expect?" cried the chief of the old men with bitterness:—"when you placed foot in this enclosure they implored heaven, whilst kneeling in the dust, and their prayers have re-descended in blessings upon your heads like the dews of night. The wrinkles of wrath, however, have traced in the folds of your brows the vain debates in which you expend your prowess. The tribes will no longer hold faith in you. This Ismael, whom you deem so dangerous, will conquer more easily through your own animosities than by his arms. The insolent Mameluke will keep the booty wrenched from our hands. That is not all:—the liberty of the tribes will perish. The bonds of confidence once broken between the Caghaians and the *maleks*, both, trust me, will regret having chosen so many chiefs skilful in disputation instead of one capable to conceive and act. If you abandon your duty will they not effectually be led to follow the banner of some more resolute adventurer, or basely throw down their arms because you have not known properly how to stipulate for terms of peace?"

"Thou hast spoken truly," replied Malek Zibarra, whose manner had become momentarily graver, "there would be excuse for revolt among the indignant tribes, were the power delegated to us by the votes of their chief families turned only to the detriment of the commonwealth. I foresee such extremity will be the offspring of our dissensions. We must choose without delay between peace and war, such is the law of the moment. To hesitate is to betray. These quarrels weary me. The interest of the tribes is at stake. The warrior who should wreak punishment upon our heads for the abandonment of this powerful interest, and who, by assumption of sovereign authority, would inspire in the breasts of all the strength of unanimous courage, would, indeed, appear great in their eyes. He would be so by a just title; he would be absolved of all our bloodshed—it would be a sacrifice for the safety of the territory. Our grandsons would extol his name. His all-sacred mission of avenger would, doubtless, soon turn against the liberties of Abyssinia, and the ido-

latry of the people would achieve the work commenced by his boldness : but lofty designs justify usurpation, and the instinct of the mass lends itself to the accomplishment. The saviour of a nation is at once its pride and its master-spirit ; his sway depends upon his energy. Is it not true, *maleks*, that our choice lies henceforward between life and liberty ?—that we must either unite together, or expect to see emerge from our ranks some iron-hearted man called forth by circumstance ? and, on the strength of having trampled under feet your authority, which, grown feeble, expires in discord, he may then either treat or fight, whilst the anarchy of your resolves paralyses all promptitude of action ? Thy words, old man, have brought light upon us : thou hast spoken well and wisely. It remains, then, for us to do at this very instant what, perhaps, at the peril of our heads and of their future existence, the tribes would do when justly exasperated."

An almost universal shout of applause saluted the conclusion of this speech. A strange conjecture darted across my mind : it quickly threw a dubious light upon the equivocal force of the considerations which, thus advanced by Malek Zibarra, had been so unanimously appreciated. It seemed like the previous justification of a *coup d'état*. One of the *maleks*, he whose irony had more than once piqued the pride of Zakaia, cast a stealthy and cowering glance at the intrepid aspect of his adversary. The whole assembly re-seated itself upon the cushions with the most profound confidence, and the tumult soon gave place to the deepest silence.

The negro who had previously quitted the enclosure re-entered it, and touched his master's shoulder.

Malek Zibarra thereupon loudly clapped his hands.

Suddenly, all the numerous curtains between the pillars of that vast rotunda trembled ; the white and blue veils were in the twinkling of an eye torn asunder. Malek Zibarra, with radiant countenance and sparkling eye, snatched a sabre from the hands of his slave. Through the intervals of the date-trees, glittered a forest of lances ; negroes, armed with long scimitars, rushed in

one overwhelming torrent upon the thunder-stricken assembly, slaughtering without mercy or distinction, the unguarded, and at first, defenceless *maleks*. Then cries of "treason" arose ; the *maleks* faced about in a body, frenzy lent them arms, and the love of life performed prodigies. Overcome by astonishment, Zakaia at the first rush threw herself before her father, against whom a considerable number of enraged chiefs turned with sanguinary fury. But the young lioness had scented blood, and she quickly regained her entire strength of nerve ; her African nature developed itself. At the same time a deafening clash of cymbals mingled with the confused cries within, and an inordinate tumult which rent the skies, resounded from without. The name of Malek Zibarra was proclaimed by several thousand voices. Enthusiastic clamours without mingled with the groans of the massacre raging before my sight. Zibarra's armed Caghaians were interposed like an iron curtain between crime and exultation. Within an area momentarily narrowed, it soon became nothing more than a hideous *melée*—a braying crash of sabres battering forth fiery sparkles ; ferocious exclamations cut short by blows from the poignard ; lifeless carcasses rolling under foot ; combatants locked in each other's grasp, struggling, staggering, and tumbling over the arena, blood spouting over their faces ; death-sobs stifled by the steel, and cowards shrieking for mercy ; yell, insult, and shout of savage laughter : whilst the glowing sun rays, concentrated as it were, upon that hellish scene, and diverging widely through the foliage, streamed ruddily over the picturesque and warlike magnificence without—over floating draperies released and fluttering all round to the breeze above all those groups by which I was surrounded—ghastly, convulsed, and appalled—palsied with terror or maddened with rage, and inundated with gore which streamed on all sides, struggling with feet, hands, and teeth, crawling like reptiles to preserve life, or resolute in defending themselves against irresistible force in order not to die without a stroke of vengeance.

From the first burst of the affray I

had been protected by ten powerful Africans against the inconceivable efforts of those who were infallibly doomed to perish in so monstrous a struggle. It is impossible to do sufficient justice to their courage; they made me doubt the might of numbers before the energy of despair, and I should have regretted the necessity, for my own defence, of making common cause with their assassins. At last, Malek Zibarra, disfigured and soiled by blood, smiling with a tiger-like grin, set his foot triumphantly upon the cloven head of the *malek* whose indiscreet sarcasms had provoked this butchery. Amidst heaps of embowelled negroes, the bodies of several wretched Cagharian chiefs still palpitated: irrecognizable in feature, and gashed all over with deep wounds; two of them alone survived. With trembling gesture they tried to kneel, but had not strength left to implore mercy of their executioners. I succeeded in obtaining their lives just as cords were brought wherewith to strangle them. By the command of their victorious chief, the slaves with their scimitars lopped the heads from the trunks of the dead bodies, and placed them methodically one above another, after the manner of piling balls in a park of artillery. Without exaggeration we waded in blood ankle-deep.

Malek Zibarra, although glutted with murder, did not lose sight of the results of his sudden resolution; his guard alone witnessed the crime, and exulted at the noisy explosion of joy from the

rest of the tribe, whose tumult drowned the shrieks of the victims. Several of his officers sprang upon their horses and rode off swiftly, doubtless to propagate false statements amongst the neighbouring tribes concerning that astounding iniquity. The lies cost the assassins nothing, and the weak party is ever doubly in the wrong when vanquished. I learned subsequently, from a native of Cordofan whom I met at Cairo, the minute details of a pretended plot, which derived its existence solely from the political necessity of consecrating such a *coup d'état* by means of imposture,—a homage violence rendered to justice by thus being compelled to abase itself by disguise.

However that report might have originated, after a few moments devoted to a consideration of the probable consequence of that bloody massacre, as promptly executed as conceived, Malek Zibarra turned towards me, smiled upon his daughter, and with the dignity of a monarch addressing a royal envoy, spoke thus to me:—

“Return to Ismael;—my people and I will second his noble designs. Let him command; I would be his friend, his emulator, his arm in these countries. Humanity has need of repose. Relate to him what you have seen; my wishes run parallel with his own. Those heads shall traverse the deserts on the lances of his Mamelukes. I solicit his esteem. He has rendered me back my daughter a virgin: I send him his enemies slain. We are now even, one with another.”

[Since the appearance of the first part of the foregoing narrative in this Magazine for August, important matters and events have daily transpired concerning Mehemet Ali, his family and adherents, together with the present position of Egypt and Syria, with relation both to Turkey and Europe. We learn from certain documents published during the past month under authority of the British Government that Ismael Ibrahim Pacha who early in the year 1833 was originally confirmed in the Pashalic of Abyssinia, with the district of Djidda and the *Cheirk-bul Nurcmlik* (administration of the religious funds applied to the maintenance of a temple) of Mecca, has been re-instated therein by Halil Pasha. The following details of Ibrahim Pacha's late victory over the Turkish army in Syria will, doubtless, be read with vivid interest; being as it is, an evidence of the vast accumulation of the Egyptian viceroy's power over, and nominal subjection to the Sublime Porte.—En.]

TRANSLATION OF AN ARABIC REPORT GIVEN BY A PERSON WHO WAS ON THE SPOT AT THE TIME THE ENGAGEMENT TOOK PLACE ON THE 24TH OF JUNE BETWEEN THE TURKISH AND EGYPTIAN FORCES.

“On the 18th inst, I left Aleppo for Soliman Pasha; Colonel Seves, Ibrahim's General's camp was stationed at the villages

at Dabeck and Dubeck, nine hours distant from Aleppo.

“On arriving, I found it had left, and was informed that it was marching to Tozoul, six hours further, to join Ibrahim Pasha's detachment. I followed, and when I reached, we were approaching the River Sajour. I observed that this was not the

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road to Tozoul, and in asking where we were going, was told that a post had arrived from Ibrahim Pasha that he had left that place, and desired to meet him on the cross of that river, where he would wait for him to join the two detachments in one.

"They met, and crossed the river at a place called 'Mehadit el Tuab,' after which a villager came and informed Ibrahim Pasha that there was a detachment of 2,000 cavalry of the Sultan's army, encamped at an hour's distance, commanded by a Pasha, who on hearing of the arrival on the Sajour of Ibrahim Pasha, marched back to the village Mayer to join another detachment of 4,000 men encamped there, commanded by the Pasha of Moush.

"Ibrahim Pasha hearing this, pushed on with his army, and encamped at the spot which Mohammed Pasha had quitted, and ordered that ammunition should be distributed to his army.

"On the 20th inst. we advanced towards Mazar, while Ibrahim Pasha preceded the army with his 'hanadis,' and with them alone gave the attack. This lasted about forty minutes, after which the enemy fled, leaving behind 400 tents and eight pieces of artillery, with ammunition and provisions of all kinds, of which Ibrahim Pasha took possession and pillaged the village. Two of the 'hanadis' were killed, and 20 wounded, while 20 horses were maimed on Ibrahim Pasha's side.

"The fugitives were pursued until they reached the remaining part of the Sultan's army, which was at Nigeb, commanded by Hafiz Ali Pasha.

"Ibrahim Pasha perceiving that he was not attacked, retreated his army back to 'Mazar.' "

"During three days, for about two hours every day, Ibrahim Pasha advanced his 'hanadis' to irritate a general attack, but was repelled only by the irregulars on the Sultan's side,

"The two armies at each of these skirmishes had reciprocally from twenty to thirty men wounded.

"Soliman Pasha having examined the field, perceived that the Egyptian army was not in a favourable situation, and advised Ibrahim Pasha to bring it up to the east of the Sultan's, which is towards Birigik, which, he observed, would impede the enemy's intercourse with Birigik, where they left a portion of their ammunition.

"On the 22nd we marched there, and reached the bridge called Ghergin, which is between two hills, at four hours to the north east of Mazar; the pass being very narrow, it was only on the next day, Sunday, the 23rd, that all the army had crossed. It appears that if the Sultan's troops had placed

only two cannons, and 1,000 men here, Ibrahim Pasha could not have passed.

"The whole of the Sunday was spent on the other side of this bridge, when biscuits and ammunition were given to the army to last three days, and each soldier was ordered to prepare for action, which Ibrahim Pasha announced to them would be on the following day (Monday, the 24th). At midnight we were surprised by an attack from the enemy, which dispersed our camp, while Ibrahim Pasha repelled them with two battalions of artillery. After an hour the Sultan's troops retreated, leaving on the field five cannons, which they took back before daybreak, Ibrahim Pasha not being aware of it.

"Before sun-rise we marched an hour and a half to meet the enemy, leaving half an hour's space between us, after each regiment was placed, to prepare for battle. Ibrahim Pasha again sent forth his 'hanadis,' which again were only repelled by the 'Bachi Bozuth (irregulars).'

"The two armies remained looking on the scene without either of them attacking with their regulars, for a space of time. Ibrahim Pasha advanced twice, each time approaching nearer to the enemy, without the Sultan's troops firing a gun, and it was only on a third approach that the Sultan's cannons fired, when he ordered up his artillery against them, and put his infantry and cavalry in the rear. The Egyptians twice retreated, when Ibrahim Pasha drew his sword and cut down twenty-seven of them with his own hand; at this moment half of the 3rd Regiment of the Guards, which is composed principally of Syrians, ran over to the enemy, where they were well received.

"Ibrahim Pasha then galloped along the lines, ordering a general attack: this being executed, the enemy appeared intimidated, and after an hour's fire from the first clash, retreated at full speed, blowing up the powder magazine. There was now a general fire given by the Egyptians, with an advanced march, pushing the Sultan's troops before them until they reached the spoil of their enemy's camp, and the intrenchments, where we found about 100 cannons which they had left, 4,000 tents, and an immense quantity of butter, rice, honey, flour, and provisions of all kinds, while cartridges and muskets were to be seen on the ground like pebbles.

"When the regiment of the Guards, which ran over to the enemy, saw this general retreat, it began to fire on the fugitives.

"On arriving I asked one of the surrendered cannoniers whether this was all the cannons they had; he answered in the negative, adding, that Hafiz Ali Pasha, the

Zakaia, the Daughter of the Desert.

General-in-Chief, had taken with him in his retreat 200 pieces of cannon, loading the military cash chest and his tent upon mules. But it is not ascertained whether the cannons were not left in their flight on the road, for the direction he took is mountainous.

"I tried as much as possible to know the exact quantity of killed and wounded of each army, and found that on the Sultan's side there were 4,000 killed and 2,000 wounded.

"That night they remained on the field, and it was only on the day that Ibrahim Pasha ordered each regiment to seek their companions, bury those they should find dead, and bring into the camp the wounded, before attending on those of the Sultan's troops.

"After this, Ibrahim Pasha marched towards Birigik with three regiments of infantry and two of cavalry. I followed him.

"On his arrival on the Euphrates, opposite Birigik, he sent for camels to load the ammunition and provisions he found there, and ordered Magroum Bey to cross with his hanadis over to Birigik; at which time I left and returned to the camp.

"I was given to believe that the prisoners taken were from 12,000 to 15,000 men, besides

those who fled towards Aleppo, which I had heard amounted to 4,000 or 5,000.

"This is what I have heard and seen."

On the 27th inst. Captain Callier, the aide-de-camp of Marshal Soult, arrived at Aleppo, and was sorely vexed to find that ere his arrival hostilities had really commenced. He is the bearer of a letter from Mehemet Ali to Ibrahim, ordering him to come to a standstill, and desist from all future hostile operations; however, Captain Callier would not overtake Ibrahim for some days. One of the Sultan's generals, named Izet Pasha, was expected to arrive with large reinforcements for Hafiz Pasha. It appears that Hafiz left the field of battle on the 24th one hour and a half before it was over, taking with him 5,000 cavalry and the treasure chest.

Ibrahim Pasha was very anxious to find out the English amateurs, but they escaped after the battle. Ibrahim wished merely to protect them. Mustook Bey, Colonel of the hanadis, had made a descent near Byas. Ere this tranquillity will have been restored in Syria. If the battle had gone in favour of the Turks, it is supposed they (the Mussulmanns) would have murdered the whole Christian population of Aleppo. Happily, it was the reverse.

THE DAWN OF DAY.

Awake, awake from idle dreams,
And greet the new-born day,
Already trick'd in golden gleams
She scorns her stole of grey.

The sun upon his gorgeous throne,
Like King of Eastern Ind,
Sits circled by a ruby zone,
And waves the night behind.

The gloomy shades in one vast fold
Retreat before his eye,
While banners of the molten gold
Come sweeping o'er the sky.

The waters from the darkness rise,
And o'er each blue wave flows
The snow foam like a wreath that lies
On beauty's haughty brows.

The forest waves its giant arms;
The airs awake that slept;
The flowers unclothe their fragrant charms,
And dry the tears they've wept.

Wake, ladies fair, wake, bearded men,
Obey the world's glad voice,
And join the song from hill and glen
"Behold the day, rejoice!"

A MIDSUMMER DAY AT ANNWEILER.

OF English travellers who monopolise the great high-roads of the Continent, and acquaint themselves with the routes up the Rhine from Cologne to Strasburg, through Switzerland, over the St. Gothard or the Splugen into Italy, and the route as far as Naples, few ever think of penetrating into the recesses of the castle-crested mountains which border their path; but in their anxiety to enjoy the pleasures of society, and to indulge in the attractions of crowded cities and idle watering places, they hurry past scenes of peerless beauty, vales of unrivalled verdure watered by resplendent streams, vine-tapestried hills, and rocks whose every crag can call forth the recollection of some interesting tale of by-gone ages, whose every thought would infuse new energy and create new pleasure in the mind. Among the loveliest of these *détours* from the banks of the Rhine is the valley of Annweiler, when recently visited by a party of English, who, in the recollection of the oldest inhabitants of the village, were the first who had entered this labyrinth of mountains lying between the Rhine and Vosges since a British monarch languished in captivity within its narrow limits. The party in question left the beautiful town of Mannheim, one bright summer's morning, and pursuing that excellent road, the *Chaussée du Rhin*, for a couple of leagues, arrived at Altrip (*Alta Ripa*), which, on account of the extensive marshes by which it is surrounded, is rarely accessible except in a dry season; the first place worthy of notice, it is situated in a deep bend of the river, with a large basin of stagnant water behind it, with a population of about four hundred persons chiefly fishermen and their families; formerly it was one of the fifty fortresses built by Drusus for protection against the incursions of the Germans. There they learned that towards the end of the fourteenth century, the old walls were still to be seen above the Rhine, though only a few then remained visible at the time of low water. Passing through many picturesque villages, and a highly

cultivated country, where the land literally teems with corn, wine, and oil, the immense uninclosed tracts of grain enlivened by brilliant stripes of the scarlet and purple poppy, and distant hills garlanded with vines of a still tenderer hue, they arrived about mid-day at Spire just in time to witness the celebration of high mass in presence of the Bishops of Spire, Mayence, and Worms, in that masterpiece of Gothic architecture, the Cathedral of Worms. The town irregular, and to all outward appearance unattractive, is nevertheless interesting from its great antiquity, and the mind cannot but revert to the days when Cæsar made it a temporary winter residence, and caused a palace to be erected for him; and when also, after repeated devastations by the Germans, the Emperors Constantine and Julian rebuilt and beautified it, until at last it was constituted a bishopric as early as the time of the Frankish kings. Dagobert founded a monastery on the ruins of a temple of Minerva. Many kings also of that race, and of the Carolingians, constructed palaces and resided therein; as well as the emperors of the houses of Saxe and Rhenish Franconia. There Otho I. gave his first tournament, and there, in the immense cavern which runs along nearly the whole of the foundation of the cathedral, repose the ashes of nine emperors—Conrad II., Henry III., IV., and V., Philip of Swabia, Rodolph of Hapsbourg, Adolph of Nassau, and Albert of Austria. This beautiful church was set on fire by the French in the year 1794, and they even broke open the tombs hoping to discover some hidden treasure.

After indulging in such reminiscences and threading the long crooked streets beneath a mid-day sun, without finding any further visible attraction, the carriages were again ordered out, and the company set off in high spirits and with fresh horses, wishing speedily to reach Annweiler. They had then entered upon the perfection of Palatinate scenery; luxuriant cultivation amidst romantic dells and rocky heights, enlivened by cleanly hamlets, each with its

modest temple of worship; the peasantry fine looking and well conducted, and the general *coup d'œil* combined with the interesting sight of the infant members clustered round the village schoolmasters, each musically communicating his instructions, and teaching them to raise their young voices in thankfulness to the great Dispenser of all good gifts, rendered the drive from Spire to Landau most agreeable. Landau, the town of many sieges, has figured so considerably in history, and its chequered lot is so familiar to all conversant in the annals of the past, that a recapitulation is needless. After a glance at the far-famed fortifications of Vauban, and visiting the beautiful parish Eglise, the Convent of St. Augustine, the Hôtel de Ville, and the Palais de Justice, they resumed their route, and found to their great satisfaction that they were but gweistunde, or two leagues, from the place of their intended destination; but they had quitted the high-road, and neither their postillions nor their horses were disposed to proceed at more than a meditative pace along the rugged stony path that lay before them. The shades of evening drew on, and the steep hills which rose up on every side, and seemed to meet in the distance, cast broad shadows around; the road became narrower, the merriment of the party gradually subsided, until at length conversation totally ceased, the postillions suspended their whistled duett of some favourite airs in the "Freyschutz," and nothing disturbed the dreamy stillness of the hour but the chirruping of the grasshoppers and the click of the horned beetles as they pursued their perambulations up and down the huge dark trees. Thus they slowly ascended the forest path until they reached the brow of the hill, when suddenly, and as if by magic, a scene of peerless splendour burst upon their view. The moon had just risen, and her light catching the mountain tops partially silvered their wooded sides, and bathed the entire valley beneath, together with its sparkling serpentine river, and peaceful village, in her pure unbroken effulgence. It seemed like sacrilege to desecrate such a spot, and at such a peaceful hour, with the sound of vulgar carriage

wheels, but the drivers thinking themselves emancipated from all evil influence of Waldgeister and other malignant spirits, valiantly flourished their whips, and rushed down the steep descent regardless of sundry jolts, &c., until, panting with anxiety and exertion, they all arrived within a few yards of the village. The unexpected appearance of two carriages full of strangers occasioned no small sensation among the quiet inhabitants of the happy valley, who were little prepared for a foreign invasion. Several of them came forward with good natured promptitude to inform us that the hôtel, viz., the principal farm house, was entirely engaged by a wedding party from the neighbouring village of Dahu, but if "die vornehme Herren und Damen" could put up with such accommodation as they could offer, their houses were entirely at their disposal. This mark of hospitality was gladly accepted, and a party of eight quickly billeted in three of the most commodious habitations. That point settled, the company sauntered out for an evening ramble. High and majestically rose to view the Trifels (which derives its name from three rocky summits starting from the same base, and divided by narrow cultivated vales), the blackened ruins upon each of the heights forming the only frowning feature in this lovely landscape. Many a furtive glance of curiosity, during the promenade, was directed by the village maidens, who, attired in becoming holiday suits, were on their way to the Gasthaus, from whence the sound of violins and the voices of singing men and singing women came not unpleasantly on the ear, for the inhabitants of Germany never play or sing out of tune. But the party was soon beyond the reach of sound in following the winding course of the transparent Ineich, now petulantly cascading over small ledges of rock, now gliding calmly and noiselessly along its solitary way; even the moonbeams quivered on its rippling surface as if startled by such unwonted intrusion, for it was high midnight when they repaired to the humble but cleanly home prepared for them, where they enjoyed a simple repast and sound sleep in apartments whose only luxury was linen of the

purest whiteness, the production of Annweiler industry. The following morning they procured a guide to conduct them to the ruins of the Trifels. For the first time they were sensible of the singular effect produced by the enormous beetling masses of rock, with which all the mountains of this district are surmounted, assuming the aspect of extensive ruined castles and citadels towering high above those superb dark forests which nature has so elaborately bestowed for the perfection of this beautiful retreat. The antiquated fortress of the Trifels on the Sonnenberg is but a short distance from Annweiler, and easy of access, thanks to the care and taste of M. Cramer, the forester, who has cut a path round the mountain, and opened vistas wherever the finest views could be obtained.

After a delightful walk of little more than an hour beneath a verdant roof of the interlaced branches of superb oaks, beeches, Spanish-chestnuts, and walnut-trees, which afford a complete shelter from the burning heat of a July sun; and over a path rendered soft as velvet by mosses of varied descriptions and almost every shade of green enamelled by the loveliest wild-flowers, they arrived at a deep well excavated in the rock, and partly covered by a high turret opening into a vaulted corridor which led to the interior of the castle. The three-storied tower built of granite, formerly communicated with the well-turret by several arcades, one of which remains standing. In the ruins of the tower, two or three rooms, a stone staircase which once led to the chapel where the jewels of the empire were kept during the 12th and 13th centuries, and some subterraneous vaults doubtless appropriated for state prisoners, are still to be seen in tolerable preservation. It is from this point that the finest view of Annweiler, and of the Rhine can be enjoyed for a great distance, with the mountains on its right bank. The construction of this fortress is attributed to Conrad II. in 1028. During the middle ages it sometimes served as a state prison, sometimes as an imperial stronghold and also a place of security for the crown jewels. It is said, that Adalbert, Archbishop of Mayence, was confined there for some time by order of the

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Emperor Henry V. in 1113; but it interests us more to know that Richard Cœur de Lion was detained a close prisoner within its walls by the Emperor Henry VI. when he was betrayed into his power by the treacherous Leopold, Duke of Austria, in 1139. From the dungeon in which he is supposed to have been confined, it is said that no prisoner ever before escaped with life. That dungeon is now laid open to the heavens, and a majestic oak, as if to commemorate in after ages the sufferings of a captive Briton, monumentally canopies with its proud branches the scene of the crusader's incarceration. "This fortress," says M. Auffschlager, in his interesting *Histoire du Palatinat et de l'Alsace*, "passed from the house of the Salices into that of Hohenstaufen, and subsequently became the property of the Hapsburgs; but in the division of the Palatinate, it fell to the branch of Deux Ponts. Devastated in the Guerre des Paysans in 1523, it was immediately restored, which circumstance is noted by the date, 1524, on the principal entrance gate of the tower; but in 1602, it was struck by a thunderbolt, and the fire it occasioned, consumed the greater part of the buildings. It suffered again by the Swedes in 1631, and the plague having driven away most of the inhabitants of the valley, the fortress was finally abandoned. In the year 1194, the Emperor Henry VI. sojourned at the Trifels with twenty-four princes, and their respective suites of counts and gentlemen." The marbles of the chapel have been appropriated to ornament the church at Annweiler, as also the rich columns of the now deserted halls.

The subsisting ruins of the castle impress the beholder with a high notion of its former grandeur of dimensions, and its strength may be imagined from the solidity of its massive granite tower, though not a vestige of the former magnificence of its interior remains to bear witness of the days of its pride and prosperity.

The afternoon was far advanced, ere the party could tear themselves away from this interesting relic of the past: they gazed, in descending the mountain, for the last time with feelings of great regret, on the varied perspec-

A Midsummer Day at Annweiler.

tive of the peaceful little village with its bright dancing river, and winding road, whilst the carriages were being prepared to convey them far from that sweet scene into the bustle of a busy and selfish world. Deep indeed, were their regrets when bidding a long adieu to the isolated and lovely valley of Annweiler, and its good-humoured and obliging inhabitants.

THE BATTLE PRAYER.

Father! on thee I call—
The cannon booms—the smoke-wreath curls around;
Fiercely the death-shots plough the ensanguined ground.
Lord of Sabaoth! in the mortal fight,
Guide thou mine arm aright.*

Thou art the warrior's shield,
The warrior's trust—whatc'er be thy decree,
Triumph or death, I bow submissively;
In the wild raging of this perilous hour,
My spirits owns thy power.

Art thou not present here?
Yes; in each varying scene, both soft and stern,
Thy providence I trace, thy hand discern,
And from the peaceful vale, or battle-sod,
I bless thee, Oh, my God.

All power, all might, is thine,
Omnipotent! If so thy will ordain,
The boon thou gav'st, thou may'st recall again;
But still, in life or death, defeat, or fame,
My voice shall praise thy name.

Arise, Oh, Lord, arise;
And aid our cause—not for the pride of kings,
Nor lust of gold, but for all holy things,
Altars, and hearths, and home our swords are bared.
Father, be thou our guard.

Exert thine awful sway—
Nerve thy strong arm, and to the sinking heart,
Ennobling zeal, sustaining strength impart,
Creator, Guardian, Father, Lord of all,
On thee, on thee I call.

T. W.

* The first verse translated from Körner.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN IRISH PRIVATE TUTOR.

(Continued from page 156.)

CHAP. V.

THE shades of night were gathering fast around the dwelling of the O'Connors; a row of stately elms which rose above the cottage seemed nodding in dark watch over the roof beneath. The orchard slept with its juicy harvest, undisturbed by step of adventurous school-boy, the birds gave no chirp from among the boughs; the farm-yard no longer rang with the noise of swine and thronging poultry; but standing within the enclosure, you might hear on one side the faint lowing of the far-off ox, or breathing of the stabled steed. From within, the continuous buzzing sound of the spinning-wheel and the merry laugh which at intervals broke forth, announced that its inmates were neither sunk in sloth, nor buried in dejection; while the murmur of a distant cascade, and the occasional whizzing of the wings of wild-fowl over head, as they passed in flocks to the waters of the contiguous lake, gave romance and mystery to the whole.

We shall now attempt briefly to describe the interior of the rustic dwelling. A latch alone secured the unprotected inmates from all intruders, with the exception of a large dog, which lay upon a bed of straw, on one side of the door, in a small recess, and raised his vigilant head, and winked his closing eyes at each distant echo heard through the dusk of night. Two females only were then the occupants of that cottage. Its door opened upon a large room with an earthen floor, down to which a single step conducted from the threshold. An ample dresser stood against the opposite wall, its shelves extensively furnished with all the finery of burnished pewter, and painted delft: beneath which, in its open recess, were ranged the usual array of pots, gridirons, and sable ironmongery. No ceiling impeded the view of the

smutted rafters which propped the roof. A partition, reaching half way up, cut off from the main apartment another, above which was a loft partially furnished with agricultural implements, and two or three rude pallets of straw. This place was ascended by a ladder, and seemed the dormitory of the sons of the household, the hardy and stalwart sons of the O'Connors. Underneath was the room of old O'Connor, and adorned with a cumbrous bedstead of more than ordinary size, wherein the servant of the establishment, Biddy, had also her nocturnal accommodation. The priest at station time commanded its use for the reception of his numerous and devoted penitents at the confessional; a circumstance which made it be considered as an asylum of inviolable sanctity, where vice and uncleanness should stop short upon the threshold. On one side of this was a small closet, with a window looking into the yard, which, fitted up with more than common neatness, had been allotted exclusively to our heroine, ever since the demise of her mother caused to devolve upon her the duties and consideration of mistress of the household. A deal table of ample dimensions and unwieldy strength, together with six or seven chairs of the same material, and bottomed with rushes obtained from the borders of the lake, completed the decorations of this rude but hospitable habitation; whence the beggar never returned unsatisfied, and the stranger ever met with smiling welcomes and plentiful supplies.

Such was the dwelling in which Catherine and her female attendant were then employed in making hasty preparations for the refreshment of the family's male members on their return. Catherine had but recently come in from her evening interview with Charles, and she was not entirely ignorant of the cause of the absence of her relatives, and uneasiness

Some Passages in the Life of

on their account was mingled with fear of displeasure, and anxiety for the accomplishment of her lately-formed purpose. The large table before mentioned was carried with much labour into the centre of the floor. A coarse, but clean grey cloth was spread over its hacked and unpolished surface. Several knives and forks, of various sizes and all ages, were duly arranged, the whole illuminated with a couple of rushlights, placed within two tiny candlesticks, "the least you could suppose," which, as articles of superior luxury, were brightened and paraded with every mark of ostentatious display.

"Faith thin, if Mr. Charles was here, he'd relish this bether nor all the fine feasting they do have in the great house beyond," said the strong, full-faced, coarse country girl, (continuing a conversation which appeared to have engaged them for some little time previous,) as she threw a sagacious glance of cunning intelligence on Catherine O'Connor, and meanwhile applied the hooks to the handles of a huge pot hanging from an enormous crane in the spacious and blackened chimney, and lifted it boiling from the turf fire, to a corner of the hob. A few drops of the scalding liquor escaped as she deposited her burden, and seizing her bare foot in her hand, she bounded backwards, throwing down the spinning-wheel from the wall, which fell with a loud crash upon the floor.

"*Hanama dhioul!*" she vehemently exclaimed, not heeding the alarm of her young mistress, while her face was most ludicrously distorted by a twist partaking of an expression of pain and merriment. "Sure I ought to have remembered it wasn't lucky to speak evil of people behind their backs."

Catherine sighed deeply, but tenderly inquired if she were hurt.

"Oh, yes! not much," answered the other pettishly, "only this foot, that wanted, like some of its neighbours, to scrape an acquaintance with what was above it, and only got into hot wather for its trouble." A loud laugh of self-complacence followed this; Catherine smiled, and bore patiently the rather smart inuendo of the familiar servitor.

"Is every thing set to rights outside; are the pigs driven home?"

"No, but the ducks are," was the answer; "as for the pigs, where 'ud they

be, but where you druv 'em yourself, in on dher the hay-loft, where you can—"

"Tush!" hastily interrupted the other, "your clamorous tongue one time or another will betray more than your life will ever be worth in the world."

A blush of conscious concealment spread along her temples, which were bent into an indignant frown upon the servant, while she uttered the rebuke.

The countenance of the reprov'd girl suddenly darkened. "An sure," she remonstrated sullenly, "I didn't deserve that; but since you larned all the fine talk from the young gentleman, of coorse it wouldn't be expected that a single omadhaun like myself could keep sich a lady's secret."

Catherine watched her keenly, and reflecting that it was better to soothe her wounded vanity, than run any danger from her provoked resentment, she hastened to conciliate.

"No, no, Biddy," said she, gently, "I knew that in you my confidence is safely placed, and to convince you how thoroughly I rely on your secrecy, you shall find before morning that I will let you still further into a scheme which I myself have hardly yet matured." Flattered and pleased, and forgetting, with all the frankness of the female portion of her race, the cause of her momentary ill feeling, an expression of pleasure and curiosity glowed in her ruddy face as she eagerly stooped forward, and peering into the eyes of her mistress:—

"Why thin—is it schaming you are still?—but tell it to me now, and it will be aff your conscience sure."

"We must be cautious," said Catherine, mildly, "this is not a place to talk of such matters; remember, I have trusted none but you; but you must have patience—leave a candle in my own little apartment, and when all are retired to rest come to me; I shall have need of your services, and you shall be gratified in your curiosity."

A nod of assent was all the reply to this, and they resumed their preparations for the evening meal without further remark, the silence broken by occasional snatches of jigs or popular ballads from Biddy's lips—a step or two alternately to humour the time; with now and then an exclamation in the way of oath or witty comment. Voices were at length heard approaching, the latch was pre-

[THE COURT

sently lifted, and a growl from the large house-dog, and immediately after a joyous bound from his lair towards the visitants, welcomed the arrival of old O'Connor, his two sons, and Shamus Flinn. As an accession to the repast a jar, capable of holding about a gallon, and filled with the highly-prized whisky, free from tax and parliament, commonly called pothen, graced the hand of Shamus. Catherine watched with anxiety the countenance of her father, as he deposited his hat on its wonted peg, and drew his chair to his family board. Sullen discontent bent his brow into a menacing aspect, a curl of defiance was on his lip, and a flash of ill-suppressed fierceness was evident in the glance which he darted round the apartment, and the whole contour of his features bore that dark sinister scowl of dissatisfied restlessness, which we observe in men who have been persuaded against their will out of some long-contemplated purpose or enterprize. A huge piece of bacon, based by a pile of cabbage, through the officious hands of Catherine and Peggy, now smoked upon the table, and each, without ceremony, helped himself with his own knife, and pushed the dish to his next neighbour—the meal proceeded in silence.

"There's too much wather in the greens," remarked old O'Connor, apparently seeking something on which to discharge his ill humour, though he shruok from any allusion to its real cause.

"I did not think there was," replied Catherine, timidly, bending a fearful glance of suspicion at her father.

"Divil a much wather, sure any way," said Shamus Flinn. "The more moister there's about it, the less I'll drink afther it."

"But the drink won't be spared," retorted O'Connor, angrily.

"And if it don't," rejoined the imperturbable Shamus, "it's because the wather's salt—am I right? whoo!" at the same time clapping his hands.

A deeper gloom rested on the countenance of the O'Connors; but the angry reproof which he was about to launch forth, was checked by the vigilant Catherine.

"You have not been accustomed to take offence at my preparations, father," she remonstrated mildly, "and I am
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sure I have taken as much pains now as ever."

"I say it's all nonsense, Catherine," insisted her father; "but if you wor thinken less about that grand sweetheart of yours, Mr. Charlie, that's beguillin' us all wid his soft talk and his come hither, there 'ud be more order where there ought to be order, and you'd mind your business, Catherine, and not be cuggerin' wid your nomrade there afore you, nor be gaddin' about the hedges and bogs wid the likes of them gentlemen; they're no mate for you, Catherine, they're no mate for you; and if you don't drop the connexion you'll come to harm and bring your father to disgrace; your mother that's cowed in her grave, now, Catherine, God rest her sowl, gave you her dying warning; and now, never mind me, Catherine, I say again and again that you'll have cause to repent it, may-be when it's too far gone;" and the old man resumed his interrupted meal with the same abruptness with which he had suspended it. Whatever might have been the effect of this speech on the feelings of the sensitive Catherine, had she heard it, it was robbed of all its force by her perfect abstraction to its contents. Her ears had been occupied, while her eyes were lowered respectfully, as if in deep attention to her father's rebuke, in endeavouring to catch the matter of the dialogue, which, in rather an under tone, was being carried on between her brothers and Shamus Flinn. "I'm sorry we let him escape, afther all," said her eldest brother aloud, just as her father had concluded.

"We'll have him yet," responded the younger, fiercely.

"Arrah, asy now, boys," said Shamus, good humouredly thrusting his ludicrous face between the faces of the two debaters; "ai'nt we all betther off that we didn't—I'll prove it to you."

"How's that?" inquired both in a breath.

"Because it's a state question, and that, as father Ned says from the alther, is like a sack tied at both ends, wid a great cut in the middle, and which ever side you open you'll be scratched; so it's better to let it alone."

"I wouldn't give a thrannoon for your jokenor your knowledge neither," said one of the disputants.

"That's because you hav'n't the same

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reason as me to believe it; but, be it known to ye, ye pair of spalpeens, that my grandmother's spirit towld me it was fact; on the same night that she bate me wid my own brogues, and forced me to take ordhers sure by the same token; my nose has never lost the colour of her last blow since."

"Spite of their serious ill-humour, the brothers laughed outright at this allusion of Shamus, as he pointed his finger significantly to the spot indicated, with a broad Milesian grin and leer of his half-closed eye.

"What laugh was that," shouted O'Connor, who had sunk into total and sudden abstraction, at the same time starting up, and dashing his knife and fork on the table, and upsetting his plate with its contents into that of Shamus, who sat next; "what laugh was that, I say?"

"We were only wondering," said Shamus, taking advantage of the accident, "where your meal intended to stop, little thinkin' omadhauns as he wor, that it would be afther taking up its lodging on my plate—considering the hurry you were in to convert it."

Another laugh followed this illusion.

O'Connor grew irritated.

"Silence," he roared out—the mandate was obeyed instantaneously. Somewhat appeased by this proof of attention to his commands, the old man deigned to listen to the explanation which was given. He first ceased to chafe, then grew calm, and at length seemed to dismiss the gloom which had attached to him throughout the evening. The grosser refreshments were removed—the jar and a glass was placed in their stead, and hilarity began to circulate with the circulating and generous liquor; glass after glass was filled, and tossed off by the younger individuals of the party, and their eyes began to swim, and their gaiety to become more incautious and clamorous—only their conversation was generally carried on in their native tongue, a precaution usually adopted by these classes of the Irish, when they are anxious for concealment, either in or out of the presence of those to whom such precaution can be of any use. In the present instance there could be none, as every person in the room understood it. Old O'Connor, however, carefully abstained from the dangerous and intoxicating drug, and seemed much dissatisfied

at the frequent potations indulged in by his more juvenile and less experienced associates. The subject of their discourse appeared to be one of interest; for the two females watched their features, and drank in their words with the most eager and rapt attention, and twice or thrice, as their voices sunk almost to a whisper, the countenance of Catherine might be observed to assume a pale and ghastly hue, which yet would change and brighten as the import of the theme discussed became more lively and agreeable. She too, refused the oft-proffered glass, and vainly endeavoured to check, by many a reproving and uneasy look, the partial acceptance on the side of the less-prudent Peggy, of the convivial offering of her much-admired Shamus Flinn, whose lively sallies, and rustic politeness, failed not of their effect upon the answering sympathies of the long-since attached and merry domestic. He was, as he used to assert, among her female companions the pleasantest, quietest, genteelst, and likeliest boy in the parish, that could play off a joke wid the ould boy, argue as good as the priest, and make hay, or dance a jig, wid any man in Christendom; "and if that isn't somethin'," she would conclude exultingly, "for any slip of a girl or the likes of me to be proud of, there wasn't virtue in the Virgin Mary."

Considering these stimulating causes, we need not wonder that the allurements of Shamus were found partly irresistible, and that the silent and mysterious hints of her anxious mistress, were in some degree disregarded. Shamus continued to interlard his observations with those of the brothers, and to play off his occasional facetiousness and attention towards his sweetheart—

"By the hole o' my coat, and the faith o' my progenitors," said Shamus, touching Peggy gently near the elbow with one hand, while he replaced the empty glass before one of the young men with the other, but you have as purty a pair o' peepers as ever blinked through a fog of a summer's morning."

"Och! an sure," replied Peggy, tossing her head with a slight titter, as she turned half round coquettishly to disengage herself from the hand laid on her arm. Shamus turned up his eyes coaxingly to her face, and turned to remark on the last sentence which had

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fallen from his more serious neighbour, and Peggy caught Catherine's eyes again dealing forth its taciturn rebuke, and drooped her own beneath the consciousness of detection—

"It is not a kiss you'd be afther givin' a body, wid those sweet crathurs of lips, I'd warrant," resumed Shamus, putting his fore-finger to Peggy's chin.

"Don't make so free, 'till you're better acquainted," whispered Peggy, with a half frown, and drawing herself up before the surveillance of Catherine, advancing one foot carelessly forward however, so as to be within more convenient reach, should the like familiarity be repeated. Another observation was here made in Irish by Shamus, who lost not a word of what was spoken, while he carried on this flirtation under the rose with his Peggy, who appeared distracted, between her obedience to her mistress and her own more immediate and personal inclinations.

"Kissing's no mudher, sure," renewed Shamus, beseechingly.

"Who made you so wise?" responded Peggy, colouring.

"It's a part o'my voluntary principle," persevered Shamus, who had heard his priest discuss the voluntary principle on the last Sunday, in the course of his sermon.

"Musha, thin," responded the fair one, with a satirical smile, and a tone of mock simplicity. The other foot had here followed the example of its officious neighbour, so that the knees of the two fond lovers touched each other, as if illustrative of the voluntary principle to which Shamus had alluded, when Catherine O'Connor, stealing to the side of Peggy, said in a low voice.

"Did you hear nothing?" The astonished girl started and turned round, but the gaze of the questioner was now fixed on the window.

The dispute of the young men grew at once more vociferous and loud, and Shamus again suspended his amatory address to join in their clamour, when "Silence" thundered from the lips of the father, who had risen from his seat, again checked the boisterous throats of the half-stupified young men.

"Curse your noise," said the old man, while agitation and alarm were visibly depicted in the workings of every member.

"The house might fall above your
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heads, and ye wouldn't awake from under the ruins; did you hear no noise?" he said, lowering his voice.

"No," was the unanimous answer.

"Well thin, listen," he rejoined. They did so. A faint rattling noise, as of gravel grating under some one's tread, was now distinctly audible outside the window. The whole party arose, the two brothers endeavouring to preserve their equilibrium, while Shamus stood in front in the act to spring upon the first intruder, with the jar in one hand and the glass in the other. The females had already ensconced themselves by the fireplace; Catherine taking the nearest post to the dreaded spot in this moment of fear and supposed danger; and old O'Connor, like another Lambro, stood calm and concentrated, listening and watching with motionless suspense, where he might wreak the vengeance which spoke so eloquently in his livid yet animated features. The dog, too, had caught the general disturbance, and now walked slowly round the room, snuffing and scenting as he went. To each of the inmates he proceeded in his careful scent, smelling them round in turn, when gliding by the skirts of Catherine, he passed to the window, raised his huge head against the pane, then paused for an instant, and a low growl at last announced he had detected the vicinity of a stranger. Then retiring, he took up his station with his eye still fixed upon the spot, just before the feet of his mistress, just as if her helplessness and delicacy demanded his most serious guardianship, at the same time licking her hand and wagging his tail to assure her of his sympathy and protection. There was now deep silence. Something rustled against the window, and the breeze, with a melancholy note, shook the trees, and wound round the isolated habitation.

"It's nothin' but the wind raising the chaff in the haggart," ventured one of the young men in a whisper.

"Be it what it will," said Shamus, "I never heard the like before."

"Unless when big Bin died, who was my mother's uncle by the father's side," added Peggy, fearfully looking out from the corner of the hob.

"Silence again," energetically muttered the vigilant father, who suffered not his organs to be once betrayed into

inattention by what was passing round him, while another growl from Hector, told how well he performed his part of the duty.

"Hould your tongues, if ye can, ye drunken bears!" once more spoke the old man, "get ready your arms, and when I give the word, fire out of the window."

He said no more; each in obedience to his orders, drew a pistol, hitherto concealed, from his vest, and prepared it for immediate use; though from the condition in which bacchanalian indulgence had left the young men, there seemed little hopes of following his orders to the letter. Shamus still stood foremost with the jar, and Catherine's head protruded yet further towards the casement. The cocking of the pistols alone indicated that life was in the dwelling. "Down with the light; we'll see the better into the night," was the last order of O'Connor.

The light was instantly extinguished, a rustle again was heard outside. The dim outlines of a human face was visible against the casement, and the word "Catherine" plainly distinguishable, but pronounced in an extremely low tone.

"Fire!" burst from the lips of the old man, and the shriek of Catherine O'Connor, who staggered forward into the centre of the room, was mingled with the report of pistols and the crashing of the shattered glass. A simultaneous and tumultuous rush took place, Shamus was overthrown, and Catherine was disregarded, in their anxiety to seize whoever it might be.

"The first down, the soonest up," said Shamus, scrambling from his recumbent attitude, and striving to balance himself steadily on one leg. "Ye'd have reason to repent of speed may be."

Meanwhile his companions had hurried from the house in search of their intended victim. Through the haggart, round the corn-stacks, hay-rick, about every walk and tree of the orchard, did they direct their scrutiny; but all was silent as the grave, not a vestige did they find of either dead carcase or living fugitive, nor was there ought to testify that a living creature had been near the premises. Breathless and trembling with superstitious fear, they returned into the dwelling. A light was then procured. They observed the effect of their late fire. The two balls of the young O'Con-

nors had plainly left their traces at wide intervals on the side of the window from the destined mark, but that of old O'Connor had passed with deadly certainty through the small square pane, against which the strange face had been discerned. The escape appeared unaccountable; each offered his conjecture as to the cause of the visitation, but if any knew, none offered any solution, and all hesitated not to attribute the entire affair to supernatural agency.

CHAP. VI.

ELEVEN o'clock had passed, and the family of the O'Connors were buried in the oblivion of slumber; but from the little casement of Catherine a stream of yellow light announced that one fair occupant at least was not insensible to the progress of the lazy hours; the rays proceeded from a candle placed upon a small table, covered with various papers, at which sat the youthful heroine. Her exuberant hair had escaped from its confinement, and flowed in profusion over her neck and shoulders. The dishabille of her dress, in the seclusion of her own apartment, lent a grace and voluptuousness to her figure, which the appearance of melancholy abstraction traced upon her countenance served to heighten. Beside her lay a large and well-filled purse, from which she was counting sundry gold coins, and depositing them in another purse of smaller dimensions. After continuing her employment for some time, she suddenly stopped her fingers, still holding, as if in doubt, the last piece abstracted from her store.

"Too large a supply might but defeat my purpose," she uttered, reflectingly; "when the hour of necessity arrives, I shall still be at hand to succour and relieve as it is best; and Providence will accomplish it." Having thus decided, she secured the small purse firmly with a string, and then, taking her pen, dispatched a note, which, soiled with tears, she folded, and attached carefully to its heavier associate. This done, she applied herself to examine the contents of her golden store. Already several pieces of the precious metal glittered before her on the table, when a light tap at her chamber door interrupted her. She started with an evident feeling of alarm.

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Throwing a sheet of paper, however, over what she wished to conceal, she proceeded to the door, opened it tremblingly, and her maid, Peggy, glided into the room. A smile was visible on her agitated countenance, which told that she felt relieved by the intrusion of an expected visitor.

"Lord! how pale you look, Miss," whispered the girl, observing the confusion her coming had occasioned.

"Indeed," replied Catherine, "I did feel unnecessary fear, notwithstanding that you came by my own directions; but my immediate avocation, and the consequence of certain disappointments to my design in case of a discovery, made me apprehend dangers which would hardly have an existence."

"Musha thin," said Peggy, kindly, "it's yourself that's the quare girl any how—you'd be the foremost to blame me for running away from a spirit, and you're afraid o'me that's no ghost at last, at all at all."

"He has escaped, of course?" inquired Catherine, eagerly.

"Of coorse, Miss, an' sure."

"You heard it from the lips of Shamus himself, did you not?"

"He didn't come back since, Miss."

"Why trifle with me thus?" exclaimed Catherine, impatiently. "How have you ascertained whether Charles O'Brien is in safety?"

"Oh! yea, Miss, to be sure he is—sure you know he wouldn't let himself be killed like a dog the very night that he came to take his lave of you before he'd go upon the road; he's not sich a fool, I promise you, Miss." To this Catherine made no reply, but by clasping her hands and throwing herself convulsively into her seat.

"Then it is all in vain, and I cannot save him," burst unconsciously from her lips. Peggy, in her turn, became alarmed at witnessing the unaccountable behaviour and mysterious words of Catherine.

"For the sake of the blessed Virgin, Miss," she commenced, approaching her mistress across the table; but as she passed, her sleeve touched the paper, and the sight of so much wealth thus unexpectedly presented to her gaze, cut short the sentence and manifestation of further sympathy, and she remained lost

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in astonishment and admiration, gaping with starting eyes upon the treasure before her. Catherine heeded her not, nor the discovery she had made. She still sat with her face buried in her hands, and her frame quivering with emotion and lively displeasure. Another tap was heard, not at the door, but outside the window—and she again aroused to all the difficulties and perplexities of her situation. She sprang towards the table, and hastily bundling up papers, coin, and purses, she huddled them confusedly into a bag, which she thrust under the bed, and the table appeared bare of all except the candle; Peggy all the while regarding their sudden disappearance with as much surprise as she had viewed their display.

"See who that is," said Catherine, breathlessly sinking again into her chair, now that the task was accomplished and the sudden call for exertion had been withdrawn. Peggy silently, and half bewildered, went to the window.

"Who is it?" again demanded Catherine, who watched with anxiety every motion of her attendant.

"I can't see any one," said Peggy; "the night is very dark, but I hear a foot in the haggart."

"Gracious heavens, am I then discovered? but they shall not thwart my purpose," she pronounced, rising from her seat, while the whole figure of the fiery girl seemed to dilate with the unnatural animation of despair. "I will go through the middle of them—death nor malice shall not separate us; they may deprive me of liberty, kill me; but he at least shall receive the benefit of the sacrifice of affection—the heart which loved will give it's tribute ere it cease to beat."

"For God's sake, Miss, be quiet, and let me hear what he's saying."

"Who spcaks?" said Catherine, loudly and incautiously. Peggy heeded her not, but placed her ear so that she might catch the words of whoever was outside.

"Who speaks?—answer!" screamed Catherine.

"Laus, Miss, its Shamus Flinn—he's just come back from Mr. O'Brien."

"Well!" was the single emphatic expression of her mistress, as she fixed her searching gaze upon her face.

"He's alive and well."

Once more Catherine O'Connor reeled into her seat, she breathed again with ease and freedom, but the exhaustion of excitement—of recent terror, was still marked strongly, as she knelt and offered a silent prayer of thanks to the God she worshipped.

CHAP. VII.

THE eastern heavens were glowing with the crimson radiance of the yet unrisen sun, when Charles issued from the home of his fathers. A stile at the back of the house conducted him into the fields, and slowly and pensively he pursued the path which was to lead him to voluntary exile. At a little distance was an eminence which commanded a view of the surrounding country to a considerable extent. The legends of his native land had assigned it as the abode of the fairies, and the stories of his muse, the wild traditions of the place, associated in his mind with many a scene of boyish mischief or recreation, made it to him indeed a hallowed spot. To this he directed his steps, and having reached the summit, stood for some time in melancholy contemplation of the endeared and familiar landscape which spread itself in living colours beneath him. Behind him lay his home, with its orchards, its shrubbery, and its pleasure grounds—the home which had witnessed his birth—the wayward petulancies of his childhood—the tumults and domestic persecutions of his riper youth—there it rose, towering amidst the corn-fields, and pastures which, ripening for the sickle and the scythe, scarce waved in the light breath of early morning—the home he was now about to quit, perhaps, for ever. With a gesture of disdain he turned from the painful object, and sought others capable of affording him more soothing recollections. There the lake, with its wide waste of bog and marsh, reminded him how often, with the sprightliness of harmless amusement, he had encircled its waters in the eager avocation of a young angler, or in the inclemency of frost had traversed the swamp with his gun, tracking to her sedgy covert the winter game. One unbroken sheet of light grey vapour rolled upwards from its level expanse, making the lake look like a huge mirror dimmed with the breath of nature. One might have imagined that the turrets of

the enchanted castle, reputed by superstition to be buried within its depths and to be reflected at certain intervals of time for the sight of mortals, were grouping in gloomy outline through the glassy mist, or that the sympathies of the elements had superseded those of heartless man, and poured themselves in sighs for the solace of the children of affliction. Two or three peasants passing, with shoes in hand and spades on their shoulders, to their work, recalled Charles from the sorrowful reverie into which he had fallen. They touched their hats respectfully as they passed, for he was a general favourite; and although it was a period at which party feud and political dissension had encroached upon the distinctions of society, and implanted in the minds of Irish labourers an affectation of equality and a neglect of deference for their betters, yet the claims of ancestry and hereditary right have always maintained a resistless sway on Erin's soil, and Charles enjoyed those advantages, in addition to the recommendations of popular manners and address—"Why thin, isn't Mr. Charles out early this mornin'?" said one of the men to his companions, after they had passed; "A-ha!" cried another in answer, with a knowing wink of the eye, and a shrewd, abrupt nod of the head, "I'll go bail, it's not for nothing—when you go home this evenin' jist ask Kate Connor the rasin—may-be she'll be able to discourse on the subject—if she plases." A general laugh followed this remark: "Look, boys," continued the same speaker, turning round, "look, and tell me if I'm right or not?" and with shrill shout he balanced his spade, and threw it to a distance before him. The party obeyed his directions, and looked towards the hill. There, indeed, stood Charles, gazing intently on the dwelling of her on whose account he was about to sacrifice the comforts of a domestic roof, and fling himself upon the billows of the world. But the peasant oracle was mistaken in the motive of that gaze. It was not the eager glance which Cupid sends forth to greet the approach of a tardy mistress, but the agony of a silent, and, it might be, eternal farewell, to all which life could prize; where none but the eye could sympathize with the emotions of the heart, and where the murmur of af-

section, borne upon the hollow breeze, gave no reply to the attentive ear. The lip and the breast were absent, which should respond with throb and whisper, to the language of adoration and constancy.

"There," mused Charles, bitterly, "must the same sun which witnessed, and seemed to animate and strengthen with his warm beams two young, happy, and inexperienced hearts, smile over the blight which dooms them to separation for ever! There my few peaceful days time hath swept o'er, and there my existence meets the announcement of its heaviest curse. Those fields—that lake—those rills—that cottage, the abode of my soul's idol, with its summer arbour and its sheltered spring—they were pleasant to the days of my boyhood; and do they look cheerful upon the extinction of my every earthly hope: but, be it so, be it so!" he repeated, tossing his arms wildly upwards; "Fate, I defy thee! I have nothing further to fear, thou hast done thy worst of malice; no increase of sorrow can visit the insulted, the disinherited, the forsaken—"

"Never the forsaken," said a low, soft voice, which sounded as if beside him, and seemed like the drowsy articulations of the newly-awakened zephyr. With the suddenness of astonishment, Charles turned to examine his unexpected listener, but no human form appeared to satisfy curiosity. The tall and bearded corn grew in yellow luxuriance at the base of the hill, hanging over, and almost concealed from sight the narrow and grassy pathway, by which the peasant, in seeking and returning from their daily toil, were accustomed to abridge the distance which divided them from their homes. On every stunted bush which lay scattered about, on every knot of tufted grass, on every mound of earth, which could afford security or shelter to a creature no larger than the timid hare, did hurried impatience vainly direct its penetrating search, and at length over the widely cultivated space darted the extensive glance, until it rested on the row of lofty elms, skirting the farmyard and wooded habitation of the O'Connors, beyond which it was impossible to discern.

"'Tis certainly very strange," he soliloquised, while a momentary shudder
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of superstitious awe crept upon his senses. As he spoke his eye fell upon a small iron wicket, which opened by a private way into the dwelling before mentioned. Suddenly he thought the corn-blades, which closed in with the wicket, and towered above its middle bars, were rather more violently agitated than the breeze then abroad could be supposed able to effect. His gaze was instantly rivetted to the spot, and in a moment the light drapery of a female emerged from concealment. The gown of the wearer was tucked up and drawn over the head, so that it was difficult to recognise at that distance who the person might be. An instant only was allowed, however, for decision; the wicket was immediately opened, and the apparition vanished within the enclosure.

"Um!" muttered Charles; "we may not be always alone when we seem so. This corn may have afforded a hiding place to a more neighbouring occupant; it can be but little satisfaction to overhear the dismal complaints of an afflicted and bitter spirit; yet there appeared a sympathy in that echo of my words—'Never the forsaken.' Heavens! could it have been she who watched my coming forth, and waited to sooth the anguish of my bosom with the assurance of a ministering angel? It must be so; what could induce any one else to take so large an interest in my proceedings; the voice was hers, methinks—'twas like hers—soft, sweet, and heavenly. I have myself met her oft outside that wicket; aye, there is a mystery in this, a fatality, a providence. Oh! may the same voice wait upon my steps; and when the precipices and pitfalls, which sages say must embarrass the youthful and unwary traveller on the high-roads of life—when these rend and torture the weary struggler for independence—may it still pursue me to cheer and encourage, to vanquish and endure, until the reality of evil be softened and subdued by the consciousness of compassion and love!"

The sun had now risen upon the scene, the mist curled in more slender and detached masses from the lake, the cottages begun to show their columns of smoke, to intimate that their humble inhabitants were up and resumed the business of the day, and every thing warned

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him of the danger of any longer delay. "Could I but be assured it was she," he said, continuing to give utterance to his thoughts, "could I have but one last look—one long caress—my farewell would be robbed of half its bitterness." With these words he turned and descended the hill. As he did so a folded paper caught his attention; he picked it up, together with a purse which lay beside it, and which was well filled. Some unfortunate person, he thought, has lost what perhaps to him might have been the security of a long interval of happiness; I shall read this note, it may direct me how to find the owner, and enable me to do a kindness before I leave my birthplace. What was his surprise, on breaking the seal, to find the following words—

"My ever dear Charles,—Should this attract your eyes, I am sure you will accept, for my sake, what accompanies it, as a pledge of my devotion. To restore it in person immediately would but frustrate your designs altogether; to leave it where you find it, would be but a barbarous denial of allowing me to contribute in so trifling a manner to your service, and to add the death-drop to my cup of life, the consciousness that Charles could despise the poor offering of my affection. But no! I am sure you will not spurn it, but will take it, along with the blessings which my heart now invokes upon your head; the wealth and honour which my prayers would pour along your path, in kind remembrances of the mutual vows, by which I am proudly privileged to subscribe myself yours faithfully for ever,

"CATHERINE O'CONNOR."

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "this is presumptuous—pecuniary relief. I am indeed forsaken. Could she mean to insult me? Yet, no; the proud can experience no humiliation in receiving the disinterested assistance of the truly noble; the fulness of a bruised and bursting heart hath spoken in thy offering. Fond, generous, and delicate-minded girl, I will receive thy pledge—it shall be to me a hallowed deposit, to be redeemed at that delightful hour which consummates my bliss; and as it hath been steeped in the plenteousness

of thine own munificent spirit, I hail it as a harbinger of the abundance of that joy which the future shall bestow in the possession, not of the gift, but the giver." And with this reflection Charles O'Brien turned his back upon his home, and the dwelling of his mistress.

CHAP. VIII.

ARRIVED in Dublin, Charles found himself provided with a sum of 75*l.* including the money deposited in his hands by Catherine, which however he determined, at least for the present, not to touch. His intention was to enter college immediately, and this accomplished, to look out for some engagement in the way of tuition, which would procure him a comfortable home, and enable him to meet his academic fees without difficulty. His first care, therefore, was to decide upon a tutor, and he was for a long time puzzled which he should prefer, but remembering that a cousin of his had been for some time a resident member of the University, to him he resolved to apply, and allow his recommendation to his choice. "He was an old school-fellow of mine," thought Charles, "and always professed a sincere friendship for me, which perhaps he has not yet forgotten; at all events, he has no interest in deceiving me, and as his experience enables him to judge of the characters of the different heads of the University, he will no doubt be competent to point me out the one most suited to my circumstances, and most ready to advance my interests."

It was a sharp hoar frosty morning on which Charles O'Brien first entered the courts of the University; and he walked slowly along, in admiration of the architecture which adorns this portion of the establishment. The chapel bell was tolling, and several students were hurrying, in fanciful dishabille, from their rooms, in obedience to the early summons. After he had sufficiently amused himself with the novelty of this spectacle, he addressed a man who was passing, dressed in tight blue velvet breeches, and close leather skull cap, with a coat something in the cut of a quaker's, whom he did not then exactly know to be one of the porters.

"Pray, can you tell me," said he, "where is Mr. Donoughmore's residence?" The official eyed him for a

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moment, then pointing with his finger to an opening on the left,

"In that square, sir," he answered, "No. 6, two pair up," at the same time slipping into his hand a card containing the address where he might obtain surplice, gown and cap. Before he reached his destination, he encountered three or four more of the same stamp, who, judging by his appearance he was a stranger, and concluding, like the first, that he had come to enter on the Monday following—being the October entrance—also handed him cards to the same effect, so that he could find but little difficulty in accommodating himself with all academics of the college. His relative was not up when Charles knocked at his door. He rose, however, after some delay, and admitted our hero; upon whom having viewed over and over, as if to reassure his senses,

"Ha! my dear O'Brien, is it you,—come to Alma-Mater at last—sit down,—I shall be dressed presently—hang that woman! she has not come to light my fire yet,—no matter, I will be with you immediately;" and with this specimen of his cousin's character, Charles was left a few minutes to his own reflections. These were not destitute of uneasiness; he considered that a mind of this kind was not one on whose decision he could faithfully rely, yet hoped that this appearance of levity was meant to mask a closeness of observation, which would ultimately show itself when their conversation had become one of interest and solidity. At length Donoughmore reappeared in his dressing gown.

"Well, my dear fellow," said he, "when did you arrive?"

"Yesterday evening," was the reply.

"Friends all well in the country?"

"I left them so."

"You perfectly well?"

"Perfectly so."

"I'm glad to hear it,—enter on Monday next, I suppose?"

"I hope so."

"Well, O'Brien, I wish you every success; you'll find this a devilish dull place, though most infernally expensive; but command me in any way which you think I may be of service to you."

"Your experience may," said Charles, with some *hautour*.

"Aye, indeed! I do know something
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about the regulations of the place, and shall be most happy to set you on a proper footing; but, my dear Charles, will you excuse me for this morning—I'm sure you will indulge me; studies are so pressing,—I always read a certain time before breakfast; so you understand my reasons; business, you know business—but do me the favour to call upon me this evening; we will have some supper together, and then we can converse without disturbance,—mind, this evening at eight, I shall wait for you! adieu, adieu."

"Farewell," replied Charles, returning the cordial shake of Donoughmore's hand, though he could not help thinking that very little heart accompanied the pressure. The door was closed, and he departed, to seek, as he best might, for means to relieve the tedium of his solitary day; he spent it in taking a survey of the town. He was punctual to the hour; the College clock was striking eight, as he again crossed the gloomy and deserted courts towards his cousin's apartments; the dim oil lamps, placed at considerable intervals asunder, served but to throw the buildings into more sombre outline, while the dark shadows flung from the pillared porticoes of the chapel and examination-hall, which frowned upon each other from opposite sides of the square, together with the profound stillness which pervaded their dusky recesses, seemed to render them more a trysting place for the ghosts of departed geniuses, than nurseries for the development of living talent. Here and there a light in the lonely attic, showed that the bookish sizer had already trimmed his lamp for nocturnal study; still some unhallowed sounds broke the tranquillity of this sanctuary of the sciences, and as Charles passed beneath the eaves, the boisterous laugh and wild song which proceeded from more than one domicile, announced where the plentiful supper had proved but a prelude to the evening revel. Charles being something of a philosopher, deemed it strange that learning would permit her temple to be desecrated by such unhallowed orgies. He had no objection himself to social or convivial mirth, but thought that such a place lost much of its sublimity by their admission.

He dreamed that every body came

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there for the sake of retirement and study, but experience was yet to inform him, that its literature was confined to those forced to embrace it from poverty or for profit, and that morality had found the wings of the dove, and sought a resting-place elsewhere. A few minutes more admitted our hero to the comforts of a blazing fire and the society of his cousin, who declared he had been earnestly desiring his arrival. A huge pipe and empty glass stood beside him, on the table, from which he had been inhaling the double fumes of punch and tobacco.

"Come," said he, as soon as Charles was seated, pushing over the decanter, and placing a tumbler for his use, "Come—rather a cold night—fortify yourself, my dear fellow—mix a glass, and then we'll talk of old times. You remember what the song says, 'we'll tak' a cup of kindness yet for auld lang syne,' and he sang, in a deep and sonorous voice, the entire chorus.

"You have merry times here," remarked Charles, drily, when the other had concluded.

"Yes, sometimes—here's to your successful academic career—ahem—that is to be! merry times—Ay, occasionally, as I was saying; but generally dull, monotonous, very."

"I was under the impression," said Charles, "that within these walls all noisy mirth was forbidden and prohibited.

"Why, Lord bless you, my dear fellow, do you think we can be for ever poring over books; such a thing might do very well for an anchorite, or a martyr, but will never suit Trinity College, I assure you. When people come to college, they expect to learn the world, as well as arts and sciences, and if it could but afford them such information, I should like to know how it could be said to finish their education, and prepare them for an introduction into active life. No, no: with an occasional sere-nade in town, rows at the theatre, knocking down a watchman or so, by way of amusement, and within the courts a game of racket, or cricket in the park, a slating of the jibs, an evening spree in chambers, fighting at an election, or discussing politics, we contrive to vary a little the round of our existence.

However, don't be uneasy, we'll soon initiate you—ahem—do you take snuff?" he added, handing a box to Charles, while he twisted his nostrils on one side, and protruded his under-lip, as if to complete the enjoyment of the sensation with which he drew up the pinch he had taken.

"No, I thank you," answered Charles, half disgusted at the nonsense and foppishness of Donoughmore.

"Under whom do you enter?" inquired the other.

"That I have not yet decided; and must be guided largely by advice; who is your tutor?"

"My tutor is Dr. Leverett," said Donoughmore; "but we are not on speaking terms. In the first place he is a Whig and I am a Tory, and so we are foes upon principle; and secondly, I received one or two lectures from him upon my neglect of the statutes, and that immediately broke off all intercourse between us."

"Do you know any other whom you could recommend?" inquired Charles.

"I can't say much for one above another. There's Hartless, whom they say is a good-natured sort of man; but then his principles are not of the right sort."

"Does he labour under any other objection?"

"Why, no; in all other respects he is reported to be unexceptionable. When I tell you he is a Liberal, that alone ought to be enough to keep every honest man away from him."

"I don't deal much in politics," said Charles

"But of course you are a Tory, like all the members of your family."

"I am so young," replied Charles, evasively; "and you are so zealous, that I should wish to hear both sides."

"Both sides! There's Liberalism in hearing both sides."

"You will not object to concede so much."

"Why, no; Tories will be gainers, of course, whenever there is a clear stage and no favour; but you have had so many opportunities of seeing the superiority of our principles, that such a course on your part should be unnecessary."

"Now," remonstrated Charles, smiling, "I may be a Tory after all. My

present object is to obtain a tutor most able and willing to place me in some respectable situation."

"Situation! sure, you wouldn't dream of such a thing. I do not spend more than ninety pounds a term, and your father will allow you such a sum without hesitation."

"I am here without my father's sanction, and therefore neither expect nor will apply for any assistance."

"And so you will be obliged to go to a situation," said Donoughmore, with chilling emphasis.

"Decidedly," answered Charles, laconically.

"And if I may be so impertinent," returned the other, "what has caused you to take this step?"

"That will transpire, I dare say, in good time; at present I would willingly be spared the pain of going into details."

"With all my heart; only, egad, you're an enterprising fellow, and I wish you joy."

Charles was anxious to change the conversation. He saw what sympathy he had to expect from one of his cousin's disposition, and did not wish him to witness any out-burst of feeling. He rose, and walked towards a bookcase at the further end of the room. "Burlamaqui's Natural Law," he repeated, in a low voice, as he passed his eye along the volumes which adorned the case.

"Aye, beautiful book that; powerful in intellect, and wonderful strength of argument," commented Donoughmore, rapidly. Charles made no answer, but opening the case, took down a book, which he brought forward to the table, and after turning over the pages—"Here is a passage of which the various modes of construction have often puzzled which to prefer; pray what is your opinion?" and he handed the book to Donoughmore, pointing with his finger to the place specified.

His cousin eyed it for a moment with a most supercilious, yet somewhat mortified aspect.

It was Horace, and the part selected occurred in the fourth book of the odes. Thus bursting into a loud laugh, "Really, O'Brien," he exclaimed, "you seem to think that we have nothing to do but plod over the abstrusities of antiquity;

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you would have us all sizers and book-worms. I know much less about that than when I entered, and shall know still less when I take my degree, please the fates. I'll tell you a story; last examination—when I narrowly escaped a caution, bless the mark! as O'Connell would say—the examiner—we had Hartless in Classics for our division; well, he opened the Medea and gave it to me—I read it with a bold accent; I had not forgotten so much of the tongue, but for the translation—I allowed my next neighbour to undertake the drudgery of that. 'Very good,' ejaculated Hartless, nodding his head at me; 'you have a classical taste, Donoughmore; I know you have, only you don't pay any attention to its cultivation.'" Charles closed the volume.

"The heroes of literature ought to be thankful," he sarcastically remarked, as he put it back into its place, "for the merited praise which you bestow upon their covers." Donoughmore made no reply. He folded his arms contemptuously, stretched his feet to their length, and trolled an air carelessly.

"Fine Berne oysters," responded a gruff voice from the court. Donoughmore went to the window, and looking out, he put his hands at both sides of his mouth, after the manner of a speaking trumpet, and shouted "Wilson!"

"Here, y'r honour," answered the oyster man, who had arrived at the door by the time Donoughmore had closed the window.

"What have you got to-night?" said the collegian as Wilson entered.

"Some fine lobsters, and oysters, y'r honor, besides a handful of cockles," taking up a few of the shell-fish from a considerable heap, which occupied one side of his basket, and tossing them down again.

"What are your lobsters a-piece?" said the other.

"Only two shillings and sixpence," was the reply.

"No use in spending money upon beggars," mumbled Donoughmore, as he smelled one of the lobsters which he balanced in his hand, and cast a sullen look on O'Brien. "Are you fond of cockles, O'Brien?" he asked.

"I beg you will not study my choice," was the quick rejoinder.

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"Measure me a quart of cockles," for the bold and fearless effrontery which marked his previous demeanour; but recovering himself immediately—

"Very well, y'r honor," answered Wilson. The cockles were thrown on a plate, and a shilling handed to the man.

"How much are they?" inquired Donoughmore in a suppressed tone.

"Threepence," said the oysterman in the same tone. The change was received, and counted carefully ere it was deposited in the pocket of the owner.

"Have the kindness to send O'Rourke here, as you are passing out," he ordered.

"Yes, y'r honor," said the man, as he departed.

"They seem very good," observed Charles, looking at the fish as his cousin placed them in a saucepan and put them on the fire.

"I don't eat cockles," sneeringly said the other, opening some two or three of the shells and sucking them raw.

"You see," he added, with somewhat more condescension, "we collegemen are our own cooks."

"Both in eating and intellect," was the cool and cutting answer.

Donoughmore was again silent. A tap at the door, however, relieved him of his chagrin, and he proceeded to admit O'Rourke, who had come in obedience to his message. This was a young man, of the middle size, stout and athletic, dressed in heavy shoes, canvass trousers, and broad slouched sailor's cap. His eye bespeaking intelligence and knavery; his upper lip a little drawn up, so as to show partially his teeth, which appeared white, like those of a sweep, through the coal-dust with which his face and hands were covered.

"Well, y'r honor," said he, as he took off his hat and glided, in a bending posture, into the room. "This is a cold night, y'r honor."

"Well, O'Rourke," said Donoughmore, "what will you do for me if I give you something to warm you?"

"Any thing in this world, y'r honor plases."

"Tell this gentleman what you can do."

O'Rourke stooped and peered with a leer of curiosity into our hero's face. The calm, penetrating eye of Charles fell upon his. He drew back, and for an instant an air of reserve was substituted

"May-be the gentleman's one of the sort of people that 'ud be offended at my freedom," he said; "I think he has the blink of a bad eye."

"Offended at you!" exclaimed Donoughmore; "I like to see the man who dare be offended at what I sanction your doing in my apartment."

"Pshaw!" said Charles, imperiously starting to his feet, and darting a look of scorn at his bullying relative. Then altering his voice to one of conciliating mildness, "Go on, my brave fellow; one of old Ireland's sons will never object to fun, when it is not likely to injure the interests of a neighbour; my maxim is, 'Erin go bragh;' so now, my lad."

Encouraged and reassured by Charles, who appeared all at once to have become invested with the authority of master, O'Rourke commenced his catalogue.

"Why then, gentlemen, I can dance hornpipe, stand on my head on the leg of a pot, balance two glasses on my nose, keep up three balls at a time, sing a song, tell a story, knock down a pig, kiss a colleen, and flourish a shillelagh." All this he repeated with gestures appropriate to the several items enumerated. Charles laughed.

"Bravo!" shouted Donoughmore with as much delight as if the trade of buffoonery had been an effusion replete with good sense and caustic wit; "Sing us the song, and we'll spare you the trouble of the rest." O'Rourke was not slow in obeying the mandate, nor did he over-rate his powers in this particular. In a round, clear voice he commenced his ditty. Donoughmore accompanied him as bass, and Charles was sufficiently exhilarated to join in the chorus.

"Come," said Donoughmore, when this was finished, "a fellow with such accomplishments as you should have a clean face—I'll teach you a short way of cleaning it," and placing O'Rourke in a kneeling posture, he took the bellows, and blew with might and main, first on his face, then down his throat, until the poor victim seemed ready to suffocate. "That will improve your voice," he remarked, jestingly, then taking a glassful of whiskey, he obliged him to swallow it at a gulp, but O'Rourke received this as

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ample compensation for every previous outrage.

"Now go for some beer—beer I suppose you prefer, O'Brien?"

"I desire you will not trouble yourself further on my account," replied Charles.

"As you please, my dear fellow, as you please."

Just then another visitor entered, and Donoughmore entering into conversation with him, seemed to feel relieved from vouchsafing any further notice to the luckless victim of poverty. Charles took an abrupt and unceremonious leave, thoroughly disgusted at what he had witnessed, and determined never again to disturb the academic lucubrations of his worthy cousin Donoughmore.

CHAP. IX.

IN circumstances where we are ignorant of the peculiar merits of particular things or persons, though there may be a multitude from which to choose, we are generally found to select the one first mentioned; and so Charles, after he had spent much time in pondering, decided at length to enter himself under the scholastic tutelage of Dr. Hartless. As soon as he had come to this determination, he justly thought that he ought not to lose a moment in its execution. A short walk brought him to the University, and into the presence of his tutor that was to be. Dr. Hartless, who was a short, stout, unwhiskered specimen of college well-fed superiors, with a good-humoured face, and a complexion in which a thousand hearty and delicious banquets might be mirrored to the eye of fancy, received him with much affability and politeness.

"My rooms are at present full," he said, after he had heard a brief statement of Charles's business; "but if you prefer coming to lecture to my apartments, you can, of course, do so; and it is probable that a vacancy will soon occur."

"If you could make it convenient," said Charles, with a little of simplicity, "I should indeed prefer it, and partly for this reason, that a cousin of mine, Donoughmore—" "Donoughmore!" repeated Hartless, interrupting him; "Donoughmore—your cousin—ha—a wild fellow that—but he recommended you to me, did he?"

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"Not exactly either," answered Charles; "but I received from him information that you were of liberal principles, and as those are my own, I fancied that I could not make a more judicious choice."

"And your name?" inquired Hartless.

"O'Brien, sir."

"Well, O'Brien, I am much obliged by the preference; the frequency of my chambers renders it difficult, and for the present impossible for me to comply with your wishes. How do you enter, pensioner or fellow-commoner?"

"As pensioner," returned Charles; "but there is yet another matter to which I would allude, which is"—and the tell-tale blush of pride kindled in his cheek, as he paused and hesitated. There is a struggle, an agony, which many ridicule and condemn, but which none but the naturally proud and sensitive can feel, when friendless poverty, and unencouraged enterprise declares, especially for the first time, its dependence.

"Name it," said Hartless, looking rather surprised at the confusion of O'Brien.

"It is to request your interest in obtaining pupils for myself," said Charles at length.

"You wish to be able to defray your own expenses?"

"To do this, and support myself also, is my most cherished object, sir," replied our hero.

"Why, let me see," mused Hartless, as if considering the chances for and against the applicant, "our college is saturated with tutors; it is like the sky in a snow-storm, none but prizemen or graduates can expect much success."

By a sudden revulsion, which many of the like temperament, and in the same situation, have experienced, Charles felt his diffidence vanish, and a dizzy confidence succeed, which was as likely to carry him as far on the one hand, as the former feeling had done on the other. He felt that he laboured under those disqualifications which, of course, it was impossible immediately to remove, and he also knew the necessity which existed for instant success in his own designs of independence. Who, under such circumstances, might not be betrayed, by the unripeness of youth, into extravagance of thought or speech.

"I know nothing," he said, "which ought to exclude others from the same advantages. There is surely no such merit to be attached to college distinctions. What men who have earned them, ever after became known to the world?"

Hartless was evidently piqued, but concealed it under a smooth exterior. "I am one of those who have obtained University honours," he observed drily, "and I humbly acknowledge—I mean, O'Brien, I am not too proud to confess—that such distinctions have been of service to me through life; nay, were I about to engage a teacher for my own instruction, supposing me to require it; or," with emphasis, "to introduce a person in that capacity to any friend for whom I entertained an esteem, I am bound to say, that I would make these very University honours, *toto cælo*, an essential in him whom I would either employ or recommend; and furthermore, I would beg leave, O'Brien, to advertise any young man entering college, by no means to display a rash presumption in despising the *eclat* of well-merited honours, on the plea that they are local or transient—believe me, they are much envied by the unsuccessful; nor do I speak as one who, through an empty ambition, has set up any vain pretences of being considered or called a great man—I warn you with sincerity against encouraging a wild notion, and what may become a most dangerous barrier to your advancement."

Charles listened to this tirade, half amused, and half indignant. • He felt that he had uttered nothing calculated to show his contempt of college distinction. He was yet too much of a novice in the world's ways to doubt entirely the motives of Hartless, and yet he thought that, for the language of advice, his terms were dealt out with rather too much of unkindness, and there was also a glimmering idea, glaring dimly through his mind, that all this warmth of address might be prompted by wounded vanity and selfish egotism. He had to learn that he who expected to profit by the good-will of others, should learn to suppress his own sentiments, until he found them in accordance with the views of a stranger or patron; that an affectation of respect is better than undisguised scorn.

The persecutions which he had experienced at home, led him to conclude that the civility of the world, its politeness, its professions, were the marks of real friendship. He did not know that its treachery, deception, and hypocrisy could be combatted successfully, but by the practice of skilful reserve and refined subtlety. Home had been insulting, dependence intolerable, and it is an easy and pleasant conception in the mind of youth, that some agreeable contrast may present itself amid the millions which throng the globe. Every face is clothed with smiles, every hand open to receive with cordiality the tyro upon its stage, and things wear a promising and brilliant aspect,—until, by degrees, and by the manipulations of that harsh physician, Disappointment, the mental vision has become acute, and perceives that the face but marks the blackness of the heart, and the hand is but open to accept the boon, to entrap the prey; closed and empty against the penniless and forsaken. Shrewdness of judgment, brightness of intellect, clearness of thought, were of no avail in saving Charles O'Brien from the fate of his predecessors—they but enabled him to come more quickly at the truth. Months did more for him than years for others. He soon began to know the world, because he felt it with the keenness of sensibility. If his was the more speedy purchase, his too was, in inexpressible bitterness, the costlier price. It is no wonder that, in a little time, Charles O'Brien realised the sentiment, as well as admired the lines of the poet:—

Candid, and generous, and just,
Boys care but little whom they trust,
An error soon corrected;
For who but learns in after years,
That man when smoothest he appears,
Is most to be suspected.

"I meant nothing personal, sir," said O'Brien, in answer to the long tirade of Hartless, with respect and yet with haughtiness in his manner. "I had no intention of expressing contempt of that in which you, sir, have distinguished yourself, I am sure, deservedly—and as for greatness, whatever may be my ambition, I have not as yet had any reason to attach any importance to so futile a hope."

"Oh! that is *toto cælo* different," answered Hartless, his face assuming a more pleased expression, as the complimentary concessions of O'Brien reached his ear; "but yet, O'Brien," he added, laughing, "you know—that is between you and me—if we are not great men yet, we may be so in *paulo-post-futuro*"—but you are determined to be my pupil?"

"Yes, if possible."

"Very well, you can pay your fees to me, and attend lectures at my chambers."

"What is the sum to be paid?" inquired Charles.

Hartless named it, and Charles taking it from his pocket-book, deposited it upon the table.

"Very good," said Hartless, after he had counted the notes.

"You and I are now, it seems, friends, O'Brien," with a condescending smile, and a gracious nod of the head; "but as I know you are a stranger, and young, two circumstances which in their very names combine a world of danger—have you any objection to receive from me a portion of valuable advice?"

"On the contrary," replied O'Brien, "I am but too sensible of my own deficiencies not to accept it as a favour, and be thankful."

"Sit down, then, for a moment longer," said Hartless, who seemed much gratified at Charles's acceptance of the proffered precepts. Charles accordingly sat in mute expectation of an extempore lecture upon general behaviour, and, perhaps, political economy. But no such thing. Not a syllable did his reverend tutor utter; but taking pen and paper, busied himself for a considerable time in writing, occasionally pausing for the purpose of reflection.

"Well then," said he, folding the paper which he had inscribed with the precious admonitions, and handing it to Charles, while he stretched out his legs, put one hand in his pocket, and threw his head back, with apparent self-satisfaction at the completion of his mental task—"Well then, O'Brien, here it is, read it carefully, and strive to make it the practice of your life; it is the result of much experience, and long reflection; you will admit its truth, when time shall have given you an opportunity of appreciating its excellence; I write it for you, that you may have it for ever before you

eyes—verbally expressed, it would almost be likely to make but a slight impression, and would soon be forgotten; take it, O'Brien, as a proof of my friendship and esteem. The entrance examination will take place in a few days, when you will of course be in attendance."

"Thank you, Mr. Hartless," answered Charles, again half disposed to suspect the sincerity of this verbosity, "I will endeavour to do as you desire, and beg again to thank you for the interest which you take in my behalf."

"Name it not, O'Brien, name it not; believe me, it shall be ever my study, as it is my duty, to watch the welfare of my pupils."

"And think you, sir, that it will be possible for you to obtain tuitions for me after a short time?"

"Oh! we shall see, we shall see," waving his hand rapidly, in token of farewell; "meanwhile, you know, do not despair, hope for the best—no one can tell what may be effected—good morning, O'Brien, good morning!" shaking him by the hand—"my time of business is arrived, and you must excuse my cutting short our interview."

"Good morning, sir," said Charles, bowing low, and retiring through the door, which Dr. Hartless himself opened for his exit, and in a few moments he was once more seated in his lodgings, and with an eager curiosity to peruse the advice of so many years experience and reflection, which, by the kindness of his tutor, he had the good luck to bear upon his person. It may be supposed, that it was not long ere he gratified his curiosity; and the contents of the document by no means disappointed his hopes. It certainly did present a curious specimen of the writer's character, yet the general impression created by its perusal, was that good nature, at least, prompted its dictation. It commenced abruptly enough, and ran thus:

"With the vulgar, bluster will alone secure you respect—they always construe quietness into fear; with the refined, be gentle and insinuating, easy and natural: Nature on his unembarrassed brow had written gentleman; with persons of reflection, say little, but to the purpose; with the religious, be grave; with the giddy, cautious; with the talkative, reserved; with the sentimental, pensive; with the cynical, humorous; with the me-

lancholy, cheerful. In the throng of the world, some will press round you with caresses, some with praise, some with taunt, some with satire, some with malice. Suspect the appearance of sudden friendship; receive with frankness the address of strangers, but speak not to them your real sentiments. Open and avowed hostility to a brave man, will always supply its own remedy; but trust no profession, until disinterested actions have become a guarantee for its sincerity. It is in vain to quarrel with existing institutions; since, considering human nature and experience, there must always be in every state, and every community, a certain set of regulations, legalised by custom and defended by opinion, each open to the same objections of prejudice and bigotry."

"Crumbs of comfort for babes of grace," commented O'Brien, folding the paper, and returning it to his pocket. "There seems some truth and a good deal of vanity in this fragment, which is very felicitously without either beginning or end. It is what I have usually read of certain insects of this globe; but it is very odd that, to form a rule of life, and to secure prosperity, my reverend tutor thinks it necessary to inculcate deceit. I wonder whether he acts upon his own maxims—if so, he is a man little to be trusted. What an Alcibiades he would make me! In my school-boy days I met with one who appeared to act instinctively on this principle. He was a lad, I remember, much applauded for quietness, diligence, and religious habits. Well—he is now no more; but even his memory must be coupled in my mind with the deepest contempt—his name with all that is infamous—aye, Robert Linson—this paper has, indeed, called up one horrid instance of human, of youthful treachery: 'twas but a thing of little moment—the betrayal of a boyish frolic—yet cursed be he who wormed himself into my unsuspecting confidence, who employed smiles and gentleness to play with more facility the part of the domestic spy, the privileged informer, and, after all, the glozing liar! No matter, let him go; I trust I shall not find all like him. I shall be upon my guard; but without appearing out of my natural character for the purpose of deceit, I hope I shall be able to escape its machinations." After indulging in this soliloquy, Charles took a book, and endeavoured to compose his

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mind to study. But the curious advice of Hartless, with the multitude of reflections to which it gave birth—how far its language might have been suggested by the morning's interview—how far vanity or benevolence partook of its motives, or whether the latter had in them any share at all, occupied him too intently for some hours, and more than once the paper was drawn forth and read with even more engrossing interest. It afforded, too, an obscure insight into the character of his tutor, and supplied matter of speculation, as to the oddities or singularities which, for good or ill, might lie for the future developed. Even then, too, the image of Catherine obtruded itself. Her generosity—her confidence—her vow—the words he had heard beside him, on the morning of his departure from home, "never the forsaken"—the events which gave rise to that departure—the bitterness—the insult—the revenge. Then, in dim prospective, the honours of college distinction, the acquirement of independence, of fortune, of fame; but in them all, that one image of the devoted girl he had left, remained fixed and defined, like the polestar shining in cloudless purity above the regions of eternal snow. Nothing material occurred in the interval preceding the examination. Charles busied himself in reading; "making himself up," according to the technicality of college. The examination passed, and Charles was a fresh-man of the University, with the reputation of having obtained, amongst a considerable number of aspirants, a respectable place. He then began to attend lectures, and determined to seek tuitions without delay. He sought an interview with Hartless, for the purpose of again requesting his interference in securing them. What was his surprise, on being informed by that gentleman, that he had been transferred to another tutor, to whom his claims for patronage devolved. "For myself," said Hartless, after having, with the greatest possible nonchalance, apprised his *ci-devant* pupil of the circumstance, and also of the name of his new tutor—"For myself, I have unfortunately so many persons, and those distinguished men of superior standing, who are dependent on my exertions in their behalf, that it would be vain for me to hold out any success, as resulting from myself; but Dr. — has a fewer number, I be-

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lieve, and as he is a friend of mine, I will introduce you to him in person, and I have no doubt that he will be able to accomplish your wishes."

Charles was too much thunderstruck to permit the full storm of indignation to discharge itself. To be thus coolly transferred, like a dog, to another master, his choice not asked, his pleasure not consulted, although none but himself and his own prospects were concerned, was, or appeared to him to be, such an outrage upon every principle of justice, not to say of humanity, that Charles felt his utterance choked by the intensity of his internal struggle. "Very well, sir," he said, coldly, but with a quivering lip, and followed Hartless in silence across the courts to the chambers of Dr. —.

This was the first blow of the world's bitterness which fell heavily upon the haughty spirit of young O'Brien; for the conduct of Donoughmore rather disgusted than afflicted him. But he now found that the lips might pour forth professions of kindness, while the heart, the treacherous heart, deliberately meditated the deed of neglect and insult. How could it be suspected that he, who had given his voluntary advice respecting the world's littleness, should be the first to offer, in his own person, a practical illustration of its truth. Yet such was the fact. Those who, like Charles O'Brien, have deeply partaken of the bitter cup of life, when friendlessness and poverty have filled it, need not the assistance of a fictitious tale, to remind them that such examples of true consistency are neither surprising nor unfrequent. Nor was his new tutor more propitious to his wishes than Hartless, who had so unceremoniously disposed of him. His money was nearly spent before he obtained a single tuition, and this one came at length through the instrumentality of a college acquaintance, dependent, like himself, upon the profits of a scholastic labour. The name of this acquaintance was Finneer, a young man, wild and gay indeed, so far as his finances and opportunities would allow, but good-hearted and disinterested beyond what is generally found among men. He had suffered too from the arrows of disappointment, but his was not the brooding mind—the sensitive nature, which strips the poison from the barb, and keeps the festering wound unhealed. He declaimed heartily

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against the crosses of existence, railed cynically enough against their authors, but seemed to exhaust his passion in a burst, and could laugh mirthfully at the bygone annoyance, apparently without any enmity towards the aggressor, and without feeling the smallest diminution of present enjoyment. In him Charles discovered much which was congenial, despite of his boisterous humour and contradictory opinions, and a confidential intimacy soon sprang up between them. Finneer never proved himself unworthy of that confidence. Actuated by alternate fits of energy and indolence, he sometimes enlivened Charles by a ludicrous, bustling activity, and sometimes amused him by the extreme futility of his relaxations. The advice of Finneer, however, always given with sincerity, had often a salutary effect on the spirits of his morbid and desponding friend, and his kindness went so far as to secure to Charles a portion of success, even to his own prejudice. Time wore on. He had been nearly a year residing in Dublin, and had passed some examinations at the University, with much credit, but without honors. Finneer had been unblest with a similar destiny, so that on this point there was room for mutual sympathy. "Pshaw! damn it, O'Brien," Finneer would say, "let them have their drudgery and their certificates. One comfort is, that you and I know more, although we look less. There is a greater degradation in fettering the mind to a few lines of Latin and Greek, than either *eclat* or profit in the obtaining a premium. Let them make the most of their ephemeral celebrity. For my part, I will read what works I please, and devote no more time to the *Humaniores Literæ* than is necessary to understand them." With Donoughmore Charles kept up no sort of correspondence. The party-political zeal, and city riots of his amiable cousin, were indeed much the theme of conversation at morning lecture and at commons; but O'Brien interfered not with them, and was generally a favourite among his own circle of acquaintance. His time passed as agreeably as might be expected by a person in his circumstances. Whatever was to be seen new and interesting, he contrived to see. Whatever offered the promise of a mental treat, he managed to obtain. One day, as he strolled along the streets, he was at-

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tracted by a placard, announcing that a grand masquerade, to be patronised by his Excellency and suite, was to take place at the Rotunda. This was a curiosity which Charles had long experienced a desire of witnessing. Such entertainments occur but seldom in the Irish metropolis, and O'Brien half determined to profit by the opportunity. He read the price of the tickets, which, with his slender resources, presented a serious impediment to the indulgence of his wishes; and his resolution again wavered to the side of prudence. But he was young, and pleasure was opposed to prudence—how seldom does the latter conquer in the youthful breast.

CHAP. X.

"WHAT have I to do with the gay ones of the earth?" asked he of himself, as he paced restlessly from end to end of the homely apartment wherein he lodged. "Its pleasures were not made for one who is doomed to the necessity of labouring for his subsistence, and that subsistence obtained with difficulty even by the willingness to labour;" and he mentally determined upon relinquishing the design of going to the ball. But Charles, spite of his friendless situation, of the apathy he had suffered, and the disappointments he had experienced, was naturally gay; and nature is sure, eventually, to burst the barriers which prudence, reason, or resentment may have piled around her. He continued to pace his apartment, and his resolution gave way. Nine o'clock found him assiduously preparing to visit a scene which was curious and interesting, because never witnessed; and as the clock of the Rotunda struck ten, he was stepping from his hired carriage, enveloped in a domino, and about to ascend through a crowd of grotesque figures, to where the sounds of merry music invited to the chief sanctuary of Comus. The rooms were thin when Charles entered; most of the masks were yet absent, and the revelries might scarcely be said to have commenced; still was there excitement sufficient for a novice, and Charles sauntered pleasantly about, amusing himself with the appearance of the fantastic groups which passed him, and watching the peculiarities of each fresh arrival. The rooms soon began to grow more thronged, and the increased mirth

and hum of voices, and general bustle, announced a corresponding increase in the whirl of enjoyment. Several parties pressed to the spot where "science marshalled forth her own quadrille," and some had already begun to exhibit their devotion to Terpsichore. Whatever was the cause, Charles had not long been a guest, before he seemed to have become an object of general remark. Perhaps this might be ascribed to the abstractedness of his demeanour,—perhaps to his look, which conveyed a sentiment of mingled pity and scorn on the things around him,—perhaps to his silence;—but most of all to his handsome features, or the air of quiet, dignified superiority which distinguished his address and every movement. Even when the night advanced, and the bright assemblage swept past in the full saturnalia of joyous excess, the same fascination seemed to dwell upon him. He received several courteous salutations from the lips of unknown fair ones, which he as courteously returned; he took wine, his taciturnity was vanquished, his conversation was courted; he was invited to the dance; his natural temperament, like a lion from his sleep, gradually aroused from torpidity—the inducement was irresistible: he who began by being a spectator, ended in being a busy and delighted associate. Many were the partners with whom he danced; the sarcasm of his bitterer moments gave place to sprightliness and wit. Charles O'Brien was once more himself, the gem and the loadstar of his circle. "You appear fatigued," said he to a female mask, with whom he had just "finished a set," as he conducted her to a seat; the soft hand which he held trembled within his, as the owner desired him to sit beside her. "Allow me to provide you with some refreshment," he said gently; "to judge by your hand, your cheek must be glowing, and you are breathless from exertion." "You mistake," said the incognita, "it is not from exertion,—but—this place is too public; let us seek some spot more retired from observation." So saying, she glided hastily to a remote part of the room; Charles followed. "You are a stranger here," she resumed, as soon as they had gained their new position. "How know you that?" inquired he, endeavouring to

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pierce the concealment of her mask. She laughed. "It cannot require much sagacity to see that you are unmasked, and yet have no companion." "That proves nothing," was the reply; "but that soft voice may have something prophetic in it; perhaps, if I may be permitted to remove this mask, I may be enabled to read my destiny." "Would you be content to link it with mine on that condition?" she asked, gaily. "You trifle with my curiosity and feelings, and yet I am sure I might make such a promise without regret." As he spoke, he pressed her hand, which lay upon the sofa beside him. The same universal tremor betrayed itself as before, her bosom heaved, and she paused, as if mustering strength and resolution to reply: "It were not well that we should be better acquainted; I am not, nor have been as I would wish; and for the future I believe I shall be miserable." Charles was puzzled, bewildered,—a tumult of ideas rushed across his mind, not unmingled with wild conjecture and strange misgiving. "Youth and loveliness," he said at length, "should have nothing, methinks, to cause unhappiness, or demand disguise." She sighed heavily. "I may be impertinent," he continued, in a deeply interested tone, "but I have reasons for wishing to see your features, because—" his voice faltered, "because—much may depend upon the discovery." The agitation of the other grew extreme. "If it be so, behold!" and Charles's eager eyes fell upon a countenance, young and beautiful indeed beyond compare, but belonging to a stranger. He felt himself fascinated by the beauty of the creature before him, and yet some disappointment was discernible in the gesture with which he momentarily turned away his head. It was observed. "I am not she whom you sought," said the fair girl, reproachfully, "but your curiosity has been gratified at your own request." A tear trembled on her eye-lid, when Charles again looked upon her. It was impossible not to view with pleasure and interest the form which quivered with emotion, and a face glowing with beauty. It was of that mild voluptuous kind, calculated to awaken the wildest emotions, to fascinate without awe, and to win the heart without enlisting the judgment.

Grace marked all the movements of a form exquisitely moulded, and yet there was a something which said too much. Her eye bespoke languor and passion, but her air was tender without being confiding, and her demeanour seductive without being dignified. Charles was far from being callous to those attractions; he felt as a Milesian, young, inexperienced, and warm-hearted. "Forgive my forgetfulness," he said, smiling, in some confusion; "believe me I am not insensible to the charms which you have displayed; but I know not as yet how to address you." She resumed her mask, and throwing her arm carelessly within his, "You have already a portion of my confidence; I have need of sympathy and advice—I will rely upon your honour; but see you that mask," pointing to one who stood at a little distance, wrapped closely in a large domino, but who moved off as she spoke; "we have been oddly watched by that figure—this is not the place for any disclosure—walk with me into the garden, and you shall hear a history which will, at all events, amuse you." Charles was resolved to follow up the adventure; he thought, too, somewhat superstitiously, that destiny had brought him into this acquaintance for some purpose yet unknown, and could not help discovering a secret interest in her fate, mingling itself with his cold resolves of prudence and discretion. They rose to adjourn to the place she had intimated. "The snare is already spread," said a voice behind them, which made both start, and Charles's cheek grew pale as he turned quickly round. The mask was withdrawn from the face of the speaker; it was the domino noticed by his companion as having watched their motions. He recognized the features: "Stay!" he exclaimed, as he rushed from the stranger's side, in pursuit of the fugitive, who had taken refuge behind a group which was near at hand; but his search was vain. Through all the apartments he hurried with the speed of a maniac; but no where could he see the object of his search, and indeed it could not be otherwise than fruitless, for the domino was black, several of which description at that time were in the room. Perplexed and annoyed, he returned whence he set out; but the stranger also had disappeared.

The West Wind.

"It was a phantom," he muttered; but his reflections were agony, his brain grew giddy, the figures rose and fell tumultuously before him,—the lights danced, the rooms swam, boisterous voices and unearthly laughter rang in his ear. Where he next found himself was standing against a tree, which was illumined by a bright lamp hung above his head, while the stars appeared unclouded, twinkling through the branches, and the sounds of remote revelry were wafted on the breeze. He was supported by two gentlemen, who had borne him into the air, whom he now thanked for their attention, and declared himself perfectly recovered; he had a dream-like recollection of what had passed. Having returned to the ball-room, he wandered listlessly about in silence and abstraction, trying to catch a glimpse of every face which was for a moment unmasked. At length the sounds of merriment began to

grow languid, group after group disappeared from the gay resort, and Charles was left almost alone in the apartments, ere he thought of seeking his home. Wearied out, he retreated dispirited to his lodging. "Strange occurrence!" he ejaculated, as he threw himself into a chair, fatigued, but wakeful: "Then she has already commenced the fulfilment of her vow. Ohi, woman! what wilt thou not suffer and brave for the subject of thy real attachment; and yet impossible,—the mystery of her words,—jealousy there shone out; but then—the difficulty of such a step!" He knew not what to think, nor whether to conclude it a reality or a creation of his overheated fancy. After embarrassing himself with reflections, he undressed himself, and retired to bed, but sleep that night made little acquaintance, except in dreams, with the senses of Charles O'Brien.

(To be concluded in our next Number.)

THE WEST WIND

How cheerily the west wind bloweth
When daylight dieth.
Now 'on the cypress tops it boweth,
Now in my lady's bower prieth;
Anon it at her casement sigheth,
Making sweet music at my idol's shrine,
As it loitereth amid the eglantine.

Now with a lover's step it stealeth
Over the flowers;
Now in low murmurs it revealeth
The coming of those gracious showers
That, nurtured in the fleecy cloud that lours
In soft gray vest, allure the buds to swell,
That with their fragrance perfume wood and dell.

Hark! how o'er yonder rippling fountain
The west wind singeth;
Then rushing down the grassy mountain,
Capriciously wild gusts it flingeth;
Anon it in the bells of blossoms ringeth;
Now kisses the green leaves of each light spray,
Till all the forest maketh roundelay.

THE TOURNAMENT AT EISENACH.

BY A. VON TROMLITZ.

CHAP. I.—THE ARRIVAL.

FROM the commodious hostelry of Einhorn, situate in the plain of Eisenach, prolonged shouts of merriment and laughter announced the presence of a number of Thuringian nobles, assembled there on occasion of the brilliant tournament given in honour of the Lady Elizabeth, daughter of the Landgrave, Frederick the Grave, wedded but a few days previously to Count Frederick of Nuremberg. Festivities followed each other in rapid succession, and even the good people of Eisenach, not ordinarily renowned for loyalty and submission to their Landgraves, had resolved (actuated either by temporary good will, or existing circumstances) to celebrate the happy event, by giving a tournament within their walls. At even-tide, the first jousting being over, a crowd of Knights and Nobles had collected together, talking over the exploits of the day; some gaily vaunting their successes, others lamenting the ascendant influence of their unfavouring star, but all agreeing in praise of the gallant bearing of the Knight Everhardt Von Waugenheim, who had borne off the prize of that day. At a round table, canopied by a spreading linden-tree, silent, and scarcely noticing the general mirth, sat two minnesingers apart from the rest of the company, their thoughts apparently dwelling in another and a higher sphere than the noise and bustle by which they were surrounded. Meister Conrad, a venerable old man, whose silver locks, unthinned by time, waved off his broad forehead and over his bent shoulders, had been once a Knight, brave as he was noble, but who, by accident, had slain his bosom friend in an encounter at the tournament at Worms. Since which, abjuring knight-hood, he, instead of assuming the cowl and breviary, had preferred cultivating the gifts of song and poesy with which nature had endowed him, and attuned to his harp, devoted them to the service and

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praise of the fair and the minne. It was easy to perceive that the scenes he depicted in such glowing verse, were but the echo of by-past days, treasured in his memory for the moment of inspiration. His companion, Meister Liebetaut, was of a different character, gay and volatile, laughing one moment, improvisating the next, and flitting, butterfly-like, from one subject to another, with short sojourn upon either. Their ruminations were broken by one Dietrich Von Salza, who gaily said, as he tendered them the cup, "Good sirs, if you have ceased your minstrelsy, join us to the health of the valiant Everhardt, our companion in arms!"

"Willingly will I do so," Conrad earnestly replied; "his father was one of my youthful friends, and since I laid by the sword, many a merry song have we sung together on the distant Kahlenberg yonder: long life to Everhardt, and may he resemble his sire!"

"How now, Meister Liebetaut!" exclaimed Dietrich, "you are silent; and yet are not wont to let the cup pass by unnoticed."

"Gladly," rejoined the bard, "gladly would I pledge you to the Ritter's health, and my own as well; but the Knight displeaseth me. Doth he not disturb the harmony of the fête with his deadly feud. Is not the beautiful Lady Emmeline Von Küfernburg absorbed in melancholy? She, on whose dark eyes no minstrel could gaze uninspired, now scarcely raises the long fringe that veils them, and when she does so, behold tears glisten therein, making her look like a *Mater dolorosa*, and to such I never sing."

"Let it pass Liebetaut," returned old Conrad; "joy rears not her bower at every place and hour alike; and if she forsakes us to-day, to-morrow she returns as blithe as though she had ne'er been absent."

"Well, then, in Heaven's name, here's long life to Sir Everhardt," exclaimed

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the bard, and every voice loudly responded to the wish. Scarcely had their enthusiasm a little subsided ere two pilgrims, whose arrival had been unnoticed by any one present, were observed standing under the linden-tree, by which the minstrels were seated. The eldest carried a harp; whilst his companion, yet a mere boy, bore a richly-carved lute strung to his shoulder.

"God save you, my Lords of Thuringia!" exclaimed the elder, with dignified mien; "am I permitted to take a moment's repose amongst you?"

"Be welcome," said old Wolfram Von Barzel. "Be welcome, venerable pilgrim. Seat yourselves next to your minstrel brothers—they are our liege's chosen minnesingers. The bards offered the strangers friendly greeting; Liebertaut instantly addressed himself to the younger, and gaily invited him to partake of his wine cup, but the pilgrim, after courteously carrying it to his lips, returned it.

"Humph," said the minstrel, not in the best humour, "if thy singing surpass not thy companionship, thou'rt but a sorry bard."

"From whence come you, worthy sir?" asked Wolfram, addressing the senior pilgrim.

"From Palestine," was the reply.

"You saw there many a Knight of our dear fatherland?"

"Many a one."

"You warred in crusade?"

"I did, *mein herr*."

"Perchance you knew old Friedrich Von Waugenheim?"

"I knew him well."

"His was an unfortunate end! Often did I counsel him to remain at home. I told him that affair with the craven Lord of Reinhardtsbrunn could be absolved here as well as there. But he would not listen; he departed with his wife and infant daughter to the Holy Land, never to return again; and was there killed in single combat, by the Knight of Käfernburg."

The old man faintly smiled, while the eyes of his young companion flashed fire as though he could have annihilated the speaker.

"Yes!" interposed Dietrich Von Salza, "he was even as a father to us all; he led us first to battle, or into the lists; our rallying point was the lion that

gleamed upon his banner; he was indeed the boast of the land of Thuringia!"

Had any one marked the old pilgrim whilst listening to the conversation, he would have seen him no longer the wearied way-worn traveller; for his whole form dilated, and as, leaning against the trees' trunk, he drew himself up to his full height, his appearance was truly majestic, his eye still beaming with all the fire of youth.

"Be still, sirs, I pray ye," said Liebertaut, interrupting them. "Yonder comes one who, be he wherever he may, invariably usurps the sole right of conversation; we must listen in respectful silence."

As he spoke, a strange-looking figure, mounted on a mule, approached them; he was much below the middle stature, meagre and humpbacked; his sallow visage and attenuated features, lighted up by a pair of small vivid grey eyes, had a truly ludicrous expression; his distorted form was encased in a scarlet doublet and hose of the same colour mingled with black, while from his head depended a green and yellow cap, ornamented with silver bells. He nodded condescendingly to the surrounding guests, and Veit, the landlord, hastened to assist him to dismount from his mule, which was decked with the same musical appendages as himself, and a stately bunch of scarlet feathers withal. "What, in Heaven's name, brings you so late this evening, Master Klaus?" laughingly interrogated Liebertaut.

"He! my master," replied the dwarf—"That you shall know when I have taken refreshment, for in that respect my wit keeps pace with your muse. Well then, I come from Eisenach, where so many of what the world proclaims to be my profession were congregated, that they left no room for me. But ah! who have we here?" turning to the pilgrim from Palestine; "you look so grave, so thoughtful, that I can only compare you to an owl, just introduced amongst a company of sparrows; prithee, assume a cheerful countenance, laugh, and sing, if you can; those who associate with wolves, must howl with them."

"Leave me in peace," muttered the pilgrim.

"Well, well," persisted Klaus, "surely a kindly welcome does no harm; come,

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friend, chase the pensive mood, and lend a willing ear to mirth."

"Leave me to my thoughts, and keep your jesting for a more befitting subject," replied the pilgrim in a sterner tone.

"Worthy sir," continued Klaus, in graduated accents, at the same time drawing nearer to him; "pardon me if I inquire your name."

"It is not my intention to make it known at present."

"Will you refuse me also, young sir," demanded the jester, darting a scrutinising glance at the youthful traveller; but he maintained a steady silence.

"So, you are also nameless;"—then, after a pause, "and nameless I presume you must and will remain; but," he added, in a whisper—"I know you will: the grave can open, the dead may rise."

"Be silent, Klaus," answered the pilgrim in the same tone.

"In what hostelry have you taken your abode, my worthy master?" inquired the jester, in his usual voice, and with apparent indifference.

"I frequent none," answered the old man; "so long as the fair sun shines friendly on me, so long do I wander beneath the bright dome of heaven: but when night extends her sable mantle, and lights up her myriad lamps, then the cold dew falls too heavily on my aged head, and I seek some shelter where I may rest, till morning summons me to resume my pilgrimage."

"Then come with me to the castle of Wartburg, whither I am going; you shall mount my mule, and I will guide you up the mountain."

The pilgrim looked half displeased, and sharply replied—"I ride no mule, mount and ride on yourself: my son and I will follow; we know the way." He then took his harp, and courteously acknowledging the civilities of those present, walked on with a firm step, followed by his young companion.

CHAP. II.—THE TOURNAMENT.

WHILST this was passing at the Einhorn, the inhabitants of the castle of Eisenach, in which the Landgrave Frederick held his court during the tournament, were occupied with things of graver import. The Lady Elizabeth, bride of Count Friedrich, of Nuremberg, had been from her childhood attached to Lady Emmeline Von Küfernburg, having been brought

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up together, by the Landgrave's excellent mother, at her court at Gotha. Many were the pretenders to the hand of the rich and beautiful heiress, but she would listen to none but Count Everhardt Von Waugenheim; who, with all of that family, was held in high estimation by the Landgravine. She remembered with what chivalrous devotion his father had supported her late husband through the many feuds in which he had been engaged; she watched with feelings of satisfaction the growing attachment between his promising son and her favourite; and Everhardt's father, the famous knight of Waugenheim, witnessed their betrothal, and bestowed on them his paternal blessing, previously to his departure for Palestine; on his return from whence, the priestly ceremony was to have been performed. That return had never happened; and in its stead report was busy in proclaiming that he had fallen treacherously by the hand of Count Küfernburg, Emmeline's brother; and the mysterious disappearance of his Ida, at the same time, was universally attributed to the same agency. Without diminishing aught of the mutual attachment between the betrothed, this circumstance placed an insurmountable barrier to their union. The numerous race of the Waugenheims called loudly on Everhardt to avenge the deed, and louder still was the call of his feelings of right, and sense of honour; he swore eternal enmity to the Count, and neither the prayers and entreaties of his Emmeline, nor the serious interference of the Landgrave, aided by that of his mother and sister, could succeed in deterring the Knight from the firm resolve he had taken. When therefore Count Küfernburg suddenly returned from the Holy Land to his castle of Elgersburg, the Waugenheimers assembled themselves, laid siege to, and took it by storm, and almost without resistance fell into their hands, together with its Lord, the hitherto valiant Rudolph. Emmeline was tenderly attached to her brother; and although she could not but blame the wild and reckless life he led, and deplored the lightness and inconstancy of his disposition, still she knew him to be possessed of a noble and feeling heart, yet alike uncorrupted by the world, or brutalized by intercourse with his rough companions in arms. His sister alone

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knew the magic that attracted him to Palestine; that Ida Von Waugenheim was the magnet which could alone fix his wayward heart. She was silent, but hoped much from the influence that time and reflection might possibly effect in his volatile character. On his return she saw him but for a moment; melancholy and reserved, he heeded not her caresses, his ear seemed closed to her anxious solicitude. That the elder Waugenheim, the star of Thuringian chivalry, had fallen by his hand, he attempted not to deny; but Ida, he said, had vanished he knew not whither; and happiness had forsaken him for ever. This was all that his sympathising sister could learn from him, and she imparted the slender information to Everhardt, before he made his attack on the Elgersburg. From that day she saw him no more: neither her station nor her delicacy permitted her to keep her engagement with one who had become the avowed enemy of her race, and detained her brother a close prisoner, with the determination of sacrificing him to the manes of the man whose life he had wilfully destroyed. Some time had elapsed, and Emmeline thought she had successfully bent her inclinations to her duty, when she met Everhardt again at the tournament of Eisenach. With what excited feelings did she then behold him enter the lists, when in the first onset he overthrew Count Philip, of Hohenstein, and after him every Knight, whom he successfully encountered; she forgot her brother, she forgot the threatening future, every thing but the one still-loved object before her, the as yet undisputed victor of the day, amid the acclamations of thousands. His next opponent was the far-famed Günther Von Schwartzburg, that brave Thuringian, who subsequently turned his laurels into the imperial crown. Emmeline's heart beat high, for he was the hero of his day, and unvanquished in every encounter. Everhardt saluted him, and Emmeline involuntarily let fall her glove from the balcony; the young Knight saw it, and bowing his excuse to Schwartzburg, rode round the lists to the spot where lay the glove; then dismounting, he fastened it to his helmet, and held himself to be invincible.

Emmeline blushed deeply. "You were wrong," whispered the Landgrave
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Elizabeth, and the too late repenting one could only reply by a submissive obeisance; but reproof was lost upon her, for the trumpets sounded, the horses galloped round the arena, Schwartzburg's lance met the shield of Waugenheim; he gave way slightly, but still remained firm in his saddle, having lowered his lance without touching his antagonist.

"What means this?" demanded Günther, reining in his Arab charger. "What means this, Knight of Waugenheim?"

"A demonstration of my respect for the worthiest Knight in Saxony, to whose fame I yield, even as my lance now sinks before his own."

"I thank you, Count," replied Schwartzburg, "but pray you let me see the point in our next encounter, otherwise—"

"Be it as you will," cried Everhardt, and backing his horse to the entrance, the two Knights again rushed furiously at each other; both lances were shivered, but each combatant immoveably maintained his seat. Once more they encountered; Everhardt continued firm, and the Count evidently yielded, though in but a trifling degree; perceiving which, the Landgrave flung his baton into the arena to close the combat. The prize was awarded to Everhardt, and Count Günther himself led him up to the throne. As he knelt before the Countess Elizabeth to receive the gold in-laid helmet, destined as the victor's prize, Emmeline's brow crimsoned with a sensation of pleasure she found it impossible to suppress.

"You have this day," spoke the Countess, "proved yourself worthy of your noble father, the renowned Knight, Friedrich Von Waugenheim: show that you also resemble him in magnanimity, and in devotion to our sex: grant, therefore, the request which I, the daughter of your Prince, am about to make, here, in presence of the assembled nobles of Thuringia."

"Be it neither against God, my honour, nor my Sovereign, and I promise to do your bidding, lady, even though I know it not; and declare myself your faithful champion."

"'Tis well. Then set Rudolph Von Käfernburg at liberty!" said the young Countess, with a half mistrusting look at the Knight.

"It is your command; be it so!" he
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replied, "this day shall he be free: and as the Kahlenburg is not far distant from Eisenach, to-morrow he may tender you his thanks in person."

Emmeline was so overjoyed that the Landgravine could with difficulty restrain her. Everhardt then approaching the Landgrave, addressed him with calm dignity:—"The commands of the Lady Elizabeth, I am happy to obey, my liege; but I pray you grant me the ordeal according to the ancient laws of chivalry, and let Heaven decide between the Käfernburger and myself."

"I cannot refuse you," gravely replied the Landgrave; "but it is our pleasure that all feud shall cease until after the festival—then do even as ye list."

The tournament was over, and the last banquet remained to be given. Everhardt stood in the oriel window, his eyes fixed upon the only individual present whom he dared not approach. The glove still graced his cap, and a reproaching glance met his, as if to say: "What wilt thou of me, thou unforgiving heart!" "Sir Knight," said Master Klaus, interrupting this dumb intercourse, "had the Hohensteiner's lance been as keen as the Lady Emmeline's glances, of a surety it would have pierced you through and through!" Everhardt turned sullenly away. "Ah, my dear Count," continued Klaus, with a tone peculiar to himself when he meant to be amiable, he not so humorous; the victor's brow should be decked with smiles; had I so bright a lady-love as you may happily boast of, I should set the whole world at defiance. Come, banish these gloomy looks, take the Lady Emmeline's hand, and tread with her the mazy dance; then reconcile yourself to the wild boy who stands beside the Countess Elizabeth, and bear away his sister as a loving bride to your feudal halls."

Everhardt made no reply. "You condemn my good advice? Well, I shall inflict no more upon you; only once again will I try you. Meet me this evening in the garden when twilight falls, and the evening star sheds his earliest ray."

"For what reason?"

"More of that anon. Hush! the banquet is ready, and the place of honour belongs to you; I must to my post: farewell."

CHAP. III.—THE INTRODUCTION.

WIDE flew the folding doors of the Rittersaal, and displayed the heavy laden board, brilliant with the radiance of a hundred flashing tapers. A flourish of trumpets was heard, and Everhardt led in the Countess Elizabeth, from whom he had received the victor's prize. Emmeline sat at the same table on the opposite side; behind her chair stood the jester, who ever and anon used the privilege of his vocation, and addressed her in a low voice. Everhardt observed her colour rise in a flush of intense pleasure, and her eye beam with delight. The good Knight was silent, reserved—almost morose—and marvelled greatly what pointed witticism could so have excited a lady's mirth. Again the whisper was repeated, and shortly after the jester left the hall. He soon returned, and addressed the Landgrave. "My gracious lord, two pilgrims stand without, minnesingers to all appearance, who would fain be admitted to grace the festival with their song. You may accompany them, Master Conrad, and you too, Master Liebetaut, if no professional jealousy impair your voices."

"Let them come in," replied the Landgrave, "we will hear them." They entered, those same two pilgrims from the Holy Land.

"Reach them the wine cup, Lady Emmeline," said the Landgrave; "the minstrel will value it from the hand of beauty."

Emmeline rose, took two cups, and drew near the pilgrims. "Accept this, venerable father," she said to the elder, "and drink to the welfare of your race; and you, young sir," she continued, with a scrutinising look at the other, "may this dragnet chase from your brow the cloud that prematurely darkens it."

Both strangers gracefully acknowledged her courtesy. The minstrels tuned their harps; each in his turn sang of valiant deeds and noble knights, and the stranger pilgrim also bore his part in praise of brave crusaders who had laid down their lives for the Faith, and also of others who were spared once more to behold again their native land. During the repast the attention of Count Käfernburg had been repeatedly drawn to the young pilgrim; it seemed as though he recognised some feature or expression in

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that melancholy face, but the long black hair which shaded it, and fell nearly to his waist, obliterated the fancied resemblance. The Knight of Waugenheim also noticed the interesting boy; not that he sought to recognise him—not far more was he occupied with the friendly assiduities of the Lady Emmeline towards the young pilgrim. He listened with anxious ear to every word that passed between them, and as he merely touched with his lip the golden cup she again presented to him, and said, in a soft, low voice, "May a true heart be your portion, one that shall be steadfast through weal or woe!" he heard her meaningly reply, "Your presence is a source of happiness to me." Then his brow knitted firmly, and rage and jealousy "marked him for their own."

The banquet over, the dance began, and the pilgrims retired to another part of the Rittersaal to observe the gay and moving scene. Everhardt, as victor of that day's tournament, commenced with the Countess Elizabeth; her husband, the Burggraf, followed with the lady Emmeline. The Knight seemed ill at ease with himself and the world; he observed that Emmeline's attention was constantly directed to the young pilgrim; he marked his ill-concealed satisfaction, and burning with rage, left the hall and wandered into the cool night air to seek some relief for his perturbation of spirit. He was soon aware that a light footstep followed him; he quickened his pace, but as he struck into a deep-shaded winding path of the gardens, the tinkling of bells announced the presence of Klaus; he would have avoided him, but turn where he would, the jester followed like his shadow; at last the Knight suddenly stood still, and said, "Why persecute me thus, Klaus? leave me for once in peace, and carry your wit to a fitter scene. I am in no jesting mood."

"For that precise reason do I come, Sir Knight; and moreover, I am here by appointment. In scenes where gaiety and pleasure reign triumphant, the merry-maker is superfluous; but where grief and melancholy intrude themselves into the heart, there the silver bell should tarry until the dark demons be fairly exorcised; believe me, Knight, I could be of more use to you than holy father confessor."

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"And what is all this about?" asked the Knight, pettishly.

"To exemplify, that my presence is necessary to you—that I am ready and willing to chase the fiend that torments you—and finally, to inform you that you are a greater fool than I am myself."

"Klaus!" vociferated Everhardt.

"You do not believe me; then listen: promising me first, however, neither to interrupt me by word or blow, for I can endure neither. Will you do so?"

The Knight otherwise liking him, and not able to unravel his meaning, nodded assent.

Klaus, with mock solemnity, arrested his further progress. "You love and hate; your look brings life to the lady Emmeline; your arm, death. You would forsake her, yet could not behold her another's. You quit her presence, and alas for her when you are absent! Fair would you call her your's, and with the death-stroke you would inflict upon her brother, she is lost to you for ever. Your love is your heaven, yet from that heaven's gate you allow hatred to plunge you into an abyss of misery. Is it not so?"

"Well, what does all this mean?"

"I mean to hold up a mirror wherein you may behold your counterpart, dear Knight," he continued, in a confidential tone,—“you are a brave man— unquestionably brave; in self-combat alone are you always vanquished, and for that reason—”

"Be brief, I am losing patience," exclaimed Everhardt.

"For that reason, I counsel you."

"To reconciliation!" hastily spoke the Knight—"never, never!"

"Heaven take the sin from me!" continued Klaus:

"Blood must flow; in your place I would not wait the expiration of the three days. This night concludes the festival; within this same hour I would pray the Landgrave's permission to commence the combat with to-morrow's dawn, that no time should be lost, and I might be quit either of my vengeance or my life. To-morrow would I sheathe my sword in the heart of Käfernburg, then hasten to lay the yet reeking trophy at the feet of Lady Emmeline, and crave her thanks."

So saying, he sprang aside among the

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thick shrubberies, and while his silver bells yet tinkled in the distance, the Knight stood rooted to the spot, and repeated, with husky tone, the word "to-morrow." Two white forms were distinctly visible in the moonlight, and obliquely crossed the path, not far from the place where Everhardt was standing; they were females, and one of them appeared to be Emmeline. He loudly called her by name, but there was no reply, and the figures vanished from his sight. "Is it a dream?" he exclaimed, endeavouring to collect his senses, "or did not the spirit of Ida, my unhappy sister, appear to me? has she called that of my Emmeline also to her dwelling in paradise? was it a warning vision, sent me by my protecting angel? or,"—here he strode hastily onwards—"could it have been reality?" and he sought in every path, but in vain; he found no trace of them. The stillness was only occasionally broken by the sound of trumpets and other musical instruments from the castle, floating on the night breeze; or when the music died away, the warbling of many nightingales amongst the thick, dark foliage. Again the fluttering robe is distinguishable, and a low, soft whisper proved the mortality of the speaker. Everhardt sprang to the spot in time to enjoy the following colloquy.

"Oh, my beloved!" said a voice, which seemed familiar to him; "may I repose entire confidence in you?" "My heart is incapable of betraying you; it is yours," replied Emmeline. They embraced. The enraged Knight rushed between them; Lady Emmeline took flight, and the pilgrim would have followed her, but the powerful hand of Everhardt detained him—the affrighted youth sank on his knees before him.

"And it is to this boy—this worm, that crawls at my feet, that she has sacrificed me!" bitterly exclaimed the Knight. "Away, wretch," he cried, flinging him from him; "and as thou valuest thy pitiful life, never let me see thy face again!"

This was enough; the Knight's resolve was taken, all deliberation was at an end. The spirit of his father, the spirit of his unfortunate sister seemed to invoke his aid, and gladly he obeyed the call. The image of his Emmeline no

longer restrained him; vengeance had usurped the place of every other feeling in his bosom, and in that mood he returned to the Rittersaal. The first object that met his gaze was Emmeline, standing beside a pillar, in conversation with the jester, and instead of shrinking beneath the withering glance, she met it with a calm and open look, almost of tenderness. "And she dares thus to appear before me," thought he, with inward hatred: "can meet me with the placid composure of apparent innocence, even as a saint, after completing some pious duty? Oh, woman, woman! deception was the cradle-gift bestowed by some malignant fairy on thee!" After some little time passed in the same good Christian-like reflections, Everhardt ventured one more look—positively the last—in the same direction. She was there, maintaining the same gentle demeanour. "This is too much," he muttered, turned from the spot, sought for the pilgrims, they had disappeared; he then prepared to quit the hall, when he was met by the Landgrave.

"What ails you, Knight of Waugenheim?" inquired Frederick the Grave; "the victor of the day should not absent himself from the festivity of the night. Seek you not some one from these fair maidens for the dance? There stands the Lady Emmeline Von Käfernburg; I doubt not she would prefer a measure with you, even to the conversation of Master Klaus."

"Prince," replied the Knight, not entirely satisfied with the Landgrave's recommendation, "permit me to withdraw myself from this gay scene, for it ill suits the import and duty I yet have to perform; and if your Grace still favours my petition, grant that the day of ordeal may be fixed for to-morrow, that I may avenge my father, or die."

The Landgrave remained silent for a few moments, then resumed: "If my sister's request has failed to induce a reconciliation between you, any effort of mine would be useless. Your wish is granted: to-morrow at sunset shall the combat begin, although an inward voice tells me that the result will be other than you anticipate."

"The result is in the hands of Providence, the honour of my race in mine," answered the Knight; and taking one

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involuntary look at Emmeline, he left the hall.

CHAP. IV.—THE DISCOVERY.

THE sun was fast completing his westward journey on the following day, when Ritter Waugenheim, accompanied by thirty Knights of that family, appeared again at the lists; his opponent, surrounded by his friends and vassals, was stationed on the opposite side, near the balcony where the Landgrave was seated, and which was hung with black for the occasion, and ungraced by any of the ladies of the court. The Landgrave gave the signal, the combatants entered, and the heralds examined their arms; the necessary oaths were then administered, and they rode to the extremity of the lists. The trumpets gave their first blast, and the Knights, planting themselves firmly in their stirrups, were just preparing for the onset, when a stranger Knight, attended by a single Esquire, rode to the entrance, and demanded to be admitted. The trumpets ceased sounding, the Landgrave assented, and the stranger rode in. He was tall, and powerfully formed, clad in an entire suit of black armour, somewhat rusted; his shield was plain, without device, and he wore his visor down. The Esquire was similarly attired, and on foot. The Unknown Knight bore a ponderous lance, and managed his gigantic black charger with ease and grace. He rode up to the balcony, and bowing, thus addressed the Landgrave: "My liege, the Knight Everhardt Von Waugenheim is about to engage in combat *à l'outrance* with the Count of Käfernburg, touching the reported murder of his father, and the abduction of his sister by the latter. Now, I am here to maintain on my oath of knighthood, before Heaven, and before you, that the Knight of Waugenheim is in error. Count Käfernburg did not slay Count Friedrich Von Waugenheim, neither did he carry off the lady; and who-so believes not these my words, let him take up my glove, if you my Lord Landgrave grant me the combat."

The Landgrave nodded assent, the iron gauntlet lay in the sand, and the herald, with loud voice, proclaimed the challenge. Then Sir Everhardt rode furiously up, and took the glove, exclaiming, "Thou liest;" then turning to

Count Käfernburg, "Grant me your patience yet awhile," he said. Then having asked and obtained the Landgrave's permission to commence the combat, Wolram Von Barzel came forward, and asserted on oath, that the unknown Knight was of equal birth, and honour irreproachable, and needed neither arms nor device to prove it.

Again the trumpets sounded; Everhardt holding his lance in rest, rushed with impetuosity on his antagonist, who, with his visor raised, rode steadily forward to meet him. They approached each other—yet nearer—and Everhardt reining in his horse, shuddered—and the lance fell from his hand. The stranger then closed the visor, turned his horse round, and rode slowly out of the lists. Pale as death sat Everhardt on his impatient steed; then tearing open his visor, he rode after the unknown. The umpires inquired the meaning of the strange result of the encounter. "The sight of me will suffice to disarm him," was the reply—"let him meet me again." The trumpeter sounded for the last time. Everhardt slowly resumed his station; and at the signal rode onwards to meet his new enemy, without closing his visor; at the moment they encountered, the stranger raised his own; again Everhardt stood still, threw down his lance, and seizing the handle of his sword, held it before the Knight, who remained calm and unmoved before him; he exclaimed—"If thou art sent from the evil world, fly before this sign of the Holy Cross. Art thou the spirit of my father, speak—what leads thee here to daunt me thus?"

"Everhardt!" cried the Knight, as his helmet rolled to the ground, and discovered the benign visage of the elder Waugenheim, beaming with affection on his son, "Everhardt, I live!" The young Knight sprang from his horse and bent his knee before his father, who received him in his arms amid the shouts and acclamations of all present.

"Thus do I punish your obstinacy," said the Landgrave; "you merited it by your stubborn opposition to the request of your Prince. Go, and try and reconcile the Lady Emmeline to you; I perceive that Count Waugenheim's Esquire and the Knight of Käfernburg, are no longer on terms of enmity. Emmeline's disposition was any thing but vin-

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dictive; that day proved to be one of rejoicing at Eisenach, and productive of unmixed joy and gratification to the now united houses of Waugenheim and Käfernburg.

The old Chronicle from which the foregoing simple tale of former days has been taken, affords the following explanation: the Knight of Waugenheim, distrustful of the Käfernburger, discountenanced his attentions to his daughter, when in Palestine. It chanced that, on his return from visiting his dying wife, he encountered the young Knight in a wood not far from Joppa; warm words arose, and the youth became exasperated; they fought, Waugenheim fell, severely wounded in the head. On recovering he found himself in a hut, his child beside him; a priest had brought her from her mother's death-bed, to attend an almost dying father. Long and slow was his progress to health, and he himself spread the report of his death in order to deceive the Count, and then undertook his promised pilgrimage to Jerusa-

lem for the performance of his vow. His stay there was but short; Ida's cheek was blanched with grief, and she languished to return to her native country, for she learned that the Count had arrived there, and could no longer conceal her attachment to him from her father. He determined on their return; the journey passed off without danger; and they preserved the disguise of pilgrims, in order the more secretly to prove the young Count, about whom Waugenheim still entertained some suspicion. They were recognised by Klaus, who made known their arrival to the Landgrave, and the Knight found himself obliged to enter into his views and plans as to the method of discovering himself.

"The race of Käfernburg," says the old Chronicle, "did not continue long, and was at last extinguished, the Elgerburg property then passed into other hands; but the line of Friedrich Von Waugenheim still flourishes, and will do so for years to come."

The ancient record spoke truth, for that race continues unto the present day.

THE DEPARTURE OF SUMMER.

Thou art going, thou art going,
Laughing Summer, with thy train
Of sweet flowers, no longer glowing,
Nature woos thy stay in vain.
Thou art going, thou art going,
All things mourn, thy brightness flown—
And the river on is flowing,
Murmuring with a saddened tone.

Thou art going, thou art going,
On the balmy breeze no more
Float rich scents of thy bestowing—
Bloom and perfume both are o'er.
Thou art going, thou art going,
In some sunnier land to dwell,
Where no harsh, cold winds are blowing—
Laughing Summer, fare thee well!

T. W.

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE CONCERTS.

THE season is ended ; the opera closed ; the artistes are upon the continent, or in the provinces ; and the concert-rooms, so lately resounding with music, altogether deserted. Alas ! *sic transit gloria mundi*. But as the echo of the vallies conveys to us the voice of a beloved mistress, who has withdrawn to a distance, but whose tones still charm, though far off, so we now delight to recall our impressions and thoughts of that music which we love, but which has departed from us. There have been suggested to us some very just reflections, which, we trust, will be found agreeable, and concurrent with the sentiments of our readers.

Drawing-room music has become a branch of the art as important as that of the grand orchestral concerts. Nevertheless, on casting the eye over the programmes of musical meetings, it is easy to perceive that, not only is the object of the composers not attained, but frequently altogether lost sight of. Religious music should edify, and dispose the soul to the comprehension of the divine harmonies ; dramatic music should portray individual and social life, with all their accidents, their changes, their earthly passions. Drawing-room music holds an intermediate rank between these two kinds. It is neither religious mysticism, nor absorbing stage-action ; but neither ought it to consist of the country-dance and comic song. Although the music of the church and theatre rise not always to their destined degree of elevation, yet the very nature of their subjects causes them to preserve a certain dignity which protects and vivifies them, whilst concert music sustains a daily diminution of importance by its departure from its proper aim.

In fact, it is impossible that music should produce a deep and lasting impression, except by the union of all those parts whose concurrence is essential to the production of a grand effect. All the details of this combined whole should

be conformed to æsthetic and logical rule. Intelligent minds find no delight in that of which they can form no clear conception. For the dull and stupid it is useless to provide music ; they love evening parties, sometimes for the dance, and always for the supper.

Applying these observations to the generality of concerts, we ask if their arrangements are of a nature to satisfy the just demands of connoisseurs, or to impress amateurs with the beauties of good music ? A concert, in which are confounded, in undistinguishable minglement, all the species of music, where—as unfortunately can be proved, from the programmes of all our matinées and soirées musicales we have had—we hear successively a *grand concerto*, an *air*, a *romance* ; after which a *fantasia*, a *fragment*, and a *whole* ; then a *comic interlude*, and *studies* eternal, with *variations*, *bravuras*, &c. &c., (heaven preserve us from the like !) Can such a concert be in any way useful to the art ? There is hardly time to apprehend the sounds ; how then can they be understood ?

Let us in thought transport ourselves to one of these assemblies, and observe the effect upon a genuine lover of music. He has just heard a piece that has filled him with sensations of delight ; his soul is open to the softest emotions ; deep in contemplative enjoyment, he awaits the next performance, to receive a fresh and deeper excitement.* Alas ! a contrast, as grating as unexpected, dispels all his sweet illusions—overthrows all his cherished ideas. Surprised, hardly able to account for this sudden transition, at first he doubts if he be still in the same place ; but nothing is left him but to shake off these impressions, to make way for those to be produced by the succeeding piece. At last he regains the mastery of himself, and is able to control his sensations, changes their character, in fact believes himself favourably prepared to listen to the performance of the moment, and tries to give himself up entirely to its influence. But neither is

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this illusion of long duration; a second time he is obliged to abandon his train of thought; and thus he is buffeted and tossed about to the end of the eighteen pieces, the prescribed number in all public concerts. And notwithstanding all this, it is impossible not to admit that the promises of the programme have not been fulfilled. Giuliani has done wonders upon his violin—Pottz has drawn tears with his flute—Grisi never sang better. The duet between Alary and Costa was given with fire. Each separate performance merited the warmest praises. Nevertheless, the amateur quits this splendid assemblage of talent, confused by a thousand different feelings; and, his head suffering from an indescribable agitation, he finds he has not been allowed to enjoy one single sensation of delight, and sinks down in a paroxysm of mortification and pain.

Nor is this to be considered as a picture of the fancy, drawn merely for amusement. Let the experiment be tried without any prejudice or preconceived opinion, and it will soon be admitted that this description is free from exaggeration.

The time is arrived, then, for conscientious artistes to put an end to this Vandalism in the art. They must exert themselves to make their concerts of a nature to satisfy at once the mind, the soul, and the heart. To arrive at this result, they must exert themselves to procure a better selection both for the singing and the instrumental part, in order that there may not be this unsuitable contrast,—that the feelings of the moment may not be so violently removed by feelings of a contrary character, and that the emotions may be better regulated. It is the part of true connoisseurs to make a well-ordered selection from the rich treasures with which each kind of music abounds.

We do not mean to say that variety is to be excluded from concerts, but that the variety should have a motive in it. Thus, after having wrought the souls of the auditory to an intoxication of delight, it is not right to fill their ears with the tones of anguish and lamentation; or, after truly beautiful lyric melodies, to introduce the worthless trifles of the Jim Crow class.

In the vocal part of concerts, there

should generally be but a moderate portion of airs from operas, for it seldom happens that what the composer created for the stage, will appear to advantage in a concert-room. There, action and decoration unite to complete the idea of the musician; here, there is no action, and consequently the detached piece loses a great part of its effect. Selections may, nevertheless, be made from certain operas, no longer heard at the theatre, but still listened to with delight in the concert-room. What treasures may not be found in the works of Pacini, Sacchini, Gluck! It should also be remembered that a multitude of composers, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, and others, have written concertos and airs that attract universal applause; at all events, it must be admitted that these things might be managed.

Good singers might, without any hazard to their reputation, give a better direction to the public taste, by entertaining it with that which is beautiful, instead of wearying its attention with ephemeral compositions, at once unmeaning and aimless.

Instrumental music is still more susceptible of improvement in its direction. So great has been its progress within the last few years, that the artiste is no longer excusable if he neglects to apply his talent to the interpretation of good productions. Hear the great masters in the art of instrumentation, and you cannot fail to admire the power and justness of their execution. Hear the first pieces performed in concert, by intelligent musicians, does it not appear that one soul, one single mind, animates the whole? In this consists principally the superiority of the present to the past. And if we heard only these great masters, and assemblies of distinguished artistes, our present complaints would certainly be unfounded; such names would be sufficient guarantee, both for the selection of the pieces, and for their accurate performance.

It is then for masters of acknowledged talent not to seek additional reputation by their success in the difficulties, the cassecons of music. Spare us all these gallops, these airs, with variations, waltzes, and bravuras, which serve no other purpose than that of displaying

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the power of execution, and fatiguing the company. Let us be entertained more frequently with classic pieces. Such models will purify the public taste, and aggrandise the artistes own reputation. At present the multitude is satiated with frivolous music, because it is imagined to find no delight in any other. But how can this be known? Has its taste for our ancient authors and good modern composers ever been tried. Instead of complicate music, in which it is most difficult to distinguish any new ideas, has the attempt ever been made of making it comprehend that musical language, the poetry of harmony, which reflects our joys and our griefs, and which words could never express?

Mechanical execution would obtain much higher *éclat* were it associated with the sometimes sublime, sometimes naïf style of our ancestors. These things, it is said, are no longer in fashion; this is a gross error. The true and beautiful are of all ages; but a thorough perception and complete understanding of the ideas of the past are necessary to the performance of the works of the great masters.

This seemed to us to be well comprehended by some artistes at Paris, who took deep interest in the progress of music; weary, undoubtedly, of the inundation of easy compositions, they have united to give to instrumental music a high and serious tendency.

A similar society ought to be formed in London, and should endeavour to direct, or at least to influence, all concerts. The most eminent artistes ought, in some manner, to raise a temple to the grand symphonies of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, and the *chefs-d'œuvre* of all music, of every kind and of every country.

There is something noble and glorious in the wish to exalt the music of the drawing-room to the grandeur of an artistic solemnity, to familiarise us with the many magnificent works now dormant in the dust of our libraries, and to vary them with new and original productions. In spite of the popularity enjoyed by the names of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and numerous others, Italian, Spanish, and German, it must be admitted that we know not the tenth part of the works of celebrated masters. What an admirable repertory might there be in such a city as London, where so much music is performed, and so much money expended.

The association of the first artistes from all parts, with those of London, ought to be the foundation of a new era. Since at the present day music is performed for all the world, it is time that it should be given also to connoisseurs and musicians. The concerts of the past season have, in many respects, been magnificent, still we think the observations we have heard and repeated are most just. Celebrated artistes, like Thalberg, Doehler, Humann, Emiliani, Cicbra, have each afforded us exquisite enjoyment. Grisi, Persiani, Garzia, Rubini, Lablache, Mario, Tamburini, Balfe, are, in their separate parts, always the delight of amateurs. But in the present epoch we must not permit ourselves to remain satisfied with the materiality alone of the art. We must raise our thoughts to heaven: our souls must become spiritualised. The *utile dulci* should be ever present to the artiste: for we shall incessantly repeat, art, under all its forms, is destined, by the gentlest of means, to accomplish the grand work of the fraternal civilisation of the whole world.

Monthly Critic.

Temptation, or a Wife's Perils. In 3 vols. Colburn.

AN author ought to possess great genius, united with great judgment, who ventures to unveil the trials of a tempted heart, and at the same time purposes to elicit a beneficial lesson from the story. Such is the avowed intention of the lady who has written the novel of "*Temptation, or a Wife's Perils.*" This work will command considerable attention, from its having been attributed to an authoress of genius and beauty, whose domestic miseries have been the theme of every tongue. That lady has indeed written on the same subject, but treated it in a very different manner. We do not recognise that lady's style in these volumes.

In the narrative and descriptive portions, this work possesses considerable fascination; wherever poetic feeling or sentiment is the subject, passages of great eloquence occur; as far as the agitations of unhappy love are concerned, intense knowledge of the human heart is displayed, and there is now and then a burst of tragic power shown, which leads us to suppose that the authoress possesses genius of which she as yet knows not the legitimate use. We refer to the character of Lord Montgomery, the idiotic husband of the heroine, as an instance; the fearful violence of his obtuse feelings, when once roused from their dormant state, and the insane aimlessness of that violence; his habits as a timist, in constantly giving warning of the hour (a known faculty of some idiots), all is touched with a masterly hand.

On the other side, the comic attempts are failures—the dialogues of servants and other low characters are inane, not a dash of humour atones for the nonsense they utter. The lunch at Cheltenham, and all the dialogue not occupied on serious or elevated subjects, we consider positive waste of printing. Let our authoress abstain from all attempts at portraying vulgarity or mirthfulness—it is not the bent of her genius.

The story is nearly similar in its outset to Lady Dacre's charming tale of

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Milly and Lucy, but instead of the heroine being united to a *blasé*, man of quality, full of tact and acumen, the unhappy Helen is married, in girlhood, to a nobleman who is a tame madman. Of course the story takes a very different bent from Lady Dacre's tale.

The following extracts will show the heroine in her girlhood and as a matron.

The next morning, as Mrs. Gardner was sitting quietly knitting in her dressing-room after breakfast, thinking over all her miseries, and the wretchedness of being routed out of her own home at her time of life, the door flew open suddenly, and in rushed Helen, with her face as red as fire, and her eyes nearly starting out of her head. She banged to the door with violence, and throwing herself upon a chair, panted for breath.

"Dear me! how rough you are, Helen," exclaimed her aunt, in a peevish voice, but without raising her head. "I wish you would not startle one so. Do learn to be more lady-like!—Very disagreeable!"

"Oh, aunt!" cried Helen, her voice nearly choked with emotion, as she still struggled for breath, "What *do* you think has happened? Such a thing!"

Mrs. Gardner turned quite round, and looked at her niece in astonishment. She was struck with the agitation visible in her countenance.

"What *has* happened?" she inquired, for once in a tone of real curiosity.

"Oh dear! what shall I do? I am so frightened, and—who would have thought it?"

"Thought what? What has frightened you, silly child?" cried her aunt, growing more and more impatient every moment; "can't you tell one at once, instead of keeping one in suspense in this manner. What shall I do? I'll tell you what *to* do, when I know what has happened."

"Lord Montgomery!"

"Well! what of him?"

"He has just proposed to me. Oh, aunt Letty!"

And she covered her face with her hands, and burst into a flood of tears.

For once in her life, aunt Letty *was* surprised. It was her way to pique herself upon never being astonished at any thing; but this time she really did feel astonished. For a moment or two, all she could utter, was "well!" in a tone of voice which com-

pletely baffles description; but which certainly implied that for once in her life she had not been prepared for what had occurred. At length she was able to speak.

"Don't cry, child; but sit up and tell me what you mean. Lord Montgomery proposed to you? Are you sure?"

"Oh yes; quite sure. He repeated it over and over again; and he said he loved me, and—"

"Why, the man has only known you three days."

"Five days, aunt," interrupted Helen, with an earnest simplicity that was amusing.

Helen slowly departed to her own room; but not immediately to obey her aunt's injunction of being "a good child." She felt frightened; completely bewildered, and altogether overcome:—and throwing herself on her bed, she gave way to her feelings and wept unrestrainedly. After some time, she felt better, and sitting up on the bed, wiped her red and swollen eyes, and began to reflect upon all that had taken place. Was it really not a dream? No: it had actually happened! Lord Montgomery had been there. He had proposed to her, and if she had not given him an answer, she must give him one shortly. What should it be? *there* was the doubt. She could hardly refuse him. He had said it would make him miserable;—and it was so kind of him to wish to marry her. He had been so good natured, too; he was such a great man; and yet he talked as if *she* were quite his equal. And he had told her that there was nothing in the world he would not do to please her: that she should be entirely her own mistress; go where she liked, and do exactly as she pleased.

Her own mistress! To be no longer a child, but really and truly a woman!—and a married woman! A Countess, too! how well it would sound! "Helen Montgomerys!" Charming! Such a sweet name! She must write it down, to see how it looked!

It looked beautiful,—and she had covered half a sheet of paper with "Helen Montgomerys," and "The Countess of Montgomery," before she was satisfied.

The sketch of Lord Montgomery it might be thought was taken from life.

Soon after her marriage, she had the pleasure of welcoming aunt Letty to her new home. And it *was* a pleasure, not only because she really loved her, but because she felt that in future she would be independent of her, and we always like people better when we no longer fear them. Aunt Letty could never again exert her authority over her; for she was now mar-

ried. There was no fear of the Countess of Montgomery being sent to bed sooner than she liked, or made to practise an additional hour on the harp, or forbidden to read any book she chose. No! Aunt Letty would, in future, be a friend, and not a governess; and as for her gloom and reserve, and occasional fits of bad temper, Helen was too much accustomed to them to mind them.

Aunt Letty and Lord Montgomery got on tolerably well together, upon the whole; that is, neither of them, from morning till night, ever interfered with, or gave the slightest annoyance to, the other; excepting, indeed, when he volunteered to tell her what o'clock it was; a peculiar habit of his, and one which not a little disturbed her equanimity. If any one entered the room, immediately out would come his watch, and he would tell them exactly the hour. If any one by chance fixed their eyes upon his countenance, he imagined they could have but one reason—a desire to know what o'clock it was, and he instantly informed them. Friends, relations, guests, it was the same with all. Of him it could not be said that

—————"He took no note of time
But from its loss,"——

for he was a living, breathing, time-piece. No one need carry a watch about in his house; it was a completely useless article: one was very sure not to be allowed to forget the flight of time. Helen did not mind his singular habit in the least. At first, indeed, she thought it rather odd, but as she was particularly giddy, and apt to forget the time herself, especially when agreeably occupied, she imagined he did it out of kindness to her, in order to correct her of this defect, and she soon began to find it extremely convenient, to be constantly reminded of the hour; for it saved her not only from the chance of forgetting any engagement, but also from the trouble of trying to remember it. But Mrs. Gardner was not so easily pleased. She had no idea of relinquishing the habit of forty years' standing, of carrying about her own large old-fashioned warming-pan; and still less of looking at it for herself; and when, on her entrance into the drawing-room, Lord Montgomery almost always assailed her with—"It is just half-past eleven, ma'am," or, "It has just struck two," she could rarely refrain, though she well knew it was useless, from a somewhat peevish, "Really, Lord Montgomery, it does not signify to me; it may be six for any thing I care."

Another of Lord Montgomery's peculiarities, was an insuperable aversion to any companion when he walked out, which he generally did once or twice a day. There

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was no exception to this rule; not even Helen herself. He never made the slightest objection to driving out with her in the pony chaise or phaeton, but he would not allow her to accompany him in his walks; and when, by dint of entreaty, she did persuade him once or twice to let her go, he was evidently so uncomfortable, that she determined never to press him on that point again. No one could discover the reason of this strange fancy; nor did he seem to know it himself. In vain Helen inquired whether it was that she walked too slow or too fast, or whether he disliked to be talked to whilst he was out, or preferred her not taking his arm;—he could not tell; she might do just as she liked, but he preferred walking by himself, and walk by himself he consequently did; for she thought it her duty to let him have his own way in all things where he had a preference, which was not often. And she soon found, too, that the kindest thing was to avoid meeting him during these solitary walks, for, if he ever perceived any one at a distance, he always turned sharp round, and hastened back the way he came, or darted into some side path, with an evident desire to elude observation; and he always had a frightened, scared look, as though he suspected some one to be laying in wait to surprise or to observe him. This strange fancy had excited many curious surmises; but, as there seemed no foundation for any of them, it is more than probable, that it was nothing but one of those remarkable eccentricities to which he was subject, as the rest of his family had been before him.

Singular in most things, he was singular also as a lover. He rarely said any thing tender or affectionate to Helen, and seldom professed any regard for her; but he would sit, sometimes for hours together, with his eyes fixed upon her countenance, whilst his own still retained the same vacant expression; and if, after a time, she happened to look up and to smile upon him, as she often did, he would mutter in a low, husky voice, which had something like emotion in it, "Have every thing you like, do just as you choose," and then continue gazing as before. This was the strongest proof of his love,—for she was the only person he ever looked at. Whether from shyness, or some other cause, he never could endure to meet the eye of any human being; he would quail under the glance even of a servant as though he had been guilty of some crime. Notwithstanding these eccentricities, his establishment was by no means ill-managed, as might have been expected; every thing went on with the same dull, unwearied regularity, day after day, for he could not endure change of any kind, and he was wonderfully quick

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in perceiving any omission or alteration in things which came under his notice. Nothing could induce him, however, to speak to a servant himself. When he had orders to give, he always wrote them down, and gave them in silence to the steward, who afterwards delivered them to the others. Any complaint, any change, any dismissal, was made in this way; and if there were any answer, it was also given in writing by one of the upper servants.

With such great singularities, it was no wonder that Lord Montgomery was believed by many people to be completely mad. Yet he was really not wanting in sense; and if his wife asked his advice on any point, he would give it with judgment, though nothing would induce him to decide in any matter whatever. It was always, "Do just as you choose, my dear." Whether she doubted about taking a drive, or paying a visit, or dining early or late, she was sure to get nothing from him but "Just as you choose. Do as you like;" till, at last, she began really to wish that he would object to something she did, by way of variety.

The following passage is in the author's best style.

"Time and the hour runs through the roughest day;" and once more the night closed in, and she resolved again to keep watch by the bedside of her darling. Hour after hour passed heavily by, and still the little girl tossed about, feverish and uneasy. But at length, to her mother's inexpressible delight, she became somewhat quieter, her moans were less frequent, and after a time she sank into a deep and tranquil slumber. For nearly an hour, Helen sat motionless in the large arm-chair placed for her beside the bed, with her eyes fixed upon her child, scarcely daring to breathe, lest she should disturb her; and she held her breath and trembled with alarm, when the sound of a distant clock, striking twelve, fell upon her ear. But little Susan heeded it not; she still slept on, till at last her mother, exhausted by anxiety and watching, sank back in her chair, and fell asleep also.

They had remained thus a considerable time, when the door, which, by some accident, had been left ajar, was slowly, almost imperceptibly, pushed open, and Vernon peeped in. Perceiving that all was quiet, and that Lady Montgomery was asleep, he could not resist the temptation to enter. Slowly, noiselessly, he stole into the room, and gazed upon the scene before him. It was, indeed, one that a painter might have chosen—so peaceful, so calm, so beautiful. The curtains, which were only partially drawn, admitted the

light of the moon, which shone full into that silent chamber, and added to its character of stillness and repose. There, in her little bed, lay the infant form of the sick child—her pale face turned towards her mother, and one tiny arm resting on the pillow, whilst the other was laid across her bosom, in the utter abandonment of sleep. Close by was the beautiful form of the youthful mother, who, evidently overcome with fatigue, had sunk back, unconsciously, in the act of watching, whilst her head, slightly upraised, and her hands joined together on her knees, in an attitude of supplication, seemed as though her last thought, her last effort, had been a prayer for her child. The long, silken hair, which she had loosened, fell around her shoulders in dark masses, and served to show forth still more visibly the marble whiteness of her countenance. Her eye-lids were heavy and swollen with weeping, but the long, dark fringes beneath them rested gently on her pale cheeks, and so quietly she slept, that she scarcely seemed to breathe. Close by her, on a little table, was an hour-glass, with the sand quite run out, a single rose-bud, whose leaves were fast fading away, even before they had come to perfection, and a small lamp, just expiring, which, every now and then, gave one bright gleam, and then sank again, and almost entirely disappeared.

It was a holy, a quiet scene, and Vernon was touched as he gazed upon it. Beautiful and innocent being, thought he, as his eyes rested on the form of her he loved, who would harm you? Sleep on, unconscious of the sorrow which, perhaps, awaits your waking.

"Bright be thy dreams; may all thy weeping
Turn into smiles, whilst thou art sleeping."

Oh! that by any suffering of my own, I could spare you yours!

He left the room, but, before he went, he took the rose-bud which was on the table beside her. It was the same he had given her in the morning, and it had dwelt in her bosom, and for her had breathed out all its early fragrance. It was faded now, but, for her sake, it was dear to him. Could he but have known how she cherished these little memorials of his regard, it would have been even dearer.

The scene where Helen believes that her cousin has revealed her obstinate persistence in iniquitous purposes to her insane Lord, and her natural dread of his excited fury, is a fine one, and the author has effected in it the moral end, which, however she may have arrived at, we think she has failed to accomplish in many other scenes which detail the adul-

tery of the heart, and the progress of forbidden passion.

The authoress has erred in upposing herself qualified to be a religious teacher: her sentiments are generally too deficient in the true spirit of that high mission; she mentions whole classes of her fellow-creatures with too much contempt to have ever felt a germ of practical Christianity;—a really religious person could not anathematize servants, governesses, and dependents, in terms of scornful generality, at the risk of encouraging all those who are inclined to treat them cruelly. It is in the power of the authoress to fascinate her readers, and produce a novel which will sell rapidly; but if it be her ambition to become a moral and religious guide, she must pursue a widely different course in ethics.

St. Stephen's; or, Pencillings of Politicians. By MASK.

WHATEVER be the individual opinion respecting this book, there can be no doubt but that all parties will be prodigiously amused by its contents. We were especially diverted with the preface, self-esteem therein manifesting itself in most lively activity. Not a bad joke is it for a man seriously to set forth, that our present Ministers will only be remembered a few centuries hence by the commemorations of Mask? Surely he might leave them the humble hope of being recollected for the mischiefs they are doing. We would not, for the world, attempt to give a peep at the features of our *beau masque*; but his gibes make us surmise that he is some rantipole reporter. Irish, may be, clever, fluent, and audacious, as that class generally is, and by his vocation "well acquainted" with the outward and visible signs of the Houses of Parliament, and therefore able to hit off comical caricatures on the principal members. He ranks his first-rate politicians rather according to their capabilities of being turned into ridicule by broad personal description or striking anecdote, than from their abilities as statesmen, or their attainments as men.

His prejudices (though few of his subjects are dismissed without a cuff or a kick) are Whiggish. They may be judged by the following scale of his dealings. Towards Earl Grey he is adora-

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tive; Lord Melbourne and Lord Normanby, approbative; Lord Brougham, venerative:—towards Sir Robert Peel, combative; Lord Stanley, venomous; and against the *Times*, vituperative. Lord John Russell he puts in the rank of a disappointed author rather than in that of a great statesman. Strange, indeed, it was (authorship considered), that under the Government of a literary man the few established writers, to whose wants England had accorded a scanty provision, should be deprived of their pittance in old age; but only small courtesy, it seems, successful authors can look for at the hands of my Lord John. The following is the notice of our reporter on the Russell literature:—Why, Whig though he be, he is a sharper reviewer than ever were poor Coleridge or the Ettrick Shepherd!

It took Lord John some time to convince himself that he was not possessed of a very high order of talent. He heroically added another to the little crowd of tragedies that have been damned, under the name of Don Carlos; he wrote a very readable biography of his illustrious ancestor, Lord William Russell; and he wrote also a work upon the British Constitution, which only proved that the Whigs of that day had no opinion whatever of their own, and that they stood like a ship with her sails all set, ready to run before any breeze that popular opinion might blow, provided always that it blew them into the port of office.

These works were none of them very successful, and Lord John was probably advised by his publisher to stick to the House of Commons, and make the most of the Russell interest. He did so, and having at length discovered how very mediocre were his powers, he brought industry and perseverance to their aid.

One little bit is devoted to my Lord John's outward appearance, but he has devoted more space to his stuttering and uncouth oratory than we can quote.

There he stands, a little man in a brown coat, drab trousers, and light waistcoat, about forty-five years old, slightly made. To Raumur he appeared, according to Miss Austin's translation, to be "a little man, with a refined and intelligent, though not an imposing, air;" but, according to the malicious version of the Quarterly Reviewer, who has volunteered a translation of the same passage, "a little, sharp, cunning-looking man, with nothing of an imposing presence." I have had the curiosity to consult the ponderous German himself, and find his real opinion of Lord John

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to be just midway between his two translators."

We must now, therefore, hasten to more attractive subjects. Our reporter is perfectly in his glory when caricaturing Sir Charles Wetherell and Lord Londonderry; but to the last he is scarcely candid, for Lord Londonderry's Russian Tour, setting wholly aside his opinions of persons, gave us useful and original information as to facts, manners, and costume, in vain sought for elsewhere. But Sir Charles, dear Sir Charles, is really drawn with a pen of candour and affection. We wondered what had become of him; but true to the tenacity of purpose, for which our reporter gives him credit, notwithstanding the warm reception the Bristolians gave him in their city, he is there. Now, however, we give him as he appeared in the House of Commons.

Perhaps, my much-esteemed companion, you have never seen Sir Charles. I am sorry for you. If the misfortune could be repaired—if the Sir Charles of the House of Commons was still to be seen—I should say hurry to St. Stephen's, and move not until you have beheld him. But go not into the Court of Chancery; above all, go not into the Recorder's Court at Bristol; the miserable imitations of Sir Charles, which appear as a barrister in one place and as a judge in the other, are no more like the Sir Charles than Mr. Macready is like the defunct Mr. Joseph Grimaldi.

Previous to the disastrous year 1832, any one sitting in the front seat of the gallery of the House of Commons might see, if he looked well over, an old-fashioned old gentleman, seated upon the cross-benches, who could not fail to attract his attention. He was a middle-sized, stout-made individual, with large features, and rather a benevolent expression of countenance, mingled, however, with a good dash of sterling, dogged obstinacy. Looking at him, a stranger would conclude that, claiming a right of being obstinate himself, he conceded the same right to others. His liberality appeared to extend even to his clothes, which the wearer, apparently, considered had a perfect right to expand themselves in any direction they pleased, without concerning themselves in any respect with the dimensions of the figure upon which they were placed. The hat he wore would have been dismissed in disgrace from Holywell-street, and his clothes seemed to have been taken at random from a heap of antique vestments of very large men. To him that famous receptacle for abandoned habits was literally impassable; there was not a Jew

among them all who did not eye him tenderly as he approached, and handle him roughly as he came up, expostulating with him upon the enormous disproportion of his garments, and pointing, with seductive gesture, to the well-revived inexpressibles which hung extended above head. Sir Charles tells a story that he was once attacked by two of these gentry, and, finding it impossible to get away, he sent one of them up to call his master. The great Jew himself was especially engaged; but, after assuring the detaining juniors that they would not do so well, he, in answer to the third message, appeared, all nose and beard. "Are you the master of this shop?" said Sir Charles. "Yes, mein Got, I am," replied the Jew, astonished at the important airs which the seedy old gentleman gave himself. "Then lay hold of that fellow of yours till I pass, will you?"

It is very amusing to find a senator, so little particular as to his own dress, critical on that of his neighbours. "It was curious," saith Mask, "to hear him abusing the Irish members who came swaggering into the house in the dog-days, with green frocks flying open, a bit of black ribbon round their necks, and no waist-coats, as a *turbaceous set of half-clad savages*." We should like to know what demon of disarray presides at the Chancery bar, which maketh its distinguished members so drolly disregarding of their persons; for even if a young man be elegant in figure, and inclined to be a beau at the outset, there is a something, it seems, infectious in the Chancery atmosphere which leadeth him, after being called to that bar, to become a dustified sloven—to wear a queer hat, and eschew the use of gloves; without, indeed, the Chancery barrister happen to have a lady fair to care of him, "who dutifully but silently placeth whole gloves, brushed hats, clean coats, and other decent habiliments, within the seizure of his grasp." Ahem!! In this case a wonderful reformation sometimes takes place with the absent creatures; and even Sir Charles Wetherell, since his last marriage, has, it is alleged, become a gentlemanly-dressed man. Hear this, ye fair, and marvel at your influence.

As for Lord Londonderry, the following is the gist of his portrait. Our reporter, supposing his friends are in an agony to keep him from speaking his mind in the House, says—

Hold! my Lord Aberdeen; pray take
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your profane hands from the tail of the noble orator's coat. Why tug him so forcibly towards his seat? Desist, I pray of you—it will be a most indecorous scene to see the torn skirt of a nobleman's frock-coat in the hands of a person of your lordship's venerable appearance: and consider how soon the loss will be apparent as the noble speaker continues his gyrations.

Cease your interference, and resign yourself to the infliction, Lord A. There—that serves you right; the eloquent object of your persecution, in trying to extricate himself from your grasp, has thrown back his foot, and the long brass spur, with which his heel is always armed, has entered deep into your calf; you may wince and rub the part, but you deserved the infliction most richly.

Yes; this is indeed the mad parrot of the Tories—the most unmanageable of all the Duke of Wellington's fine plumaged aviary. Persons who are fond of parrots should be particularly careful that they do not keep low company, or hear secrets; if they do get a stock of bad language, the little creatures have no discretion, but deal it out in all places, sometimes to the utter confusion of their masters and mistresses. I have seen the time, Londonderry well upon his legs, and in full tilt of words, when I would have backed him against the most noisy macaw that was ever exiled from a drawing-room to chatter in an area. When I have heard him calling hard names in nonsense phrases, and Brougham glowing at him from an opposite corner of the House, often have I called to mind the tale which that very original gentleman, *Joseph Miller*, loved to record—how, once upon a time, a worthy immigrant from North Britain was passing down the Strand, and heard the unwelcome greeting of "Ha! lousy Scot," "Ha! lousy Scot," sounding in his ears, how Sandy turned round in red anger, his right-hand grasping the hilt of his good broad-sword, looked eagerly about for his impudent libeller, and saw him, with flapping wings and distended bill, hanging in a wicker cage just above his head; and how he then, as he took his hand from his basket-hilt and turned upon his heel, muttered, "Hey! if ye'd been a mon, as yo are a green goose, I wad ha' slit your weesin." Often, I say, have I recurred to this little anecdote, when I have seen Brougham's ogre-like, eat-little-baby sort of face, turned upon the chattering noble for a moment, and then turned away again, with an expression of strong contempt. The Marquis was, of course, as insensible to the meaning of that look as pretty Poll would have been to the danger of the Scot's broad-sword, had it glittered before her eyes; yet, to a mere looker-on who had no interest in the matter, the bearing of Brougham, and the uncon-

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scious boldness and continuant shallow talk of the Marquis, was rich in genuine humour.

The sketch of Lord Howick is rather dull, which saying is more offensive than any of the praises which follow it; for it is not a pleasant thing for a man to be set down as a stupid-looking fright, though he be made out to be ever so different a person on after consideration.

But Dan O'Connell is the hero of the piece. We have been not a little diverted by this sketch of his origin.

Sixty years ago, when to be a Catholic was to be almost an outlaw—when a man must either renounce the Pope or his inheritance, and when no believer in the infallibility of the Bishop King of the Seven Hills was allowed to bestride a horse worth more than five pounds—when the Papists were trodden down like grass beneath the iron hoofs of Protestant Dragoon chargers, and Protestants moved about like little despots, making spoil of all things which bore the sign of the Cross—sixty years ago, during this iron age, there dwelt in the little village of Cahiroiveen—a small congregation of huts in the district of Iveragh, in the county of Kerry—a douce, well-to-do-in-the-world couple, named Morgan and Mournen Connell.

Mournen was a quick, hard-working woman, of good sense and little education, who spoke better Celtic than Saxon, and was a bustling helpmate to her good man in tending the huckster's shop, which supplied them with the good things of life. Morgan was a smart, bustling, intelligent-looking man—quiet, supple, and shrewd. He wore the ordinary dress of a country tradesman, was portly and sleek-headed, wore his hair combed flat over his forehead, and looked, generally, like a man difficult to be outdone in a bargain.

These appearances were no false omens. Morgan was noted all the country round for his strict attention to business, for the perfect furniture of his store—in which every thing, from an anchor to a needle, a whale to a red herring, was to be found—and for his accommodating disposition in the matter of bartering these articles for tenpennies, when they could be had, but with almost equal readiness for butter, pork, or any other agricultural produce, when the tenpennies were scarce. Morgan was a great man, a very great man in Cahiroiveen, and few, indeed, were the people in the whole county of Kerry who had not heard of Morgan Connell.

Morgan was not a squire, for he was not a Protestant; and the English had taken the best possible method of preventing the Catholic from becoming an aristocratic religion by taking away every inch of land

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from those who possessed it, and giving it to the professors of the purer faith. "Resolved, that the earth is the Lord's and the fatness thereof—Resolved, that the Lord hath given all things unto his saints—Resolved, that we are his saints." Such was the syllogistic manner in which an assembly of religious Squatters satisfied their consciences as to the completeness of their title to all the lands they could wrest from the Red Indians, and such was precisely the way in which the conscientious settlers from England had acquired possession of the lands of the savages of Ireland. Connell was one of these savages; but there were old rumours how his fathers had been chieftains in their time: and Morgan Connell, among the multifarious articles of his store, could sit and con a well-thumbed Virgil: tradition even says that he was wont to draw from a book, written in cabilistic characters, strange stories about those Phœnicians from whom he and many others, who had nothing else to boast of, derived their descent.

Like every crushed and oppressed people, the Irish of that day sought to make up in cunning for the force and power of their oppressors. The Jews, the Greeks, and the Irish, are living witnesses how oppression can stamp a low and skulking cunning of character upon the bravest and most high-spirited nation. Morgan, it is said, was skilful in-games of chance, and the Earl of Glandore was his landlord. "Can you play backgammon, Mr. Connell?" asked the Countess of Glandore of her tenant, whose punctuality with his rent had been rewarded by a place at the dinner-table of the Protestant Earl. "A leetle, my lady," was the reply. The backgammon board was brought, and the lady, confident in her skill, and not unwilling to bleed the substantial tradesman, proposed a good stake. Morgan, however, turned out to be no easy pigeon. Again and again she lost; the backgammon board was exchanged for a pack of cards, and still she lost; the affair grew serious, and so did the Earl, for even Protestant Earls were not then afflicted with a plethora of ready money. The luck would not turn, and so the cards were thrown behind the grate, and Mr. Connell was considerate enough to oblige the Earl by taking receipts in advance for five years' rent instead of ready money. It is said that as Mr. Connell rode homewards upon his pony, he was heard at intervals to curse the Saxon interlopers in an under voice, and then to give a chuckle and a slap upon his breast-pocket and mutter, "A leetle, my lady."

When Morgan got home and feasted his eyes in triumph upon the contents of his pocket-book, it is very probable that the first salute he had was from a little broad-

faced, pug-nosed, light-headed urchin, who could now just run, and who divided his time between the neighbouring bogs and the store. If this little urchin climbed his knee, it is very probable that his bare boggy feet dirtied the best kickseys in which Mr. Connell had penetrated to the drawing-room of the Countess; and it is just as probable that Connell looked upon him with a feeling akin to that which impelled Amilcar when he led Hannibal to the altar, and bound him to eternal hatred to the Romans.

However, fame says nothing about this, except that Mr. Connell hated the English; and that young, bare-footed, bog-trotting urchin has grown up to be that rather important individual whom I pointed out to you just now, good reader, as swaying the passions of the British senate, and speaking with the voice of millions. At this time the young gentleman was, doubtless, much in the way among the brittle commodities of Cahiroiveen; but there was a certain elder brother of Morgan's, who had not descended to trade, nor had dropped the O, and who still kept up the style and title of a gentleman. This person was called "O'Connell of the Hunting Cap," or "Dan of Derrinane." He lived in a large square-built thatched building, and, it is said, managed greatly to augment an exceedingly slender income by doing a little in the smuggling line. "Small blame to him for that," every one of his countrymen must say. England gave him no protection, and he owed her no duty. Dan of Derrinane had no children, and the lately-hatched Liberator was heir to this branch of the O'Connell's. He was then taken from the store, placed at school, and received the education of a gentleman. The Orangemen will laugh at this phrase, as many of the Orangemen about Cahiroiveen did at the fact; for, with them, a gentleman means a human being who has landed property. But still, I believe, we, in England, must retain the conviction that, as young Daniel Connell was carefully instructed with a view to a profession, he received the education of a gentleman.

He was at first designed for the Church, and, I believe, he studied at St. Omer's, preparatory to taking the vows. Accident, however, prevented this: and, in an evil hour for the glorious Protestant ascendancy, he transferred his allegiance from the Church to the bar. "He would have made a splendid Jesuit," says some Colonel Perceval, of Lord Dungannon, as he reads this passage and expectorates a sigh of regret. No doubt, he would; he would have been splendid in any rank which afforded room for action. Had he taken orders, he would have been, without doubt, at this moment Archbishop of Dublin, and scarcely less powerful than he is as member for Dublin.

But it was not so destined. In 1794 he became member of Lincoln's Inn; in the books of which society his name is still to be seen written "Daniel Connell."

During the four years which followed, and while he was keeping the terms necessary to qualify him for practice in the Hall of the four Courts, it is probable that his uncle died. This may have been the reason why, in 1798, he was called to the Bar by that society as Daniel O'Connell. Whatever the reason, the books testify to the fact, and Daniel returned to Ireland qualified at all points to wear a wig and gown, and spend his money in posting after the Judges.

The Irish genealogists put great value upon this great O, and Connell's assumption of it was mightily questioned. A certain set of O'Connells, who were a highly respectable family, by reason of possessing certain acres, no matter how got or how kept, declared that the newly O'd barrister was no relation of theirs; and O'Connell replied that he "thanked Heaven he was not," and bade them "keep their renunciation till he showed a disposition to claim kindred with them."

The following narrative seems to give a fair account of a circumstance every day alluded to, but wrapped up in the haze and indistinctness which ever involves Irish transactions, whose date is old politics and young history.

One incident there is which occurred about this time that may not be passed over unnoticed, since it has had a most powerful influence on his career. I allude to his duel with D'Esterre, in the year 1815.

O'Connell was then fighting one of his early battles with the Dublin Corporation; and, at a public meeting in behalf of Catholic Emancipation, he fixed upon it the appellation of "the beggarly Corporation." D'Esterre, a vain young man of respectable connexions, suffered himself to be persuaded that this was a good opportunity of commencing operations in the Irish way of fighting himself into notice. He wrote a letter to O'Connell, asking him if he had used the words reported of him; and O'Connell told him, in reply, no words that he could use could adequately convey his contempt of the Corporation of Dublin.

The next letter O'Connell sent back unopened, and little D'Esterre trotted about in a fume, threatening to horsewhip the Liberator. Every carman in Dublin knew that there was to be a fight between big Dan and the little Corporator, but a week passed, and nothing was heard about it. D'Esterre and his friends had threatened bravely, but had sent no message.

Now the Irish boys are the last fellows

in the world to be quietly balked of their fun. They kicked up such a row that the Corporation saw that it was absolutely necessary to put forward their champion; and at length Sir Edward Stanley delivered the long-expected message. It was at once accepted. The men met about thirteen miles from Dublin, near Lord Ponsonby's seat, and were put up at ten paces' distance. They had two pistols each given them, and were told to fire away when they liked. They fired nearly at the same moment—D'Esterre's ball fell short, and he received O'Connell's in the thigh, and fell. A few days afterwards, the wound proved mortal.

O'Connell is said to have behaved with great tenderness to his adversary after he was down, and to have felt great horror at having been the instrument of his death. Perhaps D'Esterre is to be pitied, for he was young, vain, and foolish; but he certainly allowed himself to be put forward as the bully of a knot of blood-thirsty scoundrels, who wished to have a formidable enemy taken off, and had not the courage to do it themselves.

O'Connell's resolution was not *then* taken never to fight another duel; but we may readily suppose that his hatred to duelling would date from the moment he heard of D'Esterre's death. In the course of the task which he had marked out for himself he could not help making a multitude of enemies, nor was it possible he could survive if he pitted his life against that of every brawler who sought to get himself into notice by killing him. To such a man as O'Connell a resolution against duelling was absolutely necessary to the steady pursuit of his great object—the Emancipation of his Catholic countrymen.

That resolution he made, and has kept—he has kept it through all the galling and contradictory reproaches of the Tory press, one day calling him O'Connell of the Bloody Hand, at another stigmatizing him as a runagate and a coward. O'Connell cares little for these things; but the great proof of his master talent is that he has dared to make and keep such a resolution as this in the face of the prejudices of the Irish, who, of all nations in the world, are the most ready to raise the laugh of derision against the man who should refuse to fight when called upon. It will be a noble lie of panegyric upon O'Connell's tomb, that "among a nation of duellists he made and kept a resolution against duelling, yet incurred not their contempt, nor lost their love."

The Duke of Wellington is sketched with malignity; yet the author is forced to do justice to his Grace's integrity. Galt has drawn this great man in far truer colours in a contemporary publication; but here
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is a little anecdote of the hero-statesman, that bears all the stamp of truth.

When Sir George Murray attempted to excuse himself from taking office under him upon account of his inexperience in public speaking, "Pho! pho!" said the Duke, "do as I do; say what you think and don't quote Latin." This is precisely what he does not do.

As a literary work, this production is far superior to its model and precursor, the "Random Recollections of the House of Commons;" the public will enjoy many a hearty laugh over it, sometimes with the author, sometimes at him. Poor Mr. Hume figures in the broadest caricature: so does Lord Palmerston. Where our author has no hold for humour he is nothing; consequently, if a man have no ridiculous points about him, or the author chose not to bring them out, his sketches are tame enough.

By the way, is not the title of "St. Stephen's," when two-thirds of his portraits are from the House of Lords, rather a practical bull?

Legend and Romance. African and European. By RICHARD JOHNS, Lieut. Royal Marines. 3 vols.

FICTION must ever derive great benefit in the narrative portion, when its author possesses a local knowledge of the country and people where the scenes of his story are placed, and Mr. Johns adds this advantage to many qualifications which are fast giving him a respectable rank among the authors of his day. If he had not been an observant traveller over Portugal and Africa, we should have doubted the wisdom that caused him to select the subject of a popular romance by the lamented Anna Maria Porter, as the foundation of the principal tale in these volumes; but *his* Don Sebastian is so completely and essentially Portuguese in locality and customs, as well as in history, that it may be excused for its coincidence of foundation on the ground of the information it conveys. Miss Porter's chivalrous hero bears little affinity to that of Mr. Johns, who has portrayed him with all the selfisms which a stern knowledge of human life impels him to endow that monarch. The interest of the tale goes with the adventures of the Moorish brother and sister. Zadig is the slave of

Camoens, so renowned in the biography of that poet. Zadig is certainly the hero, and it would have been well if it had been entitled, the Adventures of Zadig, for Sebastian is not the prominent character of the romance; the impropriety and the injury to himself of trenching on the title of a very popular standard work would then have been avoided.

The following account of the flight of Donna Beatrice from the convent called the "Casa da Pena," excites strong interest.

The moon seemed struggling with the flying masses of clouds which passed across her full orb, as if, in her solitary brightness, she were attempting to stem the gathering of some dark storm, when Zadig found himself at the entrance of the grotto which opened about half a mile from the convent gates. By the aid of a lantern he discovered the rock which had been described to him, and commenced displacing it, expecting to wait yet a quarter of an hour ere the falling of the stone above would announce to him that Beatrice and the lay sister were at the entrance. To his astonishment, no sooner had he removed the rock from its bed, than the concealed door revolved, and the Moor with great difficulty escaped being borne to the earth by the suddenness of this occurrence. A sort of drawbridge presented itself, across which he now momentarily expected to see the fugitives pass, though it then wanted several minutes of the half-hour past midnight, the time appointed by Sister Agatha. The dark void remained undisturbed; and Zadig, dreading that some unhappy chance had disconcerted the arrangements of the portress, resolved to know the worst. Concealing the lantern within a fold of his cloak, he sprang into the chasm. All was silent. Throwing a gleam of light on the low, damp walls from side to side, he proceeded a few steps; the ground trembled beneath his feet; a low, rumbling sound made him turn towards the entrance he had just quitted,—the rock had closed,—the drawbridge had risen. Instinctively the Moor clasped a stiletto with which he had provided himself, but spoke not. After a breathless pause, he proceeded to examine the door which had apparently entombed him in a sort of vault. It was made of iron plates, bolted to the exterior mass of stone;—a heavy bar across it had fallen into strong staples on either side, and become immovable. Placing his back against this mysterious obstruction to his exit, he threw the whole power of his lantern into the passage before him. It was tenantless; nor could he see an opening to the right or left of the few yards that close atmosphere allowed

the influence of his light to extend. This ready access to the passage and subsequent enclosure within its recesses, was perfectly inexplicable to Zadig; but, nothing appearing to oppose his ingress to the convent, he determined on proceeding, though his retreat seemed cut off, and the undertaking had assumed a character for which he was not prepared. Once more shading his lantern, he recommenced his noiseless progress through the passage. After a gradual descent of some few feet, the ground suddenly rising, he stumbled and fell; his lantern became extinguished by this accident; and at the same moment a scream sounded through the vaulted way. Zadig was in a moment on his feet. In that cry of distress he heard the voice of Beatrice; and, stretching out his arms on either side, he rapidly threaded the dark course before him.

The lay sister had been the unwitting cause of the young Moor's discomfiture. The chapel, which was often used as a place of penance till the midnight hour, happened that night to be without a penitent; and, as the time approached for the liberation of the Donna Beatrice, she could not restrain her impatience to try the keys which had at day-break been conveyed to her by Zadig. The originals of these were always hung in the apartment of the superior; and it was only as she attended that dignitary's inspection round the convent at night, when it was her office to bear them, that she had been enabled to take the impressions of their wards on a piece of taper softened for the purpose. One of the facsimiles thus obtained was to open a door beneath the stone pulpit of the chapel; the other loosed the cross-bar at the entrance to the grotto. Just before midnight the lay sister tried the former, and succeeded in moving the bolts of the lock; but with such difficulty that her faith was shaken in the models so surreptitiously procured. She was thus determined to try the efficacy of the remaining key ere she kept her appointment with the Donna Beatrice. Passing rapidly through the subterraneous passage, she had the satisfaction of finding that the bar could be displaced; but, the spring by which it returned to its security being rusted, she did not replace it, fearing a further difficulty; inadvertently forgetting, or not being aware, that the door would thus suddenly fall towards Zadig, when he had removed the obstruction beneath; a catastrophe which might have been fatal to him. Having returned the key to her girdle, the lay sister now pursued her way back to the chapel, and from thence to the dormitory of Beatrice. The bar which crossed the door of this cell was without a lock, and in a moment more the two fugitives had commenced their es-

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cape. Sister Agatha having provided herself with a lamp from one of the altars in the chapel, they were enabled to make great speed through the subterraneous passage. A hundred yards more, and they would have arrived at the grotto walls; when, coming to a slight angle in their course, a sudden clash, and the fall of a heavy body, so acted on the overwrought nerves of Beatrice, that she screamed aloud, turned, and fled. The lay sister had nearly followed the Donna's example; but, fortunately recollecting the probability of Zadig being already in the passage, she awaited a result which proved her conjecture to have been right. The Moor soon joined her, and together they went in pursuit of Beatrice, who had once more reached the vaults beneath the chapel.

Ranged on either side of the course she now swiftly trod, were the remains of perishing mortality,—a silent community of the coffined dead. Nuns who, during life, imagined they had found in the maceration and mortification of the flesh, a means of propitiating the Deity,—who had hated with a rancorous fervour, which they mistook for devotion, the hapless victims cast to their “tender mercies” for yielding to the temptations which they had themselves fled from, not resisted,—here were divided but by a narrow path from the wretched beings whose hearts they had trampled on till death had become a boon. In the darkness, Beatrice passed the steps which led to the chapel; and, coming suddenly against a transverse range of coffins, she felt the mouldering mass receding from her. Grasping around with the eagerness of one who is about to fall, her hand, shrinking from contact with a clammy face in its decay, became twined amid tangled hair, once closely shorn in that living tomb above, perchance from the brow of beauty weeping to behold her tresses fall, and now in mockery growing to deck her corse, when loveliness was forgotten in corruption. Beatrice became sick unto death, and fainted. On consciousness being restored, she found herself hurried along the vaulted passage in the arms of Zadig. Her head rested on his shoulder; and, tenderly supporting her, he was bearing her onwards, preceded by Sister Agatha, whose lamp enabled the Donna to perceive her situation. Was it a dream, or had she been recalled to life by the impassioned kisses of the Moor?

“Where is Zuma?” exclaimed the affrighted girl, attempting to disengage herself from the arms of her supporter.

“Hush, Donna, hush! thou art safe with me! Zuma is ill: she awaits us at Jacinta's cottage.”

Zadig, as he thus answered the wild inquiry of Beatrice, had released her from
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his arms, but would still have hurried her forward. The lay sister turned to await their approach. The light fell on the excited countenance of her conductor, and the Donna imagined that she beheld an air of triumph in the glance of his dark and dilated eyes as they rested on her.

“I will not proceed,” she exclaimed, “till I am satisfied that Zuma awaits me.”

“Dost thou doubt mine honour?” bitterly asked the Moor. “Has the curse of slavery taken the stamp of honesty from my brow, and written villain there? Oh! it is only to save thee I answer that doubt, and swear by the rolling orbs that minister to our destiny—call on the eternal power that makes and mars worlds in the infinity of space, and yet doth listen to the pledge of man to man,—as witness to my truth.”

“Forgive me, Zadig!” said Beatrice, “I am a poor, wretched girl, who knows not friends from enemies. I do indeed trust you;—take me to Zuma.”

“Yes, Donna!” replied the Moor, again supporting her as they advanced along the passage; “thou mayest trust me. Though my lip hath touched thy cheek, it hath not maddened me. I drank thine earliest sigh of reanimation, fragrant with the breath of heaven, from whence thy soul returned,—it was thy fitting refuge when this earth had sickened thee;—and can I work the ill?”

“Thanks, Zadig, thanks! see—we are at the entrance,”—and Beatrice, who, though she no longer dreaded any specious design on the part of the Moor, was alarmed at his violent emotion, now rejoiced, not only in the immediate prospect of escape from the convent, but in being freed from the half-embrace of her liberator.

When the drawbridge had, to Zadig's surprise, resumed its upright position, it was occasioned by his having unconsciously pressed a trap-board, which acting on the easily-poised door, swung it into its place, by which movement also the bar had fallen within its staples. The lay sister now unlocked the spring of this heavy fastening, and once more the drawbridge revolved. Cautioning the bewildered and agitated Moor to conduct his charge along the passage so as to prevent the door being again acted upon, the lay sister setting down her lamp, extinguished by the draught of the night air from the grotto, passed through the opening, and was speedily followed by her companions. As the Donna disengaged herself from Zadig's supporting arm, he seemed suddenly aroused to the necessity of controlling his feelings, and proceeded to raise the door and replace the rock. The light of the moon, which threw only a partial and wavering gleam into the grotto, ill assisted

him in his task. It was at length completed, and immediate pursuit prevented from the quarter whence it would be the most likely of success; as the gates of the convent opened exactly in an opposite direction.

The other legends have great merit: placed in scenes whose locality is described to the very life, in a free and off-hand style, by an intelligent and observant witness, they are both interesting and instructive, and we are disposed to be less than ordinarily critical upon the grammatical structure of his sentences. The collection does the author great credit, and we are pleased to know that our periodical was the first that introduced his prose writings to the public. There is but little poetry scattered in the collection, though poetic thought is frequent in description and observation.

We conclude with the quotation of the following pleasing poem, by us entitled a ballad, but to which the French give the more classic term—romance.

A Moorish girl, in her silent bower,
Watch'd for the sun, as a broken flower
Looks for the glow of that beaming ray
Which comes to heal, or to haste decay.

For a knight of Christian chivalry
That morn would die by her sire's decree;
Or claim, as a recreant renegade,
The trembling hand of the Moorish maid.

The sun is up in the sapphire sky,
But it comes to see how a knight can die:
And true in life to the "harem's pride,"
As true in death to his faith, he died!

A gem is borne to the silent bower,—
To her who droop'd like a dying flower:
That little cross has a crimson stain,
The parting gift of the Christian slain.

The "harem's pride" has that fatal token
Pressed to a heart that is crush'd and
broken;

And the Houries weep for a sister's loss,—
She died in the faith of the Holy Cross!

British America, Historical and Descriptive — *Edinburgh Cabinet Library*.
3 vols. Oliver and Boyd.

ONE strong barrier exists to guard the British empire against divorce from her Canadian colonies,—this is the public press. In such volumes as these, facts are considered with intelligent reference to the localities of countries, comprehensively brought under the eye of the reader, and from the want of such America was

reft from Great Britain; for neglect and ignorance did their worst, till the storm actually burst, whilst the public and the English Ministry were alike unconscious of any thing wrong, till wrong was past cure. The following is an instance of the wilful blindness of the Ministers of that day. At the termination of the long administration of the Duke of Newcastle, there was found, in a closet at his office, nearly two cart-loads of unopened despatches from America. Since the commencement of the present century Providence has raised up for our country another British America, possessing facilities for colonisation and commerce, nearly equal to those which are lost, and from its relative situation with the United States, a power of commerce with that country so great, that the American rulers can as easily forbid the entrance of the Canadian winds as British merchandise over the illimitable border. Thus, while Great Britain retains Canada, she enjoys the kernel of the nut, without being plagued with the expensive and empty shell of sovereignty. The United States, by means of Canada, are all that they ever were to our British merchants; while being independent, they pay the expenses for their own Government. Right well do the American rulers know this fact.

Volume I. contains a general view of British America, a history of the Native Indians, and an admirably written and important history of French Canada down to the present times; and we call attention to this, because it appears that the author's heart is warm towards Canada, and yet not blinded to the neglect and abuses which have occasioned discontent.

We begin our extracts from the end of the American war.

This long war terminated, in 1783, by the independence of all the colonies which had united against Britain. The issue, unfavourable, or at least mortifying to the mother country, was attended with considerable advantages to Canada; for a large body of Loyalists, expatriated on account of their political principles, sought refuge in her territory. They received liberal grants of land, and laid the foundation of that prosperity which has since so eminently distinguished the upper province.

The country continued for some years in a state of progressive advancement, being only agitated by the desire, sometimes strongly expressed, of obtaining a representative government. In 1790 Mr. Pitt

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determined to grant this boon on a basis as nearly as possible resembling that of the British Constitution. As a preliminary, it was resolved to divide Canada into two governments, Upper and Lower: and it is somewhat remarkable that this arrangement, so much deprecated by the present Loyalist party, originated with the minister, who carried it through in the face of strong opposition from Fox and other Whig members. He considered that the attempt to unite two classes of population, so different in origin, language, and manners, would inevitably lead to disunion and dissension; while they argued, that this union would afford the best means of harmonizing them into one social system. Another question arose with regard to the constitution of the legislative council. Mr. Pitt proposed to form it of an hereditary noblesse, to be created for that purpose, and to include the more respectable among the French seigneurs. Mr. Fox recommended a representative council, or, in default of this, one composed of members chosen by the King, for life. This last suggestion, though not at first well received by the premier, was the plan ultimately adopted.

The first House of Assembly, consisting of fifty members, was opened in 1792, by Lieutenant-Governor Clark. Their proceedings were for some time of no great importance. In 1797, Lord Dorchester, who had been Governor since 1786, was succeeded by General Prescott. Loud complaints were soon after made respecting the granting of lands, the Board for that purpose having appropriated large districts to themselves, and thereby obstructed the general settlement of the country. In 1800 Sir Robert S. Milnes was appointed Lieutenant-Governor. In 1803 a decision of the Chief Justice of Montreal declared slavery inconsistent with the laws of the country, and the few individuals in that condition received a grant of freedom. In 1807, apprehensions being felt of war with America, Sir James Craig, an officer of distinction, was sent out to superintend the affairs of the colony.

About this time began those internal dissensions which have since so generally agitated the colony. The House of Assembly, though meeting regularly, do not seem previously to have aimed at the exercise of any high powers, or to have obstructed the Governor in the discretionary exercise of his authority. But at this epoch they appear to have formed the design of rendering themselves independent, and even of controlling the Executive. With the former view they demanded that the Judges should be expelled from their body, as being dependent upon and removeable by government. To gain the

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latter object they offered to defray from the funds of the colony the whole expense of the civil administration. Although this was a boon, and unasked for, yet on account of its apprehended purpose, it was repelled with indignation, and the Assembly soon afterwards dissolved. The novel exercise of a free press by a newspaper called "the Canadian," in attacking the measures of government, was severely checked; the printer was sent to prison, and all his materials destroyed. Six individuals were also taken into custody, though never brought to trial. These proceedings gave to this period the appellation of the "Reign of Terror."

In 1811 a new Assembly was called, which did not show itself more compliant. In the autumn of that year, however, Sir George Prevost, a more popular Governor, assumed the reins of administration; and circumstances soon after occurred which induced the Canadians to suspend their complaints, and to make displays of loyalty as ardent as if they had never been dissatisfied.

The war commenced by the United States against Britain in 1812, produced a formidable crisis in the history of Canada, especially in the upper province. It is not proposed to enter into any discussion of the grounds or merits of the hostile resolution adopted by Congress. Doubtless, however, as Britain then stood, with her whole disposable force engaged against Napoleon, they calculated with full confidence on obtaining possession of the Canadas, and, indeed, of all British America. Dr. Eustis, Secretary at War, said, in Congress, "We can take the Canadas without soldiers: we have only to send officers into the provinces; and the people, disaffected towards their own government, will rally round our standard." Mr. Clay added, "It is absurd to suppose we shall not succeed in our enterprise against the enemy's provinces. We have the Canadas as much under our command as Great Britain has the ocean. We must take the continent from them. I wish never to see a peace till we do." A similar impression prevailed in the colony itself, defended then by only 4500 troops, of whom not more than 1450 were in the upper province, though the most exposed, and presenting the most extended frontier. Not a few were inclined, on the first alarm, to pack up and quit the country; but Sir George Prevost, seconded by the majority of the inhabitants, adopted a more spirited resolution. The militia was called out; Quebec was garrisoned by the citizens; and the frontier placed in a state of defence.

1842, which proved to the American Government how much they had reckoned without their host, when they imagined the Canadas would prefer America to the mother country, the author proceeds to mention the Canadian governors.

Can we wonder, then, when we see such private injustice, that there should be a necessarily speedy and visible effect on public tranquillity? The Canadians appear gratefully to respond to the manifestation of practical talent and private integrity in their governors. Twice has Canada been saved to the British Crown through the affection her people bore to two brave and honest soldiers. Neither Sir George Prevost nor Sir John Colborne were popularity-hunters; but they were clear-headed, just, brave, and honourable,—and mankind likes to be governed by such men.

Our author sets forth that the foundation of all the present troubles was laid during the governments that intervened between 1818 and 1830. It seems, from this account, that Lord Aylmer and Lord Gosford had sincerely endeavoured, according to the scope of their abilities, to act rightly.

Our author is decidedly unfavourable to many of Lord Durham's plans for settling the provinces, though he is favourable to his projects for internal improvements, and he seems to have justice and good sense in his conclusions; but without burdening our pages with political extracts, we refer the reader to the 2d volume, which also contains details of the commerce, and social, as well as political, state of Canada. Sufficient attention, we think, has scarcely been devoted to the Great Canada Land Company, though the writer is favourable to it, and gives it credit for philanthropy, liberality, and utility; but he has not obtained all the individual information desirable, regarding so important a feature in the proceedings of the country. The greater Land Company has advanced the civilization of Canada by at least one hundred years, and it deserves well of the country and its government, since it has upwards of £200,000 indebted to it by its colonists in the way of land, clearings, and improvements, which cannot run away, whilst the same sum, by severe measures, might be realised at a stroke of the pen; but with humane, enlightened, and therefore true policy, this estimable compan-

forbears to resort to harsh measures with their landholders, which would add greatly to the distress, and consequently to the disloyalty, of the province. Such conduct ought to ensure them the gratitude of the British government, whom they might very seriously embarrass by the mere legal act of seeking their own. We do not think Mr. Murray has brought forward this point in the strong light in which it deserves to be viewed. The Great Canada Company having, in fact, paid off two-thirds of their purchase money, and having, on the most indisputable security, thrice the amount of the money they still owe at command (if they were to enforce it) is a considerable power, and ought to be so considered.

The rival Company, lately established in Lower Canada, has had incredible difficulties to struggle with; their affairs are in a disastrous state, but we think the advice given by Lord Durham to government, to show them no favour in the payment of their assets, extremely harsh and severe, seeing that their difficulties wholly arose from the embarrassed state of the government of Canada.

The histories of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, and Bermudas, occupy rather more than half of the second volume. The adventures of the discoverers of "the still vexed Bermoothes" are exceedingly entertaining and well written.

A very extraordinary passage occurs in the history of Nova Scotia, regarding the claims of the Earl of Stirling's ancestors over Nova Scotia. We quote it, because it appears to us that, in the flighty imagination of the first Earl of Stirling, must have originated the very extensive claims of his patent. Charles the 1st was not an ignorant Sovereign. He was remarkable for his economy; he was a practical man of business, and would never have given his territories away at the rate pretended by the patent. We expect the present Earl has been heavily visited for the ambitious acquisitiveness of his poetical ancestor. Forgery was a crime so little defined in the preceding century, to these supposed grants, that Bayard, the Knight *sans peur et sans reproche*, took some credit with himself for his ingenuity in turning an order (given to him by a relative) for 100 pistoles into a 1000. Forgery was one of the regular instruments of Queen

Elizabeth's government, and was by no means abhorred as a moral wrong in the days of the first Earl of Stirling.

From this time, however, the Crown of England held itself owner of this territory, and neglected it only from the little value then attached to colonies not containing gold and silver. But in 1621, the poetical brain of Sir William Alexander, author of several works that were noted in that age, was struck with a desire of transatlantic dominion; and at that period little solicitation was requisite to obtain the gift of a kingdom in America. Being a favourite of James I. and Charles I., and created successively Sir William and Earl of Stirling, he received a free grant of the vast territory extending from the St. Croix to the St. Lawrence, including Nova Scotia (which name was now first given to the whole region), New Brunswick, and even the islands in the gulf, as far as Newfoundland. He was invested with the usual extravagant and even regal powers, uniting the functions of Lieutenant-General, Justice-General, and High Lord of Admiralty, and having power to form a constitution, create titles of honour, appoint bishops, judges, and all other officers. No reservation was made, except of a tenth of the royal mines of gold and silver, and five per cent. on the imports and exports, after the first seven years. Charles I., in 1625, gave a *novodamus*, or renewal of this patent, to which he added, in 1628, a similar one, whereby he made over the whole course of the St. Lawrence, as far as the Gulf of California, on which the upper lakes were then supposed to border; *a grant which would have included all Canada, and much of the finest part of the United States.* To promote these objects, an order of Baronets was created, each of whom was to hold jurisdiction over a tract extending three miles along the coast, and ten towards the interior, and to receive in full property 16,000 acres of land. In return, each was bound to fit out six men for the colony, or to pay 2000 merks. By a singular regulation they were allowed to take seisin or legal possession, not on the spot, but on the Castle-hill of Edinburgh, Nova Scotia being included in the county of that name.

This extensive jurisdiction conferred on Sir William was ridiculed by some of his witty companions, who derided his attempt to rise from a poet to a King, and, like another Alexander, seeking a new world to reign over. He appears never to have visited his dominions in person, though he lost no time in sending out a vessel with a body of settlers. They sailed in 1622; but in consequence of various delays, the navigators could not, in the first year, proceed beyond Newfoundland, where they were

obliged to winter. Next spring they coasted along the ceded territory, but were much disappointed to find all its principal points, including even Port Royal, re-occupied by French settlers, who showed no inclination to withdraw. It was judged expedient to return to England, where they spread the most flattering reports of the value and beauty of this transatlantic region. When, therefore, war soon after broke out with France, Sir William found no difficulty in fitting out a small squadron, which he sent in 1627, under his eldest son, accompanied by Kertk, already mentioned as a refugee who became distinguished under the name of Sir David Kirk. In that and the following year, they reduced the forts of Port Royal, St. Croix, and Pentagoet. At the former place they erected a new fortress on a considerable scale, where young Alexander took up his residence as governor of the country.

One of the prisoners in the captured transports was Claude de la Tour, a gentleman of fortune and enterprise, who held part of the country from the French Crown. Being brought to England, and introduced to Sir William, he was persuaded to second the Baronet's views by making him master of that portion of the coast held by himself, and introducing there a party of Scottish emigrants; but on reaching the fort held by his son, near Cape Sable, the youth indignantly refused to concur in an arrangement which he accounted treasonable. He even repulsed his father in an attempt to carry the place, and offered him only an asylum in its immediate vicinity. La Tour, however, returned to Britain, and not long after procured from Lord Stirling an engagement to cede to him Cape Sable, with a considerable extent of coast and territory adjoining.

Young Alexander died in America, and was succeeded by Sir George Home. In 1629, Kirk, as already related, made the conquest of Canada, reducing Quebec, and taking the garrison prisoners. Britain was now mistress of all this part of the country; yet by the treaty of St. Germain, in 1632, Charles I., without much consideration, agreed to restore all the settlements there in the same state as before the war. Orders were sent to Home to demolish the fort; to remove all the inhabitants, goods, and stores; and leave the bounds altogether waste and unpeopled, as when the Scots first landed. The sum of £10,000 was granted to Lord Stirling in compensation for the expenses incurred by him. His patent was acknowledged to be still in force, as the King pretended that he had only ceded the particular spots, and retained his full right to form settlements in the country. He even appointed a commission to consult with his Lordship and the Baronets

on the means of promoting such an undertaking. France would probably have viewed the subject in a different light; but, as may be well supposed, these persons did not feel inclined to venture either themselves or their money again in a similar enterprise.

Volume 3rd contains the history of the Hudson's Bay Territory, a Dissertation on Emigration to British America, and a compendium on the Natural History of those vast regions. The Zoological and Botanical portions deserve great praise; but we think the Geological rather drily written.

Our author has made quotations from the "Backwoods of Canada," almost beyond the fair scope of quotation.

These volumes do great credit to their compilers, are embellished with good maps and wood-cuts, and are among the best class of popular Edinburgh publications.

Gertrude and Beatrice; or, the Queen of Hungary. A Tragedy. In five acts.
By GEORGE STEPHENS, Author of the
"Manuscripts of Erdély." Mitchell.

THE best passages of Mr. George Stephens's romance of *Erdély* possessed a dramatic power which augured favourably of his genius and capacity for writing tragedy; nor could Mr. Stephens have set himself a task more likely to be productive of good to himself than the composition of one, for the condensation of thought needful to limit his production within the prescribed bounds of time and space is an excellent exercise, and training for a Pegasus, which will one time or other probably be a noble winner, if ever properly broken in, if the said Pegasus can be restrained from taking needless jumps and capers, racing on ground where it has no business, bolting or running on the wrong side of the post. How many authors are brilliantly successful who possess not a tittle of the genius of the author of *Gertrude and Beatrice*; but then, they use their slenderer gifts with more tact and taste.

This tragedy did not reach us till it had received what perhaps the author deems the "guinea stamp" of a second edition; but as we have an old-fashioned habit of always reading the works we review, we care not three

straws for half a dozen editions, excepting as they prove a means of removing blemishes.

The scene is laid in Hungary, and with great judgment, for the author is better acquainted with the manner, history, and costume of the East of Europe, than any one now in England, excepting, perhaps, the literary emigrant Polish noblesse.

He has not mentioned whence he has drawn the materials and characters of his plot, but, as far as we are acquainted with the period, we find circumstances that agree with the story in the history of Andreas II., who succeeded Ladislaus III. This Andreas made a successful crusade, and from his reign the Hungarians date their Magna Charta of liberties. Our chronicle makes him the son of Bela the Blind. Andreas obtained the throne in 1205. We should suppose this monarch the hero of the present tragedy; but an awkwardness would have been avoided if he had been made as he was, the cousin, and not the son, of Ladislaus.

The drama opens with Buda in a state of political tumult, through the agitations of a demagogue called Rodna, who has risen from the lower ranks, but aims at the highest dignities. The late King has disinherited his son, without any reason that we can find, and raised his niece, Gertrude, to the throne, for the purpose of uniting Moravia, her fief, to Hungary. Ladislaus leaves a proviso, that Andreas is to ascend the throne, if he marries Gertrude; but if he refuse her, he forfeits all claim to the throne (a more natural testament, by the way, for the kinsman of Andreas to leave than his father). Mr. Stephens had better have kept to facts in this instance. The father of Gertrude had previously betrothed a younger daughter, Beatrice, who is the half-sister of the heiress of Hungary, to the same Andreas; thus the hands of both sisters, one by the will of the King, the other by the promise of their father, his brother, are destined to the same man. But Andreas seems likely to be saved by death from the perplexity of this double contract, as the news has arrived in Buda that he was killed in a battle with the infidels, in Syria. Beatrice loves her betrothed devotedly; he is an object of indifference

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to Gertrude, who has never seen him. Meantime the demagogue Rodna, who is enamoured of the Princess Beatrice, insists upon marrying her, and to save herself from this detestable person, she espouses, when she is in the midst of her agony for the loss of Andreas, an old Magnate, called Bankban, turned of eighty. Three days after this marriage, the drama opens, and certainly the character and situation of Beatrice is most interesting and original; her feminine softness, which would, perhaps, be insipid by itself, is relieved by the strong contrast of the *fiercé* of her sister. The character of Gertrude alone would mark the author's dramatic talents as great; he thinks very highly of it himself, in his view of his own play, in the preface, but he does not rate it beyond its true value. Composed of passion, pride, and feminine weakness, jealous both in regard to empire and love, possessing no powers of governing herself or others, excepting those derived from personal courage and haughtiness, Gertrude is a most natural portrait of female sovereignty in the middle ages. The difficulties she has to contend with were the difficulties of every Queen in a semi-barbarous state, from the two unfortunate Joannas of Naples down to Mary Queen of Scots, nor is her catastrophe overcharged. While Rodna is agitating within Buda, the Hungarian troops are rebelling without; but are reduced to their duty by an unknown Knight, called Waradin, who repulses an invasion of Tartars, and arrives at Buda as the military hero of the day. When introduced to the Queen, she immediately falls desperately in love with him. Waradin is Andreas, the rightful heir to the throne; and as his affections are engaged to Beatrice, he refuses to comply with the terms of the testament of his father, and the jealousy of Gertrude, the despair of the lovers, when the Princess discovers that Beatrice is married, make the materials of some good scenes, whose perspicuity is occasionally broken by the quaint and involved language in which the dialogue is cast. On these storms the hopes of the agitator Rodna, rise, and the passions of the Queen at last lead her to the following scene. After she has offered to marry Rodna, she prepares a poison for her sister,

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whose ancient spouse has, in the course of the uproars, been killed.

What, mate with him?
Our Cousin! whilst . . . (*calls*) D'ye hear?
Shall he carry it thus?
Be well attended; ever peace and pleasure
Dance in his sight? He'd wish no happier
freedom
Than banishment; . . . 'Tis I that live in
exile!
In that thought madness dwells.

(*Enter Attendant.*)

(*To Attendant*)—Away!
Your Highness

Att.
Called?

Qu. True.

(*After a pause*)—

I walked abroad before the sunlight,
This morn, which smiled all unconcerned,
and mocked
My unrest . . . Look: 'Mid yonder thicket
shone
Blossoms upon the bosom of the earth,
Like stars of many colours; they shot forth
Their flourished hues of vegetable light
Fast by the fount . . . some paces from a
cypress.
I nearer drew to gaze: . . . So gloriously
They wore the morning dew upon their
heads,
As if they were crowned queens of all the
flowers;
Robed were they in the purple, and anon,
When the slow, lazy breeze came muttering
by,
The frail stems bow'd, and dipped their long
black leaves,
Like hair below the water.

Att. Oh, your Grace!

Qu. Silence. I know that each particu-
lar bud

Is of divine effect; and that within,
Shut up like honey in the bee, there lurks
A drop of death. Pluck me a score of them,
And shed their balm into a phial.

Att. Why

'Tis mortal poison.

Qu. It is saving health!

Or . . . Do I bid thee drink it? Cull the
simples. [*Exit Attendant.*]

(*Queen goes to the window and looks out.*)
The day is wasted to the dregs.
The fountains of the light spring silently,
And slowly, and the tide of beamy noon
Hath fled up to the arch, and sleeps . . . how
near
Its source! There's something crawls on
earth alive,
Which shall not be when past those massy
clouds,
The rocks of that most glorious ocean shore,
That tide flows by again. . . She dies to
night!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE—A banquetting room.—The Queen and Rodna (as King) on chairs of state.—Nobles and ladies assembled at table.—Officer by the side of Rodna with missives, who has just perused the despatch.

Ro. Thus have we happily begun our reign.

The army, awed by our stern front's dispersed;

Their exiled leader bends again his course Towards Syria: so 'tis given out . . . My Queen!

Qu. (*Descends from the seat in agitation.*) I taste the bitter fruit of rashness. God! Did Andreas never purpose to unqueen me? Then had I made a pause, this union shunned,

I had been still mine own! My headlong ire

Drew after it reason . . . waking, I am mad, Indeed to think what's done.

Ro. (*Apart.*) My thoughts are now Wedded unto my wish. My obscure spring Has a right royal vent. The heav'n-blue veins

That lace, and swell her haughty bosom, may

Wave with a stream, more lively than runs here,

But for the rest . . . tut! tut! 'tis place, not blood,

Determines what we are.

(*Shouts without; Rodna addressing himself to those near.*)

Does not it thunder?

Nobleman. My Liege, the shouting rabble.

Ro. Hey, for what

Shout they? . . . Our marriage?

Nob. Sire, for Waradin . . .

His victory o'er the Tartars.

Ro. Chide them home!

Flat treason! Waradin! A banished traitor! Make proclamation of our dread displeasure: Hang him who lacks obedience.

(*To an Officer.*) Go about it.

Qu. The tyrant demagogue! . . . Gone to Syria,

Is't likely without Beatrice? He'll be here To compass her; I know the means are plotted,

And I but dream of vengeance; ah! I've ran

My bark upon a rock by my own arts.

I'll have the forehand of him. Sister mine, I'll match you a second time, and with a King

Whose purple cleaves to his gaunt and marrowless bones.

In whose embraces of perpetual winter You'll freeze to a ne'er-melting icicle . . .

I'll wed you to him straight. [*Exit.*]

Ro. Ah! the night deepens. Break up the banquet, lords.

The poetical beauty of the Queen's direction for gathering the night-shade

must gain the admiration of every one. Poetical beauty in a tragedy, without it impels the stream of action, is but an elegant impertinence; but the passage we admire does its duty, by forwarding the course of events, and is really exquisite, and the words, though beautiful, are full of that simplicity which is the only feature really worth studying in the style of the ancient dramatists. While Gertrude is preparing the death of her sister, her newly-wedded *parvenu* lord is plotting to kill his wife. He has hitherto made use of Hassan, a melodramatic Moor belonging to Andreas, who has at first betrayed his Royal Master, but now adheres firmly to him. Hassan introduces Prince Andreas, who bears the name of Waradin still (somewhat to the misleading of the reader) as an assassin he has hired, and he thus receives his commission.

Ro. Thou know'st within the melancholy grove,

Girt by the bastion of our royal palace, A tardy, deep, and sullen current rolls Unwillingly: thou may'st have sat upon Its banks, and seen its glassy face made black

By tall pines, which lean over it; and talk So sad . . . they weep to hear themselves.

Wa. (*Aside.*) So drop

Their foolish rheum at every pause, the while

Falls fast the sick leaves they have worn to ruin.

. . . Oh, that's a parable!

Ila. We know the place.

Hard by Balassi and yourself hold counsel: The band meet there to-night.

Ro. So ran my orders;

But do not speak so loud. No mortal secret Beneath that solitary water's grave Can the shrewd eye pry into: Heaven's lights

Wot not what's done under the strict embrace

Of those protecting boughs. . . You wander, sir?

Wa. I've known the spot from childhood.

Ro. Good! this hour . . .

Now all is hushed and quiet in the city, Enter the bed-room of the Kings of Hungary: . . .

She will not sleep; tear her away from silence

Thither; transport the bright and beautiful wretch

Lower than the last creeping water next

The earth, . . . plunge! . . .

Wa. Say! Pray say on whom? . Oh, speak!

Ha. Why 'tis all one: some rub in his Lordship's way.
Ro. Remember! do not spill her blood, for that
 Were criminal! But let her drown, immured
 By waves from the common eye as close as marble.
 Watch ye by torch-light that she yield her strength,
 And die at last . . . What hast thou heard?
Ha. My Lord,
 We are instructed, and shall carefully Perform.
Ro. Once clutched thy victim, sure to kill?
Ha. E'en so.
Ro. But ye are resolved? Oh swerve not! though
 Perchance thou'lt scare the nestled vulture forth
 From bowering heights, to flap her wings, and cry
 Unto the midnight Heavens bitterly;
 Think it not ominous, though thou shalt hear
 The plumed heron dash out of the waters;
 And haply . . . for I know his court is near
 The sovereign eagle may forsake his mount,
 And trace a magic circle right above ye;
 Then scream, and go off to the stars. You'll fear not?
 God wot! these things are in the course of nature,
 Or if not, . . . if not . . . why the deed is warranted,
 And must be done despite of prodigies.
 Are ye resolved?
Ha. As to why and wherefore,
 It rests with you.
Ro. Of course. Well I have said.
Wa. Thou hast not said on whom.
Ro. Did I not say . . .
(Looking round and lowering his voice.)
 The Queen.
Wa. The Queen! Is't possible? What, Gertrude?
Ro. Is there another Queen? As yet I think not?
 So I and God who made her want her gone.
Wa. Consummate villain! Hell's abandoned fiend
 Did never in the drunkenness of spleen
 Conceive such guilt as thy soul touches on.
 What she who raised thee from thy abject lowness,
 Until thou sitt'st aloft within the verge
 Of royalty . . . To draw thy sceptred bride
 Within the compass of thy bloody toils!
 Kneel down, or ere I push thee to the dust
 Before offended God: use up thy seconds
 To ask Heaven's pardon: yet thou needst not hope it,
 There's no remission in the book of doom
 For damned sins like thine.
Ha. (Apart.) 'Twas this I feared.
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Ro. How! do you dare? Why these exclams? Dost know me?
Wa. For the perfectest wretch of the world. Would'st thou know me? . . .
 Queen Gertrude's cousin stands before thee, traitor! *(Throws off his disguise.)*
Ro. Andreas! . . . I'm blasted!

By a revolution, which places Andreas on the throne, Rodna is condemned to die the same death by which he meant to murder the Queen. In a scene of great strength and originality (the acting of which, if well done, would, perhaps, be too strong for a modern audience), Rodna dies of terror before the sentence is carried into execution. The personal timidity of Rodna appears through the whole of his career; it is a well-defined and consistent character. Prince Andreas very opportunely catches the Queen in the perpetration of mischief just as she is going to kill her sister. We cannot quote the commencement of the scene, for which the author has to thank his own sins against good taste.

An. Would'st slay the innocent . . . the helpless, bound
 To thee by ties of nature? dispossess
 All human feeling from thee? . . . oh! my heart
 Labours a double motion, and expels
 Our common blood into my brow. Vile Queen!
 Cloak thy shamed head, and rayless diadem!
Qu. I stand accountable, base groom, to Release me! [none.
An. (In a severe voice.)
 Silence! shape no breath henceforth
 To high command; nor with imperious voice
 Proclaim thy will.
Qu. (With hauteur.) No more of this! . . . away!
An. (With solemn earnestness.)
 Oh, madam! be not confident. Forbid
 Ever again those bright eyes, like the eagle's,
 Look admiration in the face, lest anger
 Aroused, and blown to the height, do strike therein
 The glory of God's justice, like hot arrows.
Qu. Let me depart.
An. (Peremptorily.) Depart not at your peril!
 Thy kingdom is ta'en from thee! . . . I am sent
 To spell to thee the will of justest Heaven;
 To wreathe about thy delicate white limbs
 A rusty chain, which, like a snake enamoured
 Of thee, might gnaw a passage to thy heart,
 And bask beside it.
Qu. On great God of Monarchs!
 By whose command?

An. By his thou hast made thy husband.
Who bade me trail thy purple infamy,
And plunge that peerless body where no eye
Can mock with heartless homage . . . Are
you ready ?

Qu. I shall go mad. A thousand furies
thrust
Their torches through my brain. Ah ! but
thou dar'st not
Profane our person ; we are thy Queen !
. . . respect me.

An. Not so ! for being unjust, the ma-
jesty
You challenge leaves you ; nor does God
attribute
His sanctity to thine anointed head,
In none do dwell there. Think not thou'rt
the same

As when thou stoodest upright : thy power is
Departed from thee ; and that blood-dyed
robe

Shows like the winding-sheet of all thy
greatness.

Yet say what devil stirr'd thee up to stretch
A blighting hand o'er yonder fairest flower,
Before its fragrance quite filled all the air
That girt the realm in . . . I beseech thee
tell me.

Qu. I am not bound to answer, but I
know not ;
There's in thy voice that which constrains
my soul
To open all itself. You marked this cere-
cloth . . .

This solitary colour of a King . . .
That's waited on by envies as by eyes,
Which rarely throw a fond regard upon it,
Or weep the livid spot deforms our nature,
Under its thick distracting folds. Ah me !
Who wears the crown wears out his heart ;
. . . he's blinded

By the excess of light that clips his palace,
Wherein each 'partment is a theatre.
The blue and vigorous air will shake its
wings,

The blithe immortal day grow young again,
And shower dear grace on every dwelling

But leave that populous solitude still lonely.
All feelings find companionship but mine,
The mightiest, . . . At least I am supreme
In misery ! . . . whose bitter tears do flow
The bitterer being inward ; who must look,
As fits the careful office of a crown,
Into content but through a nation's eyes.
Of all the solitary things that hate the light,
And in concealment fain would wrap them
up,

Companion'd by majestic silence, I,
I alone know not where to rush from search
Of eyes that hedge me round, and pry too
nearly.

I may not weave the breath of heart-sick
moans

Into a mantle of capacious mist
T'envelop me, or with thick clouds and dark

Obscure my throne . . . but act in view of
all ;

On my cold dizzy eminence aloof,
Too high to court affection, so men doubt
me.

There is but one sole bliss in Fortune's
compass

A Queen is free to pray for . . . which were
mine,

Had not that sister, like a juggling gipsy,
Filched my lot from me.

Then follows a scene rather perplexing
in point of story, in which Andreas
makes a second discovery of himself to
the Queen. It is perplexing to a reader,
though, of course, as Andreas is still
in his assassin's disguise, it would not
be so to the person who saw the tragedy.
The finale is a beautiful termination :
the Queen, not being aware that her
previous spouse has been frightened to
death, and hearing the populace cry his
name, drinks the poison prepared for
her harmless sister, and by her death
renders Andreas and Beatrice happy ; a
very uncommon but satisfactory termi-
nation to scenes busy with terrific agita-
tion. We quote the dialogue of the
catastrophe, because, with the exception
of the stiff, quaint line we mark with ita-
lics, it possesses the natural colloquial
spirit, without which any drama is but
a laborious nothing.

Qu. Cousin, I drink to thee ! (*Drinks.*)
Thine now be all this land . . . mine, and
thine own ;

May'st thou reign long and happy !

An. What hast done ?

Qu. (*Faintly.*) I feel the chill hand that
shall touch me last

Already on my veins : . . I've quenched
In poison. [*my life*]

An. (*Supporting her.*) My sweet cousin,
not so ! quick !

Unsay that word !

Qu. The grave is strong protection.

An. From what ?

Qu. I've lived too long to say it. . . My
husband,

*Whom I shall straight delude, and mock his
treasons.*

An. He's dead.

Qu. I gasp with joy : What gone before
me ?

And yet not much . . . not much : Heaven
pardon all !

Just bind my hair : it drops upon my neck,
Like threads of fire. Ah me ! within thy
arms

What must it be to live, when but to die
Is a bliss so rich in sweetness ? (*Dies.*)

An. (After a solemn pause.)
The beauteous Queen's immortal.

Our author being already convinced that he has obscured the beauties of his composition, by the adoption of the phraseology of our early drama, we need not urge upon him that fact; but rather endeavour to reason with him on the circumstances which render the early dramatists very injurious as *models*, though admirable as *studies*, to modern authors. It is a fine exercise of taste to distinguish the beauties from the defects of our early dramatists. They abound in passages of the most exquisite simplicity of diction in which poetic thought can be clothed; but these are as gleams of light breaking out of the involved mists of crude thought and involved language, chiefly arising from the want of fluency attending a tongue whose grammar was either undefined or only taught by that worthy tome, *Lilly's Grammar*, hand in hand with Latin. Again, our author has followed them in other errors still less endurable to a modern audience. Taste and perspicuity are the grand requisites required by Mr. Stephens; his genius requires the chastening hand of taste to soften what is stiff and crude, and even to expunge or alter passages still more offensive to the taste of modern times. He should recollect that the involved language of the early drama is only tolerated because we cannot separate it from the gold with which it is interwoven, and that to imitate it, with all its defects of impropriety as well as crudeness, is worse than the Chinese who made silk hose, carefully excuting all the holes and darns in the old stocking sent him for a pattern. His style seems as if he had had a more antique model than Shakspeare. His elisions, as "partments," "namoured," are real holes and darns. He is too fond of the words *buzz*, and *pash*, and very ugly affectations they are. To us, the confession of Beatrice, that the Queen had betrayed her into marriage with Bankban, by "lulling her with nectarous grape," a mode of delusion, though by no means out of keeping with the gross manners of the 13th century, which can awaken little sympathy in the hearts of the ladies of the 19th. This is an instance of the want of taste, which so often interferes

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between our author and his readers, and prevents them from bestowing on him that full meed of admiration which his really original genius so often claims. Still the present production shows great improvement in judgment, but he must keep a wary rein over his own imagination, and carefully scan what he writes, that he offends not. In all qualities, excepting a chastened and discriminating taste, he is richly endowed; in his luminous passages his blank verse is singularly excellent; his learning, his knowledge of historical costume is pre-eminent. His reading has been almost too deep. His imagination is highly poetical; but he ought to cultivate his powers of observation more and erudition less—he ought to look out into this breathing world and study living character, as well as the records of the past. He knows enough, he should perceive more.

Forty Sermons. By the Rev. J. CATTERMOLE.

THERE is much merit in this collection; impressive and spiritual, terse and short, as though they had been written after Paley's recipe. "I spend a great deal of time," said that master of style, "in making short sermons out of my long ones."

The following fine passage will give a fair idea of the powers of the reverend author; it is from the discourse on the world and the Christian. He says:—

That old serpent no longer deceiveth the whole world; the light of divine truth pierces deeper and deeper into the realm of chaos and old night. But the obvious extent of wickedness is still wide even amongst ourselves, and within that extent the anti-christian principle is as virulent and active as at any time. The principle, I say, for we know that its *visible* working and results are less hideous. So much the establishment—the neighbourhood of the Gospel will always effect. Its surrounding fires sure will cause some of the high places of wickedness to fall; its beams scattering light in all directions will drive the foul things of darkness to their retreats. But in spirit the world is the world still. Without any real change of heart, what multitudes now walking decently as in the day, would immediately rush into every heathenish excess if the correcting vicinity of the Gospel were removed, and that calm severe

eye closed which makes them cover themselves with seeming virtue.

Again—

There is no saying either more beautiful or more profoundly true in all the New Testament than this, "Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven;" and I think we may derive light to interpret this from a saying of Luther, who, speaking of childhood, thus points out one of its chief charms, "Children dispute not; they believe as they are taught; the whole soul of a child is pure simplicity."

Costanza of Mistra: a Tale of Modern Greece. In Five Cantos. Whittaker.

WE should judge the author of *Costanza* to be a person possessing an amiable and highly cultivated mind; indeed, indications of it appear in every stanza of these cantos, evidently written by a person whose hand, according to an elegant quotation we are enabled to make from the preface—

"Never touched a jarring note
'Gainst virtue's harmony."

The story is very interesting, if examined closely; but the verse chosen has the natural tendency to cause narrative and dialogue to move heavily; it is best fitted for descriptive or didactic composition. We give a specimen, from which our readers can form a good idea of the merit of a poem, which has every excellence excepting fire and rapidity.

There undisturb'd the crested snake had
lain,
For human footsteps seldom mark'd the
way;
'Twas only trod by the funereal train,
And wailing mourners robed in sad array;
By whose slow tread it had been pressed
that day;
The unshorn grass was laid—the mark
was found,
Caused by Iren's bier, which heavily
Had pass'd, by sorrow borne; tears then
around
Were shed, Costanza thought they linger'd
on the ground:
And ev'ry dew-drop seem'd affection's
tear
Which glisten'd in the feeble-gleaming
light;
In ev'ry breeze low sighs she seem'd to
hear,—
What scene now rises to her fancy's sight?
The flow'r-strewn bier, the pall of maiden
white;

And mourners each with mantle-shrouded
face,
Seem there to move through the dark
shades of night;
She saw the father's slow dejected pace,
As seem'd the pensive train the cyprus-grove
to trace.
With solemn step she now approach'd the
tomb;
The grey projecting buttresses of stone
And crumbling walls uprose, involved in
gloom,
With moss and lichens colour'd, and o'er-
grown
With aged ivy in long tresses thrown,
(The garland of Decay)—and whitely
gleam'd
Its glossy leaves, whereon in paleness
shone,
The sacred moonlight; partially it beam'd
While each recess receding, but more gloomy
seem'd.

The Authors of France. By A. ALBITES,
Professor of French Literature.

BREVITY is the only fault that can be found with this luminous review of French literature (which, with useful corrections, originally appeared in the *Court Magazine* for June last). It will be read with pleasure and improvement, and we close its brief, but eloquent, pages with regret. To those who wish to go through a course of standard authors in the French language, we can recommend it as a safe and elegant guide. We wish the author had equally enlarged on the life and writings of every author of note in each era, as he has on those of Moliere; an analysis of whose career, personal and literary, is written with great spirit and just critical acumen. What a charming book might be made of the lives of the literary noblesse of France, who have written their own historical memoirs. What excellent specimens of the gradual change of French style might be furnished by Joinville, Sully, Bassompierre, St. Simon, Madame de Motteville, Madame la Fayette, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, and even by the two Marguerites, Queens of Navarre. Our author has scarcely dwelt sufficiently on this most interesting feature of early French literature. He lays the greatest stress on the *école classique*, and for that branch we particularly recommend his outline to the stu-

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dent's reading table. The specimens are carefully translated, and as literally as elegance will permit.

Maxims, Morals, and Golden Rules.
Madden and Co.

THIS is indeed a book of wisdom; we have never opened a collection of apothegms approaching so nearly in spirit to the Proverbs of the Sacred Writings. It contains a union of moral and religious sentiments, which are capable of doing most extensive good, if widely diffused among the rising generation. All ages—all languages have been searched for these sayings, wherein good advice and sound reasoning have been condensed to the briefest space. The following extracts give a fair specimen of its contents, and upon which, with the exception of the last, it would be superfluous to comment.

The sun should not set upon our anger, neither should he rise upon our confidence. We should forgive freely, but forget rarely. I will not be revenged, and this I owe to my enemy; but I will remember, and this I owe to myself.—COLTON.

Admirable but dangerous to promulgate. Few can be resentful and sin not.

Trust him little who praises all, him less who censures all, and him least who is indifferent about all.—LAVATER.

If all seconds were as averse to duels as their principals, very little blood would be shed in that way.—COLTON.

Calumnies are as sparks, which if you do not blow them, will go out of themselves.

There are three things in the world that know no kind of restraint, and are governed by no laws, but merely by passion and brutality: civil wars, family quarrels, and religious disputes.—BROTIER.

The virtues of a mother give virtue to her children; the virtues of a father give only fame.

He who finds pleasure in vice, and pain in virtue, is a novice in both.

LINES ON THE BIBLE. BY SIR W. SCOTT.

Within this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries;
Happiest they of human race
To whom their God has given grace,
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch, to force the way;
And better had they ne'er been born,
Than read to doubt, or read to scorn.

These verses were found written in a Bible in the possession of Lord Byron,
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and were for years attributed to him. Since the death of Sir Walter, the true author has been known—he had written them as an exhortation to his unhappy friend.

When men speak ill of thee, live so as nobody will believe them.—PLATO.

He that is angry without a cause, must be pleased without amends.

This liberty in conversation (fiction and exaggeration) defeats its own end. Much of the pleasure and all the benefit of conversation depends upon our opinion of the speaker's veracity.—PALEY.

The worst kind of men are those who do not care when men see them doing wrong.

The superiority of sex was never more rigidly enforced than among the barbarians of the Chain Islands; nor were the male part of the human species ever more despicable.—BEECHER'S VOYAGE. Reverence for women is the test of civilization.

I know not which is the worse, the bearer of tales, or the receiver: for the one makes the other. We should no less hate to tell, than to hear slanders. If we cannot stop others' mouths, let us stop our own ears. The receiver is as bad as the thief.—BISHOP HENSHAW.

The greater part of mankind employ their first years to make their last miserable.—DE LA BRUYERE.

Of all sights which can soften and humanize the heart of man, there is none that ought so surely to reach it as that of innocent children, enjoying the happiness which is their proper and natural portion.—SOUTHEY.

Always look at those whom you are talking to, never at those whom you are talking of.

This excellent little volume may be judiciously presented to young persons, particularly to boys at their first entrance upon the busy occupations of the world.

An English Grammar and Reading Book. By L. A. DONATTI. Mallett.

THE title does not give a proper idea of this little book; it is really the foreigner's first steps in English, and so it should have been called. Grammars we have by hundreds, but none of them, with the exception of one of Cobbett's useful elementary books, entirely devoted to those who are acquiring the rudiments of English. M. Donatti's hand-book is chiefly an assemblage of the troublesome points of English pronunciation, for the assistance of teachers and parents, with useful preparatory exercises in etymology.

THE ECCALEOBION.

ONE of the most singular discoveries in this inventive age, has certainly been made by Mr. Bucknell. Every one interested in the popular study of natural history, will encourage the Eccaleobion, and be delighted with an opportunity of beholding its wonders. The idea of making it a public exhibition was an excellent one; it is the most sensible and pleasing of the sights of the metropolis. As to the machine itself, we cannot better describe it than in the words of its intellectual inventor.

The Eccaleobion, or Life-giving Machine, forms, to outward appearance, an oblong, square, wooden box, about nine feet in length, three feet in breadth, and three feet and a half in height, covered, excepting the doors, with cloth. It stands upon a table, and is entirely disconnected from the walls against which it is placed. Its efficient action and regulative power are inclosed within.

It is divided into eight compartments, or divisions, open to the sight (the doors being glazed) in which the eggs are deposited, spread promiscuously upon the floor of each division. The eggs lie uncovered, neither wrapped in flannel, nor immersed in sand, as has usually been done, in order that they might retain their warmth when exposed to cold, or resist the effects of too great heat.

The Eccaleobion is capable of containing upwards of two thousand eggs;—each egg has the power of generating heat, as the bird within it advances to maturity; consequently, a very successful issue from a large number of eggs can be expected only when such quantity is subjected to an uniform action of the machine, regulated according to the degree of heat engendered by the birds.

The spectacle of so many living beings, busily employed, liberating themselves from their imprisonment, and bursting into light and existence, through the agency of inert matter, set in operation by the human mind, presents a sight most beautiful and interesting!

From the Eccaleobion the birds come forth, redolent in health, strength, and activity; and, soon after their liberation from the shell, are carefully fed, and tended for two or three days; after which, revelling in the luxury of their new existence, they are seen running about the floor of their apartment; and proper means being used, neither require, nor feel, the loss of that maternal care which, in all other instances, a natural parent only can successfully bestow.

Birds, in a healthy condition, require no assistance to effect their escape from the

shell; which operation they perform in a remarkable and uniform manner, making a circular fracture of the shell with their bill, and bursting its integuments by strong muscular exertion. In cases of weakness in the bird, or defective hatching, assistance may be given, but such birds generally die in a few days, or, perhaps, hours. Darkness is also considered favourable to the process; probably, from too much light occasioning an unhealthy excitement in the nervous system of so exquisitely delicate a creature.

The process by the Eccaleobion is so certain, and so completely under control, that the birds produced by it come forth in the most perfect and healthy state, and live, flourish, and fatten, as well as any of their congeners, who owe their existence to a more natural and less extraordinary birth.

There is no difficulty in teaching the young of the various tribes of gallinaceous fowl to eat and to drink; they perform these operations spontaneously, or from observation, as appetite prompts them, nor is food necessary until the expiration of twelve or twenty hours after leaving the shell. Sickly, and badly-hatched birds, seldom can be induced to eat, and die from inanition.

If chickens, about two months old and upwards, are turned in among a brood of younger birds, they will sometimes take to brooding, and tending them with the delight of natural parents. The gratification being quite mutual, the young chicks run after, and strive with each other for their favours with the most untiring perseverance. Although, probably, it is simply the pleasurable sensation derived from the genial warmth communicated by the young birds nestling under them, which induces them to do it, it is, nevertheless, a striking and highly-interesting picture to witness these mimic mothers acting the part of foster parents with so much apparent satisfaction, yet with the awkwardness with which a girl, in similar circumstances, fondles her doll.

This last trait of conduct, we can assure Mr. Bucknell, is practised in every brood of naturally hatched chickens, easily weaned by their mother betaking herself to perch with her fellow fowls; the strongest among the little forsaken creatures (to use a country expression) *broodle* the others under their wings, till the whole fraternity obtain strength enough to place themselves on the perch beside the mature inhabitants of the henhouse.

Nothing can be more amusing than Mr. Bucknell's narrative of the conduct of his foster chicks. His essay on instinct will be read with great pleasure by every reflective person.

[THE COURT



THE QUEEN'S GAZETTE.

VIVAT REGINA.

July 30.—Her Majesty held a Court at Buckingham Palace.

Prince Mavrocordato, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the King of Greece, had audience of the Queen to deliver his credentials.

Her Majesty honoured the Italian Opera with her presence.

31.—Her Majesty held a Privy Council, and gave audience to Viscounts Melbourne and Duncannon, the Marquises of Lansdowne and Normanby, Sir J. Hobhouse, and Lord Hill.

August 1.—After granting audience to Viscount Melbourne, her Majesty rode out on horseback, and in the evening honoured the Italian Opera with her presence.

2.—Her Majesty visited the Princess Sophia, at Kensington Palace.

Viscount Melbourne and Lord John Russell had audiences of the Queen.

3.—After granting audiences to Viscount Melbourne and Lord Hill, her Majesty took an airing; and in the evening honoured the Italian Opera with her presence.

Sunday, 4.—The Queen and Queen Dowager attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. Her Majesty took an airing in the afternoon.

5.—Viscount Melbourne had audience of the Queen. Her Majesty took an airing in an open landau and four. The Queen had dinner and evening parties.

6.—After giving audience to Viscount Melbourne, her Majesty, accompanied by her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, took an airing in an open carriage and four. Her Majesty in the evening, accompanied by her august mother, honoured the Italian Opera-house with her presence.

7.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience. In the afternoon her Majesty rode out on horseback, attended as usual.

8.—The Duke of Argyll, and Viscounts Melbourne and Duncannon, had audiences of the Queen. Her Majesty rode out on horseback during the afternoon.

9.—The Marquis of Normanby and Viscount Melbourne had audience of the Queen. Her Majesty rode out on horseback during the afternoon, and in the evening, a youthful *pianiste*, Mademoiselle Roeckel, had the honour of performing before the Queen and the Royal Family.

10.—The Queen held a Court, at which the Hereditary Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar had an audience of her Majesty, to take leave. The Queen, accompanied by her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, honoured the Italian Opera-house with her presence.

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Sunday, 11.—Her Majesty and her august Mother, attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

12.—After granting Viscount Melbourne an audience, her Majesty, accompanied by the Duchess of Kent, attended by the Countess of Charlemont, left town before three o'clock in the afternoon, in an open carriage and four, for the residence of her Majesty, the Queen Dowager, in Bushy Park.

13.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty.

The Lord Mayor, accompanied by the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, had an audience of the Queen.

14.—Her Majesty granted audience to Viscount Melbourne and the Judge Advocate-General.

The Duchess of Kent rode out on horseback.

15.—Her Majesty granted audience to Viscount Melbourne.

In the evening the Queen honoured the Haymarket Theatre with her presence.

16.—Viscount Melbourne had audience of the Queen.

Her Majesty rode out on horseback during the afternoon, and in the evening gave a dinner party.

17.—After granting Viscount Melbourne audience, her Majesty and her august mother left town for Windsor Castle, at two o'clock p.m. The Royal Standard was lowered from the Marble Arch of Buckingham Palace.

This being the birth-day of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, a party of nobility were invited to Windsor Castle to celebrate the day.

19.—Her Majesty and her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent arrived in town from Windsor Castle.

Their Serene Highnesses the Duke Ferdinand of Saxe Coburg, the Princess Victorie, and the Princes Augustus and Leopold of Saxe Coburg, landed at Woolwich, where they were received by the Hon. Colonel Cavendish, and conveyed in two of the royal carriages to Buckingham Palace.

20.—The Marquis of Normanby and Viscount Melbourne had audience of her Majesty.

21.—After granting audience to Viscount Melbourne the Queen, accompanied by her distinguished visitors and suite, rode out on horseback.

22.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience. Her Majesty honoured Sir David Wilkie with a sitting for a state portrait. The Queen honoured the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland with her company at dinner in the evening at Stafford House.

23.—After granting audiences to Viscounts Melbourne and Duncannon her Majesty left Buckingham Palace, accompanied by her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and their Serene Highnesses the Duke Ferdinand and the Princess Victorie of Saxe Coburg, in an open carriage and four, for Windsor Castle.

24.—Her Majesty arrived in town from Windsor Castle at half-past five o'clock in the afternoon. Viscount Melbourne had an audience. The Queen had a dinner party in the evening.

26.—The Queen held a Court and Privy Council at Buckingham Palace. Her Majesty took an airing in the afternoon in an open carriage and four.

27.—The Queen went in state to the House of Lords to close the session of Parliament by a speech from the throne. Viscount Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty.

28.—The Marquis of Normanby and Viscount Melbourne had audiences. Her Majesty rode out on horseback during the afternoon, accompanied by their Serene Highnesses the Duke Ferdinand, Princess Augustus and Leopold of Saxe Coburg, Count A. Mensdorf, and a numerous suite.

29.—The Queen held a Court and Privy Council. Viscount Melbourne had an audience. Her Majesty rode out on horseback in the afternoon, accompanied by her distinguished visitors and suite.

GUESTS AT THE ROYAL TABLE.

The Duchess of Kent, July 28.
Duchess of Braganza, July 28.
Princess Therese Hohenlohe, August 2.
Madame de Maucomble, July 28.
Lord Lilford, July 28, August 2, 16.
Marquis de Rezende, July 28.
M. de Gomez, July 28.
Colonel Armstrong, August 16.
Duchess of Sutherland, July 28, August 16, 20.
Mr. Rich, August 16.
Marquis of Normanby, July 28.
Earl of Uxbridge, July 28, August 13, 21.
Earl of Surrey, July 28, 31, August 2, 14, 16, 20.
Countess of Surrey, August 14.
Viscount Melbourne, July 28, 31.
Viscount Palmerston, July 28, August 20.
Earl Fitzwilliam, July 29.
Duke of Argyll, July 29, August 16.
Lord Methuen, August 16.
Lady Methuen, August 16.
Hon. George Fitzwilliam, July 29.
Lady Charlotte Fitzwilliam, July 29.

Earl Craven, July 29.
Countess Craven, July 29.
Hon. Capt. E. Howard, August 16.
Lord Morpeth, July 29.
Lord Lurgan, July 29.
Lady Lurgan, July 29.
Viscount Falkland, July 31, August 21.
Viscountess Falkland, August 16.
Hon. J. S. Rice, July 31.
Earl of Clarendon, August 2.
Countess of Clarendon, August 2.
Lord Gardner, August 2, 13, 16.
Sir Frederick Stovin, August 2.
Mr. George E. Anson, August 2.
Lord Plunket, August 13.
Hon. William Cowper, August 13, 20.
Hon. Colonel Cavendish, August 13, 21.
Viscount Milton, August 14.
Lord Fitzalan, August 14.
Lady Fitzalan, August 14.
Colonel Wemyss, August 14.

RIDES, DRIVES, AND THEATRES.

Duchess of Kent, July 28*, 30*, August 1*, 3*.
Duchess of Braganza, July 28*.
Duchess of Sutherland, July 28*.
Madame de Maucomble, July 28*.
Lady Charlotte Dundas, July 28*, 30*, August 15*.
Hon. Miss Murray, July 28*, 30*, August 1, 1*.
Baroness Leichen, July 27, August 1, 3*, 16, 21.
Hon. Miss Paget, July 27, 28*, 30*, August 1*, 3, 3*, 4.
Viscount Torrington, July 28*, 30*, August 1, 1*, 3*.
Lord Lilford, July 28*, August 21.
Marquis de Rezende, July 28*.
Madame de Gomez, July 28*.
Mr. Rich, July 28*, August 1, 1*, 3*.
Hon. Colonel Cavendish, July 28*, 30*.
Marchioness of Normanby, July 30*, August 1*, 2, 3, 3*, 4.
Mr. Rich, July 30*, August 16.
Miss Quentin, August 1, 16, 21.
Colonel Buckley, August 1, 1*, 2, 3, 3*, 4, 15*, 16, 21.
Lord Gardner, August 1, 16.
Sir Frederick Stovin, August 1.
Countess of Claremont, August 15*.
Hon. Miss Anson, August 15*.
Marquis of Headfort, August 15*, 16.
Sir William Lunley, August 15*, 16.
Hon. Mrs. Brand, August 16.
Hon. C. A. Murray, August 21.

MODE OF CONDUCT IN THE LISTS AT EGLINTOUN.

THE gallants having entered the lists, in a regular and interesting order, each having a lady under his protection, and other preliminary matters having been settled, are directed to begin their

courses, subject to the following rules:—

1. No Knight can be permitted to ride without having on the whole of his tilting pieces.

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Miscellany.

2. No Knight can ride more than six courses with the same opponent.

3. It is expressly enjoined by the Earl of Eglintoun, and must be distinctly understood by each Knight, upon engaging to run a course, that he is to strike his opponent on no other part than the shield, and that an attempt made elsewhere, or the lance broken across, will be adjudged foul, and advantages in former course forfeited.

4. Lances of equal length, substance, and quality, as far as can be seen, will be delivered to each Knight, and none others will be allowed. Particular attention is most earnestly requested to be paid to this injunction, for the general good and credit of the tournament.

N.B.—In default of the lances being splintered in any course, the judge will decide for the atteint made nearest the shield.

ACTIONS WORTHY OF HONOUR.

1. To break the most lances.
2. To break the lances in more places than one.

No intelligence of these pastimes and festivities reached us previous to the publication of the present number of the Court Magazine.

“Esquires” of Old.—At the age of fourteen the title of “Esquire” was conferred on the youthful aspirant to the honours of chivalry. He was led to the altar by his father and mother, each carrying a wax taper in their hands. The officiating priest took from the altar a sword and belt, which, having previously bestowed their benediction upon them, he fastened to the side of the youth, who from that moment was authorised to carry arms. There were several degrees of Esquires; the highest was that of the body, or Esquire of honour. He was in constant and close attendance on his master, especially in times of danger; carried his banner when he went to battle, and sounded his cry at arms. His office was to dress and undress his Lord, and also to assist him at table.

“Curties he was, lowly and servisable,
And carf before his fader at the table.”

And besides “singing and fluting all day,” we are told that an accomplished squire

Could make songs and well indite, [write.
Joust and eke dance, and well pourtray and
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3. Not to put in rest until near your opponent.

4. To meet point to point of the lances.

5. To strike on the emblazonment of shield.

6. To perform all the determined courses.

ACTIONS OF DISHONOUR.

1. To break the lance across the opponent.

2. To strike or hurt the horse.

3. To strike the saddle.

4. To drop the lancer's sword.

5. To lose the management of the horse at the encounter.

6. To be unhorsed—the greatest dishonour.

7. All lances broken by striking below the girdle to be disallowed.

ACTION MOST WORTHY.

To break the lance in many pieces.

AT THE TOURNAY OR BARRIER.

Two blows to be given in passing, and ten at the encounter.

Though this kind of squire, skilled in the wonders of “spelling, writing, and arithmetic,” was a scarcity, to him pertained the pleasing duty of bearing the frequent messages of love and gallantry. He also attended his master to battle, guarded his prisoners, and was allowed to ward off any blows from him, and was always to be in readiness with a fresh horse and arms whenever they were needed.—(From *Tournaments, or the Days of Chivalry*.)

The Surrender of the Ottoman Fleet, and Victory of Nezib.—What is to happen in the event of Mehemet Ali refusing restitution of the Ottoman fleet? is the question asked by the politicians of Europe. The answer is, that “Ibrahim will attempt, and possibly with success, to carry his threat into execution, to ‘water his horse at Scutari.’” He may not be the first to arrive there, it is true, but that very failure to be the first would be the most important and lamentable incident the affair is capable of producing. No terms ought to be proposed to Mehemet Ali which

Fashions.

might be unacceptable to him, for Ibrahim is at Marasch waiting only a signal to dash forward. He may be, it is true, arrested on his march, and he may be preceded by others in his proposed entry into Byzantium; the Austrians and the English well know by whom that anticipation would be effected. The Paris journals speak desparingly of the capability of the ambassadors of the Five Powers to effect an arrangement of the Eastern question. "Events," says one letter writer, "march

with great strides, while the Powers are negotiating. Rest assured that Mehemet Ali—the victorious Mehemet Ali—will not abandon the advantageous position in which the victory of Nezib and the surrender of the Ottoman fleet have given him. There is not at this moment in Asia Minor a force capable of stopping Ibrahim in his march. The whole of the Turkish army has disbanded itself, and is committing every where the most frightful excesses."

DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHION PLATES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

(No. 784.) Walking or carriage costume.—Redingotte of lavender *poux de soie*, corsage *demi-décolletée* (half high,) open as far as the waist in front, and in deep plaits or folds at each side, the back tight. Sleeves plain, to fit the shoulder at top, the remainder very full, (see plate), the *poignet*, or wristband, not very deep, and ornamented with two points (which turn up), and are trimmed with blonde (see plate); the top of the sleeve is ornamented with a kind of bow of the material of the dress, the edge trimmed with blonde. The skirt is very full and long, and is ornamented down the front, towards the left side, with six puffs or slashes, trimmed all round with blonde; hat of pink *crepe lisse* the hat is small, and very shallow over the brow, long and square at the sides, and nearly meeting under the chin; the crown is low and small, and inclines a good deal backward. A full puffed bow of *crepe lisse* is placed towards the right side, and retains a long branch of white acacia, which droops to the side. The bracelet, as well as the edges of the front and crown of the bonnet, is finished with a double border (see plate); a full-blown rose is placed beneath the front at each side. Hair in bands, the ends braided; a small chain of gold, in the style of a *Féronnière*, crosses the brow, worked *chemisette*; a trimming of narrow lace turns over the open corsage; pale yellow gloves, white silk stockings, black shoes of satin, royal parasol of *poux de soie*.

Sitting figure—Low dress of *gros de Naples*, corsage without ceinture, and quite plain to the bust, the front cut in

three pieces (see plate); *fichu en guipure*; hat of white *poux de soie*, white kid gloves, fan à l'antique.

(No. 785.) *Toilette d'Interieur*, or dinner dress.—Dress of crape over satin, the corsage low, coming in folds from the shoulder, and crossed in front. Sleeves tight at top, with three *bouillons* the remainder full all the way down to the wrist, where they are terminated by a *poignet* (see plate). The skirt of the dress is ornamented with four tucks (cut the cross way), the two upper ones are carried up to the waist, and give the dress the appearance of opening at the side (see plate); small dress cap of blonde the head piece and caul is in one piece, cut like a half-handkerchief, with the points taken off, the head piece merely marked by two rows of ribbon, which may be either laid on, or inserted in two tucks. The cap has neither border nor *brides* (strings). There is a small puff of blonde at each side, as low as the ear, which retains a bunch of roses (see plate). Hair in smooth bands; on the neck is a fine hair chain, from which a cross is suspended; white kid gloves, silk stockings, satin shoes, ceinture tied in front.

Standing figure—Cap the same as the one just described, silk dress, low corsage, full sleeve, with two tucks put on at top. *Fichu* of black blonde or tulle. This *fichu* is very simple in its make, and only requires a glance at the plate. It is slit about two-thirds down the back, and gathered into a small space (say a finger and half), and sewed together again; a very small piping covers the joining.

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An incision, beginning from the outer edge, is also made on each shoulder, and straps put on; the back of the *fichu* is slightly gathered to these straps, but the

fronts are plain; the shape of the piece of blonde is that of a half-handkerchief, but it is obvious that it is much deeper at back than at front.

THE NEWEST MODES OF PARIS.

FROM OUR OWN PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

Paris, August 26, 1839.

What a gay tour you have had, *ma bonne amie*, and how you talk of the plans you have formed for the Autumn! You say you will visit us next carnival—I scarcely dare hope you will do so, you have been promising so long. So you got all your new dresses made up according to my last descriptions; I would be highly to blame were I to give you a *gout* for another outfit so soon; it would be really the height of extravagance on your part, so I will give you *tant soit peu de modes*, and then we will talk on other matters.

The prettiest bonnets to be seen at present, for those they become, are made of black lace. They are not large, and must be a good deal *echancré* (sloped away) in front of the head, so as to make the bonnet set off the brow completely. As I have told you, a fall of lace is put on to every drawing, and one at the edge of the front occasionally. The trimming must be very light, and a bunch of mixed flowers to be placed at the side, of course flowers underneath the front, to render it becoming. *Pailles de riz* are rather on the decline, since these lace bonnets have come into favour. There are some made of white lace, but they are exceedingly heavy in comparison to those of crape, gauze, or tulle, which are also worn.

The corsages are still made half high (*demi-decolletée*); they are worn very open in front, with a fall of lace or a small collar, *à la duchesse*, turning over. The sleeves are tight—to fit the shoulder at top, the remainder full; a large bow, formed of only two puffs, without ends, of the material of the dress, cut on the cross way, and trimmed at the edge with narrow lace or blonde (if the dress be silk) or with a narrow silk fringe, or other *passenterie* trimming; if it be of *mousseline de laine*, make a new and pretty garniture for the top; some have one or two puffs or *bouillons*, or two tucks, cut on the cross way, and put on as plain as possible. The sleeves are

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seldom cut on the straight way at present, as they are found to run up and become too short.

Trimmings are very much worn on the skirts of the dresses; some have one very deep flounce, with or without a heading; others have two, of one equal depth (each flounce less than a quarter deep) others one deep, and over it one narrow; and others again, as many as five rather narrow flounces, put on without any space between them. Tucks are also fashionable; they are cut on the cross way, about half a finger in depth, and are put on three nearly close together, or five quite close. The next trimmings to these are two, or three, *bouillons*, placed a little distant from each other; if the dress be of white muslin, coloured ribbons may be run in. A trimming, composed of a puffing, from one to more than two fingers in depth, is often seen, particularly on silk dresses, but is thought rather heavy. A row of velvet, black, or the colour of the dress, quite at the bottom of the skirt, is also a favourite style trimming.

Shawls are still in high favour. In my last letters, I described all our *nouveautés* in this department.

Hair.—*Bandeaux lisses*, and bands with the ends braided, are both fashionable styles for dressing the front hair; ringlets *à l'Anglaise* are also adopted. The long hair is still worn *à la Grecque*, or *demi Grecque*, and dressed very low at the back of the head. Fine gold chains are much in vogue in the guise of *Féronnières*, in the morning; or in *demi-toilette*, a narrow band of velvet supplies its place.

Colours.—For hats, the prevailing colours are black (lace), white, pink, and *paille*. For dresses, shades of grey, *Café brûlé*, and cedar.

Maintenant chérie, that I have no more to say upon fashions, I think it may amuse you if I describe a few of the curiosities that were to be seen at the late "*Exposition des Produits de l'Industrie*." Now, let me ask you what

you would think of a dress made of *tissu de verre*, or glass tissue! It appears extraordinary, nevertheless, that not only dresses, but hangings, and sofa and chair covers, are made of this material. It is perfectly soft and flexible to the touch, and as brilliant to the eye as silver tissue, besides being exceedingly strong. One of our actresses appeared, a few nights since, in a glass tunic, which produced a far more splendid effect than the most beautiful silver muslin or tissue. It can be procured of almost every colour, as well as white.

The next object that attracted my attention, for you know I always look after curiosities, was an easy chair, large enough in case of necessity to serve for a bed; and strange as it may seem, this chair folds or shuts up, I should perhaps say, into so small a space that it can be carried about in a carpet bag! Most convenient, you will allow, for travellers.

I saw a curious clock, called the "*Pendule mystérieuse*." Upon a very plain pedestal stands a dish of crystal, supported on two slight columns; the hours are marked on the glass, and you see the hands move, but not the slightest mechanism is visible, although the disc is transparent. Of course the mechanism must be in the pedestal; but how that can act upon the hands seems most wonderful.

There were newly-invented strong boxes, for keeping plate or money, most ingenious for catching thieves. To open one of an immense size, the inventor offers you a tiny key—you no sooner put it into the key-hole, than you hear a tremendous noise, and before you can possibly escape, you find yourself prisoner in an iron cage, which shoots out from the sides of the box, at the same time that a bell rings loudly, and seems to cry, "Stop thief! stop thief!" Unfortunately, the price of this most useful article is so high, that if one were to spend their money in purchasing it, they would not have much left to tempt the thieves.

Another curiosity, is a machine for making paper, so that it can be sold by the yard, instead of by the sheet. They say they can make a single sheet long enough to go round our globe! I

think if *Dominie Sampson* had heard of this invention, he would have said *prodigious*!

There was another piece of mechanism for spinning; from one pound of cotton it spins a thread *fifty-two leagues* in length.

Another machine was for making brocade silks, so that what we paid 12 and 15 francs a yard for last year, may, perhaps, be procured for as many pence next year.

A man has invented a manner of copying old books, manuscripts, and engravings, in such perfection that they cannot be known from the originals.

Another has invented a way of copying statues, so that the *chefs d'œuvres* of the great sculptors will be multiplied *ad infinitum*; these copies need not be of the size of the originals; some are larger, some smaller, but so exact that the most minute critic cannot find a fault.

There was a newly-composed metal to be seen there, called *minefer*, and which bears a wonderful resemblance to silver. It is of the same colour, and equally hard, malleable, and sonorous. It cannot be attacked by acids, and resists the action of fire. To preserve it bright it requires the same care as silver, but it appears to me an idea less brilliant; it is infinitely superior to plated goods, and has no copper in its composition. A very beautiful dinner-service of this metal was exhibited at the exposition.

Amongst other wonderful inventions of the day, it is said that a painter at Berlin has invented a machine, by the aid of which he can re-produce, in a few seconds, any oil painting, however old it may be, and that with an exactitude utterly impossible to obtain otherwise. It seems, he made a public essay of his machine in the Royal Museum at Berlin lately, when in the course of a few minutes he made one hundred and ten copies of the head of Rembrandt, which could not have been distinguished, it is said, from the original, so perfect were they, even in the most delicate shades of colouring. My paper, which I do not yet purchase by the yard, warns me to come to a close; so *bon soir chérie, dors bien et aime ton amie*,

L. de F—.

General Monthly Register of Marriages, Births, and Deaths, at Home and Abroad.

Office of Registration, 11, Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn, August, 1839.

SCALE OF CHARGE FOR EACH INSERTION.

For a Marriage, not exceeding Five Lines..... Three Shillings.
For a Birth or Death, not exceeding Three Lines..... Two Shillings.

BIRTHS.

Barrow, the lady of George R—, Esq., of a daughter, at the Right Honourable J. W. Croker's, West Moulsey, August 2.
Black, the lady of Charles B—, Esq., of a son, at Marlborough-road, St. John's Wood, July 24.
Bradshaw, the lady of J. H. B—, Esq., of a daughter, at Hornsey, July 30.
Bramston, the lady of William B—, Esq., of a daughter, at Reading, August 14.
Bridges, the lady of W. M. B—, Esq., of a son, in Cadogan-place, August 13.
Buttmer, the wife of the Rev. Robert Durant B—, of a son, at the Rectory, Aldham, Essex, July 28.
Campbell, the lady of Captain C. C—, 53rd regiment, N.I., of a son, at Meerut, E.I., March 20.
Carden, the lady of Robert Walter C—, Esq., of a son, in Duchess-street, Portland-place, August 28.
Cockerell, the lady of Captain R. H. C—, R.N., of a daughter, at Calcutta, April 20.
Colen, the lady of Isaac C—, Esq., of a daughter, in Park-lane, July 4.
Crawford, the lady of Colonel C—, Artillery, of a daughter, at Kamptee, E.I., April 23.
Curzon, the Honourable Mrs. Sidney Roper, of a daughter, at the Hermitage, North End, Fulham, August 3.
Edwin, the lady of Captain F. E—, R.N., of a son, at Camden-terrace West, August 16.
Farquhar, Lady Townsend, of a son, at Gouldings, August 2.
Foster, the lady of John F—, Esq., Surgeon, of a son, at 3, Welbeck-street, August 18.
Furlong, the lady of the Rev. C. J. F—, of a son, at the Grove, Warfield, Berks, August 11.
Garrett, the lady of Captain Charles G—, Esq., 9th Regiment, Bengal Cavalry, of a son, at Portsmouth, August 9.
Goolden, the lady of R. H. G—, Esq., M.D., of a son, in John-street, Adelphi, July 24.
Guinaraens, the lady of M. P. G—, Esq., of a daughter, at the Clifton Villas, Maida Vale, August 19.
Haslam, the lady of the Reverend J. F. H—, B.A., of a daughter, at Cotta, Ceylon.
Harcourt, Mrs., of a daughter, at St. Leonard's-hill, July 25.
Harden, the lady of Charles H—, Esq., of a daughter, at Springmount Cottage, Grove-lane, Camberwell, August 3.
Hawkins, the wife of Francis H—, Esq., M.D., of a daughter, in Curzon-street, July 30.
Hope, the Hon. Mrs. George, of a son, at Ditton-park, Windsor, August 17.
Hopkinson, Mrs., of a son, in Eaton-place, Belgrave-square, July 26.
Isacke, the lady of Captain I—, of a son, at North Foreland Lodge, Thanet, August 3.
Lovelace, the Countess of, of a son, in St. James's-square, July 2.
Lloyd, the wife of Charles W., of a son (still-born), at the Vicarage, Gosfield, July 23.
Macleau, the lady of George M—, Esq., Assistant-Commissionary-General to the Forces, of a daughter, in Alpha-road, St. John's Wood, July 3.
Melitus, the lady of Paul M—, Esq., of a daughter, at the Luz, Madras, March 22.
Mordaunt, Lady, of a daughter, at Walton, July 5.
Mc Curdy, the lady of Major E. A. Mc C—, of a son, at Samulcottah, E.I., March 30.
Merritt, the lady of Lieut. and Adj. J. M—, 41st regt., of a son, at Secunderabad, E.I., April 19.

Money, the lady of D. J. M—, Esq., C.S., of a son, at Calcutta, Feb. 27.
Monteath, the lady of Capt. Stuart M—, officiating Fort Adj., of a daughter, at Fort William, E.I., April 10.
Morris, the lady of Lieut. M—, 29th regt. N.I., of a son, at Banda, E.I., Feb. 16.
Nash, the lady of J. G. N—, Esq., of a son, at Adelaide, South Australia, Sept. 2.
Nicolas, the lady of Sir Harris N—, K.C.M.G., of a son, in Torrington-square, June 29.
Omancey, the lady of M. C. O—, Esq., C.S., Esq., of a daughter, at Hoshungabad, E. I., Jan. 6.
Osborn, the lady of Capt. O—, A. C. G., of a daughter, Otter, the lady of the Reverend William Brunere O—, of a daughter, at Amsterdam, August 1.
of a daughter, at Meerut, E. I., Jan. 10.
Paiva, the lady of F. J. De P—, Esq., of a daughter, at Macao, E. I., Dec. 28.
Palmer, the lady of W. P. P—, Esq., C.S., of a daughter, at Calcutta, Feb. 24.
Parnell, Mrs. Charles, of a son, at Norfolk-street, Park-lane, August 20.
Pearson, the lady of Hugh P—, Esq., H. M. 45th regt., of a son, at Dinapore, E. I., March 4.
Peel, the lady of William P—, of a daughter, at Jaliaris, Carmarthenshire, July 28.
Pleowden, the lady of Major P—, of a son, at Bellary, N. I., Feb. 12.
Pooley, the lady of Capt. P—, 38th N. I., of a daughter, at Bangalore, E. I., Mar. 14.
Pollock, the lady of G. K. P—, Esq., of a son, in Red Lion-square, July 31.
Prior, the lady of Capt. H. P—, 23rd L. I., of a daughter, still-born, at Mangalore, E. I., March 30.
Poyer, the lady of John Poyer P—, Esq., of Russell-place, Fitzroy-square, of a son, at Forest-hill, Sydenham, August 16.
Pratt, the lady of John Tidd P—, Esq., of a son, August 18.
Pritchard, Mrs. Henry, of a daughter, at 2, Torrington-square, July 31.
Pryce, the lady of John P—, Esq., of a son, at Delvidiere, Frant, Sussex, August 13.
Rahan, the lady of Capt. R. R—, 48th N. I., of a son, at Delhi, E. I., Jan. 30.
Raikes, the lady of Charles R—, Esq., of a son, at Gharzeepore, E. I., Feb. 19.
Reddell, the lady of Capt. W. R., 60th regt., N. I., of a daughter, at Selore, E. I., Feb. 24.
Rochfort, the lady of Capt. Cowper R—, 27th N. I. of a son and heir, at Samulcottah, N. I., March 12.
Rynes, the lady of Capt. T. J. R—, of a son, at Kamptee, E. I., Jan. 17.
Selby, the lady of Thomas S—, Esq., of a daughter, at Oldbury-place, Ightham, Kent, August 18.
Shaw, Mrs. G. R. S—, of a son, at Madras, April 12.
Shirrefs, the lady of Capt. A. S—, of a son, at Kamptee, Feb. 13.
Shurman, the lady of the Reverend J. A. S—, of a son, at Benares, April 12.
Sill, the lady of Henry S—, Esq., of a daughter, at Delhi, E. I., Feb. 14.
Smith, the lady of the Rev. J. S—, of a daughter, at Octacamund, E. I., Feb. 16.
Smith, the lady of Capt. J. H. S—, 62nd regt. N. I., of a daughter, at Cawnpore, E. I., Feb. 22.
Sovetenham, the lady of Capt. S—, 10th N. I., of a daughter, at Lucknow, E. I., Jan. 26.
Steven, the lady of the Reverend William S—, late of the Scottish National Church at Rotterdam, now Governor of George Heriot's Hospital, of a son, July 23.

Register of Marriages, Births, and Deaths.

Taylor, the lady of Capt. J. T—, 26th N. I., of a son, at Meerut, E. I., March 10.
 Temple, the lady of Sir G. T—, Bart., of a son, at Printhead-lodge, July 2.
 Steggale, the lady of Dr. S—, Bloomsbury-square, of a daughter, July 28.
 Talbot, Mrs. George, of a daughter, at Sydney, Nov. 9.
 Thomson, the lady of James T—, Esq., of a son, at Terhoot, E. I., Feb. 26.
 Thomson, the lady of Capt. Geo. T—, of a daughter, at Necmurch, E. I., Jan. 27.
 Tod, the lady of R. T—, Esq., of a daughter, at Adelaide, South Australia, Sept. 17.
 Todhunter, the lady of W. T—, Esq., of a son, at Lus-kintyre, N. S. W., Oct. 8.
 Tyndall, the lady of Capt. T—, of a daughter, at Dapool, E. I., Mar. 8.
 Walter, the lady of Capt. W—, 3rd L. C., of a daughter, at Deesa, E. I., Feb. 18.
 Wentworth, the lady of W. C. W—, Esq., of a daughter, at Vaulcuse, N. S. W., Oct. 24.
 Wigram, the lady of Edward W—, Esq., of a son, at Walthamstow, July 29.
 Wathen, the lady of Hulbert W—, Esq., of a son, at Streatham-common, July 27.
 Williams, the lady of Major S. E. W—, 1st N. I., of a daughter, at Perhumboor, E. I. Feb. 17.
 Wimberley, the lady of the Rev. C. W—, of a daughter, at Simla, E. I., Jan. 21.
 Zuluta, the lady of Pedro de Z—, Esq., P.M., of a daughter, at 29, Cumberland-terrace, Regent's-park, August 3.

MARRIED.

Arrow, Eliza Caroline, youngest daughter of the late Captain A—, Bengal Army, to Captain Paye, H. H., the Nizam's army, at Secunderabad, E. I., April 12.
 Balls, Anne, eldest daughter of Henry B—, Esq., Pantion-house, Cambridge, to Augustus, son of the late John Tilden, Esq., of Ilfield-court, Kent, at St. Botolph's, Cambridge.
 Barrett, Khecca, eldest daughter of William E. H—, Esq., to Nicholas Palmer, Esq., Bengal Army, at Ballinaloe, July 4.
 Beckett, Marianne, only daughter of Henry B—, Esq., and niece of Sir John and Lady Anne B—, to Sir Thomas Whicheote, Baronet, of Aswarby-park, Lincolnshire, at St. George's, Hanover-square, July 10.
 Blackwood, the Honourable Elizabeth Dorcas, daughter of Lord Dufferin and Claneboyc, to James Hamilton Ward, Esq., Commander R. N., son of the late Right Honourable Robert W—, of Bangor Castle, at Bangor, Ireland, July 26.
 Brodie, Maria Eliza, only daughter of Sir Benjamin C. B—, Baronet, to the Reverend Edward Hoare, third son of Samuel H—, Esq., of Hampstead-heath, at Betchworth, Surrey, July 10.
 Bruce, Rose Margaret, daughter of J. L. Knight B—, Esq., one of her Majesty's Counsel, to John George, eldest son of Joseph Phillimore, LL.D., at St. George's, Hanover-square, August 1.
 Burnett, Helen Christian, daughter of Thomas B—, Esq., Advocate, Aberdeen, to Thomas Innes, Esq., Advocate, second son of William Innes, Esq., of Rae-muir, at Kippleston, near Aberdeen, July 29.
 Barton, Catherine, eldest daughter of William B. B—, Esq., of Holton Hall, Lincolnshire, to Captain J. H. Hale, 22d Regiment Bombay N.I., at Malton, July 16.
 Canichial, Alison Johanna, youngest daughter of John Wilson C—, Esq., late Captain 53d Regiment to Alexander Sutherland, M.D., eldest son of Alexander Robert S—, M.D., Parliament-street, Westminster, at the Old Church, St. Heliers, Jersey, July 27.
 Chambers, Eleanor, daughter of David C—, Esq., of Gloucester-terrace, Regent's-park, Commander in the Royal Navy, to Harry Buckland Lott, Esq., of Tracey House, Devonshire, at St. Pancras Church, Aug. 15.
 Chester, Elizabeth Ann, only daughter of the late Francis, B. C—, Esq., of Chute Hall, County Kerry, to Thomas Sanders, Esq., Solicitor, at Calcutta, April 29.
 Clarke, Margaret, only daughter of the late Sir William C—, Bart., to William S. Greenc, Esq., only son of the late Colonel Greene, Military Auditor-General, Bengal, at Broadwater Church, Worthing, Sussex, June 26.
 Connell, Elizabeth Camilla, daughter of the late James C—, Esq., of Glasgow, to Arthur Connell, Esq., Advocate, Edinburgh, at St. James's Church, Westminster, August 15.
 Courtney, Amelia Prudentia, youngest daughter of William C—, Esq., of Woburn-place, to Thomas Arbuthnot Whitter, Esq., of Ulster-terrace, Regent's-park, at St. George's, Bloomsbury, July 9.
 Crawford, Ellen, third daughter of James Henry C—, Esq., Civil Service to Lieut. J. J. F. Cruickshank, of the Engineers, at Bombay, April 23.
 Crawley, Theodosia, daughter of Samuel C—, Esq., M.P., to Count de Mount Real, at All Souls, Marylebone, and at the French Chapel, July 25.
 Creswell, Eleanor Frances, daughter of E. G. C—, Esq., of Pinkney-park, Wilts., to G. L. Cooper, Esq., of Torrington-square, Surgeon, son of the late Hon. Sir George Cooper, Knt., one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Madras, at St. John's, Paddington, July 25.
 Dalton, Jane, second daughter of the Reverend Charles D—, Vicar of Kelvedon, Essex, by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London, to the Rev. John Frere, Rector of Cottenham, and one of his Lordship's domestic Chaplains, at Kelvedon, August 1.
 D'Amboise, Mary Harriett, eldest daughter of George Henri Viscount D'A—, to William Fulcher, Commander in the F. I.S., at St. Mary's, Bryanston-square, July 20.
 Dawson, Louise Massey, fifth daughter of the late James Hewitt Massey D—, Esq., of Bullinacurtie, in the County of Tipperary, to Edward O'Brien, third son of the late Sir Edward O'Brien, Bart., of Dramaland, in the County of Clare, at St. Peter's Church, Dublin, August 15.
 Daubeney, Mary Sparke, second daughter of the late Reverend Francis Hungerford D—, Rector of Baxwell, Northolk, and of Tydd, St. Giles', Cambridgeshire, to George Branwell, Esq., of Paper-buildings, Temple, at Fulham Church, August 13.
 De Monnet, Adale, eldest daughter of J. De M—, Esq., to Captain A. J. Fraser, at Bulwah, near Benares, E. I., April 17.
 Eddie, Jane Oswald Sinclair, eldest daughter of the late Thomas E—, Esq., of Forbes, V.D. I., to John Clarke, Esq., at Lannceston, V.D. I., February 7.
 Flint, Susannah Maria, second daughter of J. F. E. F—, Esq., of Dawlish, Devon, to Captain T. B. Chalon, 33d N.I., Deputy Judge Advocate-General, Mysore Division, at Bangalore, E. I., April 30.
 Gilstop, Mary, second daughter of Joseph G—, Esq., Mayor, of Newark, to William Cosier Fletcher, Esq., of the Woodlands, Manchester, at Newark, July 25.
 Goudge, Charlotte, eldest daughter of Alexander G—, Esq., of Clapton, to the Reverend James Stevens, M.A., Rector of Chesham Bois, Buckinghamshire, at St. John's, Hackney, August 14.
 Grace, Anne Catherine, daughter of John G—, Esq., of Point-pleasant, Northumberland, to John, son of the late Alexander Macdougall, Esq., of Parliament-street at Wall-end Church, August 7.
 Grut, Marianne, second daughter of Nicholas G—, Esq., to Robert Spittal, M.D., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, and second son of Sir James S—, of that city, at St. James's Church, Piccadilly, July 9.
 Grut, Eliza Campion, eldest daughter of Nicholas G—, Esq., of Waterloo-place, to John, only son of John Weston, Esq., of Woolton, near Liverpool, at St. James' Church, Piccadilly, July 9.
 Hankey, Thomasine Julia, third daughter of Colonel Sir Frederick H—, G. C. M. G., to Captain Charles F. Maxwell, 82d Regiment, nephew and Military Secretary of his Excellency Sir Henry Bonverie, Governor of Malta, at Marylebone Church, July 27.
 Harding, Caroline Bradford, eldest daughter of the Reverend Sir Charles H—, Bart., of Boundes-park, Kent, to the Reverend R. W. Browne, M.A., Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, at Tunbridge, July 31.
 Haslop, Caroline, sixth daughter of the late Launcelot H—, Esq., of Selby-hall, Worcestershire, to Thomas Bagnall, Esq., of West Bromwich, Staffordshire, at Northfield, July 31.
 Hill, Emily, second daughter of Henry H—, Esq., of Abercromby-square, Liverpool, to the Reverend Charles Brereton, S. C. L., Fellow of New College, Oxford, second son of the Reverend Dr. B—, of Belfast, at St. Catherine's Church, July 22.
 Knox, the Honourable Louisa Juliana, daughter of Viscount Northland, to Henry Alexander, Esq., son of the Lord Bishop of Meath, at Elstree, Aug. 14.
 Langdale, Catherine, second daughter of the late James L—, Esq., of Lavender-hill, Surrey, to John Coltmann, Esq., of Fleck Castle, county of Kerry, at Southampton, July 31.
 Liederskron, Caroline Rosalie Liederer Von, eldest daughter of Dr. Von L—, of Erlangen, to George Horne, Esq., of London, at Erlangen, August 12.
 Lucas, Mary, only daughter of Francis L—, Esq., of Dromnargle-house, Armagh, to John, second son of Henry Reynell, Esq., of Newton Abbott, Devon, at Adelaide, S. A., July 31.

Register of Marriages, Births, and Deaths.

- Maxwell, Caroline Rose, youngest daughter of the late J. P. M—, of Harley-street, to the Right Honourable the Earl of Buchan, at Leamington, June 26.
- Manson, Henrietta Swift, eldest daughter of Major M—, Commissioner at Bithor, E.I., to Lieutenant S. C. Starkey, 7th N. I., at Cawnpore, April 2.
- Newenham, Mary Louisa, second daughter of C. P. N—, Esq., of Adelaide, S. A., to Alfred Hardy, Esq., January 26.
- Nott, Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the Reverend E. N—, Rector of Wick, to Captain E. H. Atkinson, 19th Regiment, Madras Army, at Winchester, July 11.
- Ogle, Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late James O—, Esq., of Worthing, to Thomas William Young-husband, Esq., at Broadwater, August 13.
- Orton, Emma, second daughter of James O—, Esq., President of the Medical Board at Bycolla, E. I., to Major Bruce Seton, Town Major, April 11.
- Orde, Rosamond, second daughter of the late Lieutenant-General O—, of Westwood-hall, Northumberland, to James Hastings, Esq., only son of Edward H—, Esq., of Upper Norton-street, at St. George's Hanover-square, July 29.
- Partridge, Mary Campbell, fourth daughter of the late Samuel P—, Esq., to John Crook Ramsay, Esq., at Beaconsfield, July 30.
- Philips, Elizabeth Sarah, only child of the late John P—, Esq., of Lampeter, Pembrokeshire, to James John Ormsby, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-law, at Kensington, August 17.
- Plymouth, Mary, Countess Dowager of P—, to the Earl Amherst, at Knole, Kent, June 25.
- Podmore, Frances Matilda, eldest daughter of Major-General P—, Madras Army, to Hen. S. Grimes, Esq., of the Bengal Army, at Cheltenham, July 17.
- Powys, the Honourable Eleanor, second daughter of the late, and sister to the present, Lord Lilford, to Sir John Murray Namyth, Bart., Pembrokeshire, N. B., at Putney Church, July 8.
- Roberts, Caroline Maria, eldest daughter of Abraham W. R—, Esq., of Hill-street, Berkley-square, to Lieutenant-Colonel Henry A. Hankey, late of the 8th Hussars, at St. George's, Hanover-square, London, June 29.
- Russell, Sophia, fourth daughter of Sir William R—, Bart., of Charlton Park, Gloucestershire, to the Reverend George Royds Birch, of Paris, at Charlton Kings, August 15.
- Shand, Jane, daughter of William S—, Esq., of Cragellie, to John Maclean Lee, Esq., of Cavendish-street, at Bonville, near Glasgow, August 12.
- Singleton, Patience, eldest daughter of John S—, Esq., to the Reverend Lord Arthur Hervey, at St. Mary's, Bryanston-square, by the Reverend Lord Charles Hervey, July 30.
- Stevenson, Julia Maria, only daughter of Richard S—, Esq., of Barton, Nottinghamshire, to the Reverend James Craigie Robertson, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, July 23.
- Stutely, Caroline Eliza, daughter of Martin S—, Esq., of Cambridge-terrace, Regent's-park, to Henry Flower, Esq., of Upper Bedford-place, at St. Pancras New Church, August 2.
- Turton, Elizabeth, daughter of William T—, Esq., of East Sheen, Surrey, to Captain Latour, Grenadier Guards, August 20.
- Webb, Frances Blurton, eldest daughter of the late John W—, Esq., of Nutall-house, Barton-under-Needwood, to Wheldon Baddley, Esq., of Rochester, at Barton-under-Needwood, August 17.
- Wilson, Catherine, eldest daughter of Thomas W—, Esq., of Burton-street, Burton-crescent, to Benjamin West, jun., of Mornington-crescent, at St. Pancras New Church, June 29.
- Wright, Mary Anna Paola Giuseppa, only daughter of the late Walter Rodwell W—, Esq., of Malta, to Mr. Marchant, of Gerrard-street, at St. Ann's Church, Soho; the Catholic ceremony was afterwards performed by the Reverend William Wilds, of the Bavarian Chapel, Warwick-street, July 31.
- Yates, Caroline, fourth daughter of Major-General Y—, of the Madras Establishment, to Major M. Nicholson, 30th N. I., at Jubbulpore, E. I., March 11.
- of Chimer, in the county of Oxford, at Bromley, Middlesex.
- Aspinwall, Richard Sykes, aged 12, second son of James A—, Esq., in Hanover-street, Hanover-square, August 13.
- Baker, Charles, Esq., aged 79, at Sinnicots, near Chichester, July 26.
- Barker, Robert Shipley, Esq., in Manor-street, Chelsea, July 31.
- Barron, Sydney, infant, son of Frederick B—, Esq., of Giltspur-street, August 19.
- Bate, John Brabant, Esq., at Bodmin, July 5.
- Bellamy, Ann, aged 86, widow of John B—, Esq., at Chatham-place, July 22.
- Bellamy, Mary, aged 26, the beloved wife of the Reverend Richard B—, and daughter of Edward Vaux, Esq., of Upper Montague-street, Russell-square, at the Rectory, St. Mary's, Blanford, August 16.
- Bentinck, the Right Honourable Lord William Cavendish, aged 63, Privy Counsellor, General in the Army, Colonel of the 11th Light Dragoons, G. C. B. and G. C. H. and M.P. for the city of Glasgow: next brother to the Duke of Portland, at Paris, June 17.
- Blood, Lieutenant C., aged 54, of the Chelsea Semaphore, June 10.
- Bond, Dorothea, aged 71, relict of W. B—, Esq., at Chudleigh, Devon, June 23.
- Bold, Hugh, Esq., aged 69, at Brecon, July 8.
- Bradley, Mary, aged 30, wife of the Reverend R. B. B—, at Ash Priors, Somersetshire, June 23.
- Brooke, Susannah, aged 71, only daughter of the late Reverend Zachary B—, D.D., Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity, Cambridge, Wendover, Bucks, June 17.
- Burge, Helen Grace Murray, aged 47, the wife of William B—, Esq., Queen's Counsel, in Upper Harley-street, August 19.
- Christian, Lieutenant J. S., second son of the late Captain C—, R.N. on board her Majesty's ship *Hyacinth*, in the Straits of Malacca, lately.
- Clare, the Reverend John, Vicar of Bushbury, and Perpetual Curate of Wednesfield, and a Magistrate for Staffordshire, at the Deanery, Wolverhampton, July 11.
- Cobb, Timothy, aged 84, at Hambury, Oxfordshire, July 13.
- Colvin, David, aged 79, at his house, 64, Gloucester-place, July 25.
- Collins, B. M., Esq., aged 79, of Kingsbury-green, July 29.
- Courtney, Eliza Fitzroy, eldest daughter of the late Major C—, at Chelsea, June 27.
- Crauford, Sir James Gregan, Baronet, aged 78, July 9.
- Cunning, Fanny, aged 2 years and 2 months, third child of the Rev. J. C—, Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, August 14.
- Daintry, George, Esq., at Petworth, July 16.
- Davidson, the Honourable Elizabeth Diana, aged 35, wife of Duncan D—, Esq., at Edinburgh, June 9.
- Davis, Catherine, aged 102, of Naut Rhcol Mostyn, Flintshire, lately.
- Denison, Sarah, wife of Joseph D—, Esq., at Stockgrove, Buckinghamshire, August 13.
- Dickson, Charles, youngest son of the late Archibald D—, Esq., of Hawick, Roxburghshire, at Brighton, August 11.
- Dillon, Colonel Charles Henry, aged 65, at his house in Grafton-street, Bond-street, July 6.
- Dowdeswell, the Reverend Charles, aged 68, Vicar of Beoley, Worcestershire, June 27.
- Drake, Sir Francis, Bart., aged 38, at his residence, Bay's-hill Villa, Cheltenham, July 4.
- Drury, William George, aged 21, eldest son of the Reverend William D—, at Brussels, June 9.
- Dunn, Cuthbert, Esq., aged 51, at Newcastle, lately.
- Edwards, Hugh, Esq., aged 80, of Brothnug, Merionethshire, and formerly of Guildford-street, London, in Coram-street, August 3.
- Ellison, the Reverend Robert, aged 70, at Slangham Rectory, Sussex, July 26. He was 39 years Rector of that parish.
- Elliott, Mr. Richard, aged 86, at the residence of his daughter, in Wilton-place. Mr. Elliott was the last surviving member of those who instituted the Druids' Society, 60 years since, which now extends to all parts of the world, and numbers more than 1,000,000 members.
- Evans, Lieutenant-Colonel Viney, of the 29th Regiment of Foot, after a few days' illness, at the house of his sister, Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, Grosvenor Gate, July 2.
- Foster, Cornelia, aged 61, third daughter of the late Jephtha F—, Esq., of Lincoln, at that place, July 19.

DEATHS.

- Airy, George, eldest son of G. B. A—, Esq., Astronomer Royal, June 24, and Arthur, his second son, July 1.
- Aveline, J. H. Esq., aged 62, at Oatlands, Writington, Somersetshire, June 20.
- Allen, Mary, aged 67, the widow of Samuel A—, late

Register of Marriages, Births, and Deaths.

- Faulkner, the Reverend William, B.A., aged 49, of Queen's College, Cambridge; Perpetual Curate of Hanging Heaton, near Dewshury, at Brighouse, Yorkshire, June 28.
- Fenning, Caroline, the wife of Charles W. F., Esq., of Connaught-square, Hyde Park, at Hanwell, after a long and painful illness, July 31.
- Frith, Sarah, relict of the late Lieutenant-Colonel James Henry F., C. B. of the Madras Artillery and Commissary-General of Ordnance, at the residence of F. R. Simmonds, Esq., Gloucester-place, Brighton, July 26.
- Gambier, Mrs., relict of Vice-Admiral James G., at Wells, Somersetshire, July 1.
- Garland, Deborah, wife of J. R. G., Esq., late of Stone House, near Wimborne, at Yere, near Paris, July 3.
- Gilbert, Mrs., aged 68, widow of the late Philip G., Esq., of Earl's-court, Middlesex, at 26, King's-road, Brighton, August 8.
- Gilbertson, George, Esq., aged 80, at Reading, Berks, June 15.
- Glover, Edward, aged 22, youngest son of the venerable Archdeacon G., and Member of Caius College, Cambridge, at Southstrepps, Norfolk, July 6.
- Gompertz, Elizabeth, aged 81, widow of the late Solomon G., of the island of Jamaica, July 29.
- Goodman, Nevill, Esq., aged 65, at March, Cambridge, June 24.
- Grant, Louisa Charlotte Yea, aged 17, second and youngest daughter of Robert G., Esq., of Monymusk, Aberdeenshire, at Paris, August 2.
- Grenfell, Herbert Pascoe, youngest son of Riversdale William G., Esq., at Carshalton, July 30.
- Hall, Francis, aged 28, fourth son of the late Richard H., Esq., of Portland-place, and Copped Hall, Tottenham, Herts, July 25.
- Hannam, H. P., Esq., aged 65, of Northbourne-court, near Deal, Kent, deservedly beloved and respected, August 3.
- Hanson, Isabella, the beloved wife of Newton H., Esq., M.D., M.C.C., formerly Physician to the English residents at St. Omer, France, July 27.
- Haslain, Elizabeth, aged 26, wife of the Rev. J. F. H., of St. John's College, Cambridge, and eldest daughter of the late Pym Denton, Esq., of Whittington, Derbyshire, of pulmonary consumption, at Cotta, Ceylon, March 24.
- Henderson, Ann, the wife of David H., Esq., R.N. of consumption, deeply regretted, at 23, St. John's, Wood-road, Regent's Park, July 26.
- Hill, Mrs., aged 90, at Hunt-house, Croydon, July 11.
- Hughes, the Reverend David, aged 35, Perpetual Curate of Pennyrydd, and Curate of Llandaniel Fab, Anglesea, June 13.
- Hudson, William, Esq., aged 84, at Park-shott, Richmond, Surrey, August 1.
- Humphreys, Madeline, wife of Lieutenant Alexander, of the Bengal Artillery, on her passage from India, on board the ship *William Money*, April 12; and on the 25th of the same month, Emily, their only child.
- Kemball, Mrs. L. P., aged 85, relict of the late V. K., Esq., of Witham, in Essex, at Witham, July 23.
- Knott, Thomas, Esq., aged 49, at Camps-hill, near Birmingham, July 9.
- Kerr, Herbert J., aged 18, third son of Herbert J. N. K., Esq., of St. Ann's, Forfarshire, at Dacca, in Bengal, in May last.
- Lanc, Mrs., eldest daughter of the late Archdeacon (Ansten) of Cork, July 2.
- Lambert, Mrs. Dorothy, aged 76, widow of the late Reverend Josias L., M.A. Camp-hill, Yorkshire, at St. Andrew's, Fifeshire, July 29.
- Law, Henry, Esq., aged 84, at Kennington, July 22.
- Ledlie, Isabella, wife of Major W. L., July 3.
- Leeds, Stephen, Esq., aged 63, of Whitwell, Norfolk, June 3.
- Levi, the Reverend Isaac, aged 82, Hebraist to H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, at his residence, 19, Bury-street, St. Mary-axe, July 26.
- Lillistone, the Reverend John, aged 41, Rector of Barsham, Suffolk, at Gravesend, June 23.
- Lloyd, Thomas Morton, Esq., aged 24, only son of the late Plimstead L., Esq., at Lewisham, August 16.
- Lucas, James, Esq., of Loampit-hill, Deptford, at Clifton, August 17.
- Mori, Mr., aged 50, the first of our violin players, after a short illness, in Bond-street, June 18.
- Murphy, Charlotte Dolore, aged 15, only daughter of the late Colonel John M., of Malaga, at Calais, July 20.
- Newton, Susanna, aged 64, wife of Benjamin N., Esq., at Lee-terrace, Blackheath, August 18.
- Newton, Christopher, aged 61, at Oundle, Northamptonshire, July 16.
- Nicolas, Davidson, the infant son of Sir Harris N., K. C. M. G., in Torrington-square, July 11.
- Owen, Maria Bailey, aged, 15, eldest daughter of Henry Travers O., Esq., Hon. F. I. C. Civil Service, Bengal, at Connaught-house, Brighton, July 16.
- Parry, James, Esq., aged 74, at Albrighton-hall, in the county of Salop, August 16.
- Pease, Anna, the wife of Henry P., Esq., of Darlington, at St. Leonards, near Hastings, July 26.
- Player, T. H., Esq., of Letchmore-lodge, Aldenham, Herts, after a very short illness, deeply regretted, August 9.
- Powell, Lady Kynaston, aged 85, relict of Sir John Kynaston P., Baronet, of Hardwick, at Shrewsbury, June, 25.
- Powis, Mary, relict of the late Richard P., Esq., at Dallards, near Groydca, August 19.
- Powles, Mary Locke, aged 15, daughter of J. D. P., Esq., at Upper Clapton, July 30.
- Praed, Winthrop Mackworth, Esq., aged 37, M.P. for the Borough of Aylesbury, in Chester-square, July 15.
- Price, Samuel Grove, Esq., aged 45, Barrister-at-law, formerly M.P., for Sandwich and Deal, at Sunninghill, Berkshire, June 17.
- Prideaux, John, Esq., aged 87, at Shirehampton, Gloucestershire, July 11.
- Rickards, Mary, aged 15, the youngest daughter of the Reverend Samuel R., at Stowlaught Rectory, Suffolk, August 5.
- Rogers, Harriett Priscilla, aged 18 months, youngest daughter of John R., Esq. jun., at Sevenoaks, August 16.
- Rosier, Daniel, Esq., aged 51, at New Marlowes, Hemel Hempstead, August 2.
- Rowe, Eliza Clarke, only remaining child of the late Reverend John R., of Bristol, at Spa, August 7.
- Rowley, the Right Honourable Hercules Langford, aged 43, second Baron Langford, of Summerhill-house, county Meath, June 3.
- Ryder, the Reverend T. R., Vicar of Ecclesfield, Yorkshire, after a short illness, at Ecclesfield, July 21.
- Russell, John, Esq., aged 44, late of Calcutta, at Blackheath.
- Salter, Elizabeth King, aged 68, wife of James S., Esq., at Heavitree, Devon, June 25.
- Saunders, George, Esq., aged 77, F.R.S., F.A.S., and many years an active Magistrate of the county of Middlesex, at his house, 252, Oxford-street, July 26.
- Simpson, Sarah, the beloved wife of Thomas S., Esq., at Kennington-gore, July 31.
- Shackel, George, Esq., aged 56, after a lingering illness, at his residence, Redlands, Reading, Berks, July 25.
- Short, Henry Trevors, aged 44, at Mordake, July 18.
- Shuttl, William, Esq., of Connaught-square, Barrister-at-law, and Police Magistrate, at Highgate, July 28.
- Slad, Major Charles, of the 3rd Light Dragoons, second son of General Sir John Slade, Baronet, at sea, on board the *Northumberland*, on his passage home from India, lately.
- Smith, William, Esq., at Winchester, August 13.
- Smythe, William Wyatt, son of the Reverend John S., Rector of Dromiskin, county Louth, Ireland, at Plympton, July 16.
- Snow, the Reverend Thomas Lambert, aged 67, Rector of Barcheston, Warwickshire, at Tidmington-house, Worcestershire, June 22.
- Sowerby, John, Esq., aged 66, at his residence, Kent-terrace, Regent's-park, August 13.
- Tavel, Lady Augusta, aged 60, relict of the Reverend G. F. T., of Campsey Ash, Suffolk, and sister to the Duke of Grafton, at Leamington, June 29.

[Notices of Marriages, &c., are received by Mr. W. F. Watson, 52, Princes-street, Edinburgh; Mr. Duncan Campbell, 6, Buchanan-street, Glasgow; Mrs. Meyler, Abbey Churchyard, Bath; No. 61, Boulevard St. Martin, Paris; Adam Smith, Esq., Calcutta; and could be forwarded by Booksellers from every part of the Kingdom.]

The Court Magazine Advertiser, (No. 11, Carey-street), for September, 1839.

This Magazine for August 1, was published at 8 A.M. Wednesday, July 31.

The present Number for September, is published at 8 A.M. August 31st.

CONTENTS OF THE PRESENT NUMBER.—Embellishments.—An ancient Portrait.

Two Plates of the very latest Fashions, executed in Paris.

LITERATURE.—Fables, Poetry, Musical Critique, The Fine Arts, Paris Correspondent's, Monthly Fashion Letter, The Queen's Gazette, Miscellany, &c. &c.

MONTHLY CRITIC—Reviews of Presentation Copies of New Publications, Works of Art, &c.

The only Publications received and unreviewed are the following:—

1. The Mabinogion, Part 2. Recs.—2. Two ways of Dying for a Husband, by N. P. Willis, Cunningham.—3. Claridge's Guide Book to the Daube, Madden.—4. Lyrics from Goethe, by J. P. Johnston, Esq., Senior.—5. The Ballot, by the Rev. Sidney Smith, Longman and Co.—6. Arithmetical Perspective, Williamson.—7. Reynold's on French Literature since 1830, 2 vols. Henderson.—8. Miss E. Robert's East India Voyager, Madden.—The Little Old Man of the Wood, Cunningham.*

* In addition to the above we have received Mr. Snowe's picturesque Volumes on the Rhine, but too late to do justice to a work comprising such a vast mass of information relative to the Historical Antiquities, Traditions, and Customs of Germany. We shall give the result of a closer examination of its contents in our next number.

†† Several Contributions intended for Insertion are unavoidably postponed from pressure of matter.

Answers and Communications will await Correspondents on and after Monday, September 9th instant.

The Child's Library. A New Volume

"The best Edition of these Works ever published.—*Court Gazette.*

PHILIP QUARLL; with numerous Illustrations; 1 vol. 2s. 6d. cloth.

FAIRY TALES IN VERSE; with 70 Illustrations; 1 Vol. 2s. 6d.

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THE CHILD'S FAIRY LIBRARY with 600 Illustrations, 6 vols. 15s. or 2s. 6d. each.

London: Published by JOSEPH THOMAS, T. Tegg, and Simpson and Co.

HARDS'S FARINACEOUS FOOD.

IN recommending Mr. HARDS'S Food to Mothers, Nurses, and Invalids; the late celebrated immortal physiologist, Mr. Abernethy, when writing his work on the "Origin of Local Diseases," was of opinion, that all derangements of the Stomach and Alimentary Canal arise from morbid biliary secretion, hence follows imperfect and weakened health, as a Food, none appears to be so serviceable as Mr. HARDS', it being suited to the most delicate stomach. Sold by J. CHAPPELL, 84, LOMBARD STREET, and all respectable Chemists in Town and Country, in Packets at 1s. and 2s. each.—As a caution against spurious imitations of this valuable article, it is necessary to observe each genuine Packet is signed "Jas. Hards."



J. CORBSTEEN & SON,

By Special Appointment

FLORISTS TO HER MAJESTY,

And the Royal Family.

Cultivators of Hyacinths, Tulips, &c.

5, JAMES STREET, COVENT GARDEN,

AND AT

HAARLEM IN HOLLAND.

BEG most respectfully to return thanks to Nobility, Gentry, and Public for the very liberal patronage bestowed upon their exhibition of Hyacinths at SHEPHERD'S BUSH in April last, and to inform them that they have just arrived from Holland with a splendid collection of Roots, also of Tulips, Narciss, Crocus, &c. &c.; their prices are fixed as low as possible, and they recommend early orders, many of the Roots being of the most valuable kinds and scarce.

They beg to state that they will undertake to plant Beds of any size and warrant them to bloom in the same style as their own much admired collection at HYACINTH VILLA. No expense will be spared to render the ensuing Exhibition as worthy of the high character it attained last season. The collection will be improved by the addition of many rare sorts, viz. Shakespeares, La Madalena, Virgilius, &c.

The admission will be 2s. 6d. each, and all Purchasers above the amount of One Guinea, before the 1st of January 1840, will receive a free admission.

Notice the seal
of the inventor on
the bottle.



JOHNSON'S PATENT SYRUP

OF

ASPARAGUS.

This syrup is ge-
nuine only when ac-
companied with this
signature.



No. 369, STRAND, LONDON, AND No. RUE CAUMARTIN, PARIS.

This Preparation of Wild Asparagus, is found to be a powerful Sedative, causing neither Nausea nor Constipation, therefore peculiarly beneficial in Catarrhs and inflammatory affections of the Chest and Lungs. Its extraordinary efficacy in the Hooping-Cough is incontestable. It affords considerable relief in Palpitations of the Heart. Being in its nature a powerful diarrhetic, it is found to produce the most beneficial effects in all dropsical diseases.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.

(Warranted to keep in all Climates.)

Begin by taking one or two table-spoonfuls night and morning, in four time that quantity of hot water. The dose may be increased gradually according to the disease and age of the patient. It should be taken as warm as possible.

This valuable preparation is sold at Dr. Scott's establishment, 569, Strand, London.

PRICE FOUR SHILLINGS THE BOTTLE.

Madame Clement, French Corset Maker,

From Paris.

Begs to return her sincere thanks for the valuable patronage by which she has been distinguished since her style of business has become generally known.

The PARISIAN CORSET which she has brought to the utmost degree of perfection hitherto attained, possesses all the advantages of which this important article of costume is susceptible.

Its nice and accurate adaptation to the most Beautiful Figure, as well as its capability when formed under Madame Clement's superintendence, of Correcting any Personal Deficiency, has confirmed its celebrity among the Fashionable World.

The perfect Ease and Comfort to the wearer, are also among its peculiar recommendations, and the great importance of obtaining perfect Freedom of Action with Elegance of Appearance in the Ball Room, Equestrian or other exercise is justly appreciated.

For Growing Children and young ladies whose figures are forming it is indispensable, by freeing them from the dangerous consequences of tight and unequal pressure, so productive of dangerous relaxation and weakness.

The Corset a Lacet sans bout, and the Stay without shoulder strap, instantaneously or gradually unlacing at pleasure, together with all the modern approved inventions are kept in every variety of pattern and style; and being in weekly communication with Paris, Madame C. is enabled to present every novelty worthy of attention on its first introduction.

74, WELBECK STREET,

PERRINGTON'S TONIC APERIENT LIQUEUR, from the delicacy of its Flavor, and its highly invigorating qualities is peculiarly adapted to all delicate Constitutions, and especially to sufferers from Acidity, Distention or Pain after Food, Sleeplessness, Flushing of the Ears or Countenance, and other symptoms of a weakened Stomach. For Young Ladies troubled with breathlessness, Fastidious Appetite, Palpitations, Sallow Countenance, Swelled Ancles, and general languor, it is inestimable. Sold at the CENTRAL DEPOT, 44, Gerrard-street, Soho; at 6, Bruton-street, Bond-street; by G. R. Carter, Deal, and all Chemists.

GERMAN PATTERNS for TAPESTRY WORK.—A large collection of new and splendidly coloured BERLIN and VIENNA PAPER DESIGNS, patterns commenced on canvas, velvets &c., in all varieties of stitch, zephyr wools, floss silks, canvasses, and all other materials have just been imported by GIBBINS, German and French Warehouse, No. 7, King street, St. James'-square—"Gibbin's selection of German Designs are all entirely new and far surpassing any hitherto introduced in this country." The drawing and writing folios, and various beautiful finished articles, deserve especial notice."—Court Journal.

THE LARGE TRIGOMETRICAL MODEL VIEW of the Undercliff, Isle of Wight, is to be viewed at 107, Quadrant, Regent-street with the addition of a TRIGONOMETRICAL MODEL VIEW of the Village, and source of the Serriere Canton Neuchatel, Switzerland.



LADIES' RIDING HABITS.

LADIES are respectfully acquainted that Habits are made in a very superior manner by **UNDERWOOD, FREEMAN, and Co., No. 1, Vere street, the corner of Oxford-street,** where they have the advantage of selecting Cloths of an extra quality, manufactured expressly for Habits, and also every material for Hot Climates or the Riding School. Orders from the Country executed promptly.

PALATIN SHAWLS.—Messrs. **HOLMES** have received from their agent in Paris a large supply of this novel and beautiful SHAWL; many of the designs are of surpassing elegance, and well worthy the inspection of their distinguished patrons.—Foreign and British Shawl Ware House, 171, 173, and 175, Regent street.

Fashioned for April, in Parisian and English Corsets. By Special Appointment Stay, and Corset Maker to her Majesty.

MRS. HUNTLEY, late of 291, REGENT-STREET, has the honour to announce to the Nobility and Gentry, that she has received from her correspondents in Paris every new pattern of **PARISIAN CORSETS**, which are extremely elegant in shape, for the present style of Parisian and English Costume, and are unrivalled for ease and pliability. Mrs. Huntly submits to the notice of Ladies her much improved **FILL-BONED STAYS**, so exceedingly easy that the most delicate constitution may wear them with great advantage, being a general support without particular pressure, in any part. Mrs. H. especially begs to call the attention of Ladies to her newly invented **ELASTIC STAY**, expressly to prevent pressure on the chest, so destructive to the health of growing children and young ladies whose figures are forming. These Stays are particularly calculated to give ease in all pulmonary complaints, are highly recommended by the most eminent of the Faculty, and patronised by the following Gentlemen:—

Sir Henry Hulford, Bart. Surgeon Aston Key
Sir Astley Cooper, Bart. Surgeon Spry
Sir Anthony Carlisle Dr. Unwins
Dr. Buhington Dr. Conquest, F.L.S.
Dr. G. B. Babington Mr. Cartwright
Dr. Barklmore, &c.

Whose signatures may be seen as above. Spinal supporting Stays, and Elastic Bands of every description. French and English Stays made in French Bazin and Contic. Dress Stay in silk and satin. Mrs. Huntly is at home from twelve to five daily.

N.B.—The Nobility and Gentry are most respectfully informed, that the business of the late Mrs. Barclay, 21, Somerset-street, Portman-square, Stay and Corset-maker to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberland, is purchased by Mrs. Huntly, by whom the workmen of the late Mrs. Barclay are engaged. Mrs. H. also begs to state, that she has received the patterns of every lady who has honoured the late Mrs. Barclay with their favours; a continuance of the same to Mrs. Huntly will be most gratefully acknowledged and punctually attended to.

51, High Holborn.

SPLENDID DRAWING-ROOM CLOCKS. Mr. **FEARN** has just received a splendid consignment of

NEW MODELS FROM HIS FACTORY IN PARIS

at *unusually Low Prices.* Library Clock, Five Guineas; Carriage Clocks, Seven Guineas; and Splendid Drawing-room Clocks, from Eight Guineas upwards. The performance warranted, being all finished under his immediate inspection. The greatest variety in London. *Music added in a few hours.*

FLAT GOLD WATCHES

with double-bottomed Cases, warranted, from £6 16s. 6d.; and fine Gold Guard Chains, £3 13s. 6d.

GENEVA WATCHES AND CLOCKS REPAIRED. No. 22, REGENT STREET, CORNER OF JERMYN STREET.

THOMAS ANYON, by special appointment of Her Most Gracious Majesty **QUEEN VICTORIA**, Silk Dyer and Furniture Cleaner, 44, Greek-street, Soho.

T. ANYON respectfully calls the attention of Ladies, and the Nobility and Gentry generally to his new and highly approved mode of cleaning all kinds of DRESSES WITHOUT BEING TAKEN TO PIECES, viz. *Chalices, Mousselines*, and *Cashmeres* of the most delicate Manufacture, and with embroideries of every description, are perfectly renovated by a novel process.

T. A. has been highly successful for the last seven years in cleaning and restoring the Colour of Dresses, equal to New, particularly of the above description, without injury to the fabric. 44, Greek-street, Soho.

ARTIFICIAL INFLUATION.

LIFE PRODUCED BY MACHINERY!

THE ECCALEOBION, 121, Pall Mall.—This most extraordinary and wonderful Exhibition of the production of Animal Life by Machinery, with all the interesting phenomena which accompany its development, is Now Open. Admission One Shilling.—Book, One Shilling.

F. CROOK invites the Nobility and Gentry to make a Trial of his Celebrated **CHAMPAGNE**, Pink, Straw, and White, at 42s. per dozen; likewise his Herefordshire **PERRY**, at 15s.; and Dublin **STOUT** at 7s. per dozen. Stores, 52, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street.

* * * Sent within Five Miles Carriage free.

RESTORATIVE FOR THE HAIR.

To the Editor of the Shipping and Mercantile Gazette.

SIR,—Being a daily reader of your useful journal, I am anxious to make known through its columns the value of a preparation called "Oldridge's Balm of Columbia," for the purposes of restoring, strengthening, and preventing the loss of hair. It was first recommended to a member of my family—who, at the time, was rapidly losing her hair—by a lady of title, residing in Clarges-street, Piccadilly (whose name I have no authority for publishing) and by the use of this preparation, the hair had ceased even within a day or two to fall off in the way it had done, and that had already deprived the head of more than half "its fair proportion;" but before the package—of but a few shillings cost—was consumed, the remaining hair became perfectly firm and strong, and an abundant "crop" made its appearance in place of what had been lost before.

As the knowledge of the fact may be of the same benefit to others similarly circumstanced, I am induced thus to trouble you; and as I pledge you my word that I have no knowledge whatever of the proprietary of the production, nor object in the matter other than that of a desire to render the information available "to all whom it may concern," I trust to your usual liberality to give it publicity.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

W. H. MARSHALL.

Lloyd-square, Pentonville,
Jan. 14, 1839.

C. & A. OLDRIDGE'S BALM prevents the hair turning grey, produces a beautiful curl, frees it from scurf, and stops it from falling off, and a few bottles generally restores it again.

Price 3s. 6d., 6s. and 11s. per Bottle. No other prices are genuine.

Some complaints have reached the Proprietors of a spurious Balm having been vended; they again caution the Public to be on their guard against the base impostors, by especially asking for OLDRIDGE'S BALM of COLUMBIA, 1, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND.



CORONATION.—Madame TUSSAUD & SONS invite their Patrons to VIEW their NEW GROUP, got up in the first style of Splendour, in Dresses of British Manufacture, of HER MAJESTY in her Robes of State, the Duchess of KENT, the Dukes of SUSSEX and CAMBRIDGE, Earl GREY, Viscount MELBOURNE, Marquis NORMANBY, and Lord LYNTHURST.

EXHIBITION BAZAAR, Baker-street, Portman-square. Admittance 1s. Open from 11 till 5, and from 7 till 10

J. TINKLER,

(Late with Sendell and Green,)

SILK, COTTON AND WOOLLEN DYER

Scouter, Calenderer, and Calico Glazer,

18, LITTLE CARTER-LANE, DOCTORS' COMMONS

BEGS to submit the following particulars:—Crapes, Veils, China Crape, Dresses, Shawls, &c. Dyed or Cleaned, and finished equal to new. All sorts of Silk and Gauze Handkerchiefs Cleaned or dyed. Velvets, Satins, Silks, Woollens, Bombazines, and Merinos, Dyed in any colour, or Cleaned and Dressed in the neatest manner. French Blonde Cleaned or Dyed. The middle of Shawls taken out and Dyed, and the borders Cleaned and put on again. Silk, Damask, and Moreens Scoured, Dyed and Watered. Chintz and Cotton Bed Furniture Cleaned and Glazed. Counterpanes, Mesarseill Quilts, and Blankets Cleaned, Brussels and Turkey Carpets, Druggets and Table Cloths Scoured and Pressed. Gentlemen's Clothes Cleaned or Dyed in a superior manner. Macintoshes Cleaned and Dyed, and Gloves Cleaned.

IMPORTANT TO THE PUBLIC.

Where to buy the best Teas at the lowest price.

W• LANE (from TWINING'S) begs most respectfully to inform his Friends and the Public generally, that he is now retailing the best Teas at the following very reduced Prices:

Very fine full flavoured Sonchong, 6s.

Fine full flavoured ditto, 5s.

Very fine full flavoured Hyson, 7s. & 8s.

Fine Hyson, 5s. & 6s.

Fine Gunpowder Hyson, 6s.—7s. & 8s.

Fine Strong Congou, 4s.—4s. 4d. & 4s. 8d.

Good Strong ditto, 3s. 4d. & 3s. 8d.

Good Mixed Tea, 4s.

Families and large consumers who like really good Tea, will find it to their advantage to forward their Orders to TEMPLE BAR TEA WAREHOUSE, 226, Strand, ten doors from Temple Bar.

A certain Cure for Corns and Bunions.

ALLINGHAM'S ROTTERDAM SOLVENT—Which gives relief upon the first application. The universally-acknowledged efficacy of this extraordinary safe and never failing remedy for the speedy and certain cure of Corns and Bunions, however obstinate and long standing, induces the Proprietor of this highly important chemical discovery, to caution the Public against base and spurious imitations, injurious in their effect, and most dangerous to those who, either through ignorance, or the fraudulent pretences of others, are induced to apply them. The proprietor has received testimonials of its beneficial effects from the most respectable families in the kingdom. The genuine has the signature of "J. A. SHARWOOD" on the outside wrapper.

Sold at 55, Bishopsgate-without; and, by appointment, by Sanger, 150, and Chandler, 76, Oxford-street; and most Medicine Venders.

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

DR. BRANDRETH wishes mankind to consider that health solely depends on the state of purity in which the blood is kept, every part of the body being supplied daily with new blood from the food consumed, consequently, according to the pureness of that blood, so must the state of the body be more or less healthy. To obtain, therefore, the most direct purifier, is a question of no little importance to every individual. It matters not what Mr. Morrison or Dr. Brandreth say about their Pills of Vegetable, but what medicine is really the best.

That **BRANDRETH'S PILLS** are the most direct purifiers, there will be no doubt, when it is considered that they have gained their present very extensive sale—not by Advertisement—but by their own intrinsic merits; and their universality is established by the fact, that their operation is more or less powerful, according to the pureness of the circulating fluid—for, if taken by a person who is in a fair state of health, they are scarcely felt—but, if taken by one suffering from disease, their operation will be powerful, and perhaps painful, until the disease is conquered, or the system entirely under their influence; this accomplished, small doses, say two, or three, or four Pills, three or four times a week, will soon effect a cure, even in the most inveterate cases.

TESTIMONIALS.

"**Brandreth Pills.**—As an admirable domestic medicine, these Pills cannot be surpassed. In boarding-schools, in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, they have been introduced by their respective proprietors with the most happy results."—*Herald*.

"**Brandreth's Pills**, which have attained a celebrity in the 'Annals of Physic,' unequalled in ancient or modern times, have performed such astonishing cures, that numbers of the faculty have publicly recorded their opinions of their wonderful health-restoring qualities."—*Salutist*.

"We feel both pleasure and satisfaction in recommending to all our readers **Brandreth's Vegetable Pills**, as the most certain, most safe, and invaluable medicine extant."—*Times*.

"We have just heard of a most surprising cure effected by **Brandreth's Pills**; the party to whom we allude was on the very verge of the grave, when, fortunately, she was induced to try the effect of **Dr. Brandreth's Universal Medicine**, and the result was her speedy restoration to perfect health."—*Bell's Old Weekly Messenger*.

"All who value their health will do well to make trial of **Brandreth's Vegetable Pills**."—*Weekly Police Gazette*.

"As an antibilious and aperient Pill, we believe them to be as far before all others, as the travelling upon the Manchester railroad is to the two mile per hour jog-trot of one of *Pickford's stage-waggons*."—*Weekly Dispatch*.

"The most popular and highly appreciated medicine in the naval and military circles, is an invention of **Dr. Brandreth's**, known as **Brandreth's Pills**."—*Standard*.

"The use of **Brandreth's Pills** will prove of great value in the preservation of that invaluable blessing—health."—*Globe*.

"**Brandreth's Pills.**—We have had submitted to us a list of cures they have performed, which are truly miraculous."—*True Sun*.

"**Brandreth's Pills.**—The testimonials we have had submitted to us, in favour of this admirable medicine, fully justify our speaking of these Pills in terms of the highest praise."—*London Free Press*.

"From the amazing number of testimonials we have seen in favor of **Dr. Brandreth's Vegetable Pills**, we feel satisfied they will become the most popular medicine of the present day."—*Gloucester Chronicle*.

"We cannot do less than call the attention of our readers to **Brandreth's Vegetable Pills**, which are of extraordinary efficacy in the cure of most of the 'ills that flesh is heir to.'"—*Yorkshireman*.

"An excellent remedy for bile, indigestion, loss of appetite, nervous affections of the head, &c. will be found in **Dr. Brandreth's Pills**, an established vegetable medicine of upwards of eighty years' standing."—*Greenwich, Woolwich, and Deptford Gazette*.

"The component parts are entirely Vegetable, and as a remedy for bile, sick head-ache, and nausea on the stomach, it would be difficult to find its equal."—*Leeds Times*.

"The medicine so universally known as '**Brandreth's Pills**,' has performed such extraordinary cures, in numerous confirmed cases, that many medical men are in the daily practice of prescribing it to the patients, and with perfect success."—*Sun*.

"**Brandreth's Pills**, an original Vegetable Antibilious Medicine, is well deserving the attention of those of our readers who may be suffering from bile, nervous affections of the head, and in all cases of indigestion."—*New Weekly True Sun*.

An immense number of cures and testimonials may be seen at any of the Agents.

In consequence of the most unparalleled success, and the wonderful increasing Sale of **BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE PILLS**, Her Majesty's Honourable Commissioners of Stamps have allowed the Proprietor (by express permission) to have his name on the Government Label; and the Public will observe, that none are genuine unless "**GEO. HODGKINSON, 38, Aldersgate Street**," is engraved on the Stamp—to counterfeit which is felony.

To be had of all Medicine Venders, in Boxes, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

TO EPICURES.

SOHO SAUCE, for Fish, Game, Steaks, Made Dishes, &c. **CROSSE and BLACKWELL**, the Proprietors of this highly celebrated Sauce, beg to return to the Nobility and Gentry their grateful thanks for the patronage they have hitherto received. They solicit the attention of the Epicure to the peculiar rich, piquant, and yet not predominating flavour of the Sauce, which justly entitles it to the pre-eminence it has so rapidly attained. It is improved by age, and will not suffer any deterioration by change of climate.

DINMORE'S ESSENCE OF SHRIMPS for every description of Boiled and Fried Fish, will be found to possess a decided preference over the Essence of Anchovies, being of a more mild, rich, and delicious flavour. It will be particularly convenient to Families and Tavern-keepers, as it can be made in one minute, without the usual trouble and time consumed in picking and preparing the Shrimps.

DINMORE'S SHRIMP PASTE,

a superior delicacy to any thing yet offered to the Public, for Breakfast, Sandwiches, Toast, &c.

The above to be had of most sauce venders; and Wholesale at the Manufactory, 11, King-street, Soho.



THE ORIGINAL PATENT PIN

Made by DURNFORD & Co. Manufacturers to Her Majesty, and Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.

THIS SUPERIOR PATENT ORNAMENTAL PIN still continues unrivalled in quality and price by any yet produced, and is sold retail by all respectable Haberdashers, &c., and supplied by DURNFORD & Co., London and Gloucester; of whom also may be procured the Best Black Mourning Pins, and the Royal Victoria Drilled Eyed Needles.



DELcroix and SON (widow and only son of the late Mr. J. Delcroix), Perfumers to the Queen and the Royal Family, from 158, New Bond-street, beg most respectfully to inform the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public that they are the only Persons of the NAME of DELcroix in this Country, and that their Establishment is at 66, Conduit-street, Regent-street, where they solicit a continuance of the distinguished patronage the family have for so many years enjoyed in this Country. They beg to recommend to their notice their celebrated *Esprit de Lavande aux Millefleurs*, *Bouquet de la Reine Victoria*, *Vegetable Extract* for cleansing and beautifying the hair, the new perfume *Bouquet de la Famille Royale d'Angleterre* prepared expressly for the Royal Family. F. Delcroix has been for the last seven years the sole manufacturer, at 158, New Bond-street, and during that time gave general satisfaction. Delcroix and Son's *Esprit de Lavande aux Millefleurs* warehouse 66, Conduit-street, depot for *Farina's* genuine *Eau de Cologne*. Delcroix and Son respectfully request that attention be particularly paid to the address upon their labels, No. 66, Conduit-street. No others can be warranted genuine.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN!

THE greatest blemish to Beauty is superfluous Hair on the Face, Neck, and Arms. **HUBERT'S GENUINE ROSEATE POWDER** immediately removes it; is an elegant article, perfectly innocent, and pleasant to use. Price 4s.; or two in one parcel, 7s. Beware of base counterfeits: the genuine is signed outside "G. H. HOGARD."

Sold for the Proprietor by Mr. Hooper, Chemist, 24, Russell-street, Covent-garden; Smith, Bond-street; Sanger, 150, Oxford-street; Edwards, St. Paul's; Butler, 4, and Rigge, 65, Cheapside; Hendrie, Tichborne-street, London; Butler and Baxter, Edinburgh; Butler, Dublin; Baxter, Glasgow; Perry, Bath; Walker, Newcastle; Mitchell, Colchester; and by most Perfumers and Druggists.

REMOVAL.

MR. HAYES the Old Established Dentist and Cupper, late of *May's-buildings, St. Martin's-lane*, begs to announce his removal to 12, *Soho-square*, where he may be daily consulted on all cases of Dental Surgery, between the hours of 10 and 6.

TO LADIES.—THE ONLY GENUINE WIDOW WELCH'S PILLS are those prepared by Mrs. SMITHERS, (Grand-daughter to the WIDOW WELCH,) from the real Family Recipe, without the least variation whatever.

This medicine is justly celebrated for all Female Complaints, Nervous Disorders, Weakness of the Solids, Loss of Appetite, Sick Head-Ache, Lowness of Spirits, and particularly for irregularities in the Female System. Mrs. SMITHERS recommends Mothers, Guardians, Managers of Schools, and all those who have the care of Females at an early age, never to be without this useful medicine.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.—As the public are greatly deceived by the daring effrontery and advertisements of a party styling themselves the proprietors of Widow Welch's Pills, and professing to be the only persons in possession of the Recipe, the ONLY REAL PROPRIETOR and Possessor, Grand-daughter of the late Widow Welch, feels it her duty not only in defence of her own and sole right, but as a protection to the public against every imposition, to declare HERSELF the ONLY PERSON entitled to the Original Recipe, or at all authorized to make or prepare the said medicine. To put the fact beyond all doubt, and more fully to expose the conduct of persons who endeavour to deprive her of her right, the reader is referred to the following AFFIDAVIT:—

First.—That she is in possession of the ONLY original and genuine Family Recipe.

Second.—That this Recipe was handed down by the Widow Welch to her aunts Mary and Sarah Welch, and by them to her; and that these Pills are prepared by her from the real Family Recipe, without the least variation whatever.

Third.—That she prepared them for her aunts, Mary and Sarah Welch, before they were known or sold by Mr. Kearsley; her aunts being infirm through age and sickness rendered them incapable of preparing them.

Sworn before WILLIAM CURTIS, Lord Mayor, Feb. 18, 1796.

The Public will now judge whether Kearsley's are the genuine or counterfeit Widow Welch's Pills. The only pretence that he can make to the purchase of the Recipe, was an advance of *Two Guineas* made to Mrs. Smithers' aunt, Mary Welch, at a time when she was suffering under severe mental aberration, and consequently incapable of communicating verbally or executing any legal deed of conveyance.

Observe that the genuine are wrapped in blue paper and signed on the label by Mrs. Smithers. Price 2s. 9d. per box.

Sold by Edwards, 67, St. Paul's Church-yard; Savory and Co., New Bond-street; White, 24, Cornhill; and Willmott, 83, Borough High-street.

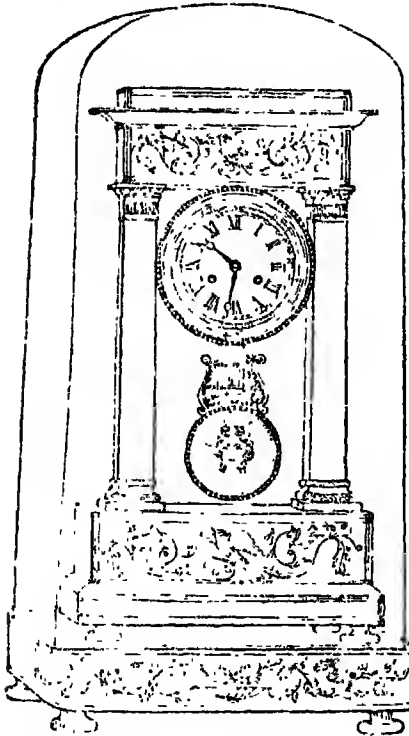
The Court Magazine Advertiser, (No. 11, Carey-street), for September, 1839.

THE THAMES TUNNEL.

Open to the public every day, (except Sunday) from Nine in the Morning until dark.—Admittance One Shilling each.—The Entrance is near the Church at Rotherhithe, on the Surrey side of the River. Both Archways are brilliantly lighted with Gas.—The Tunnel is now NINE HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN feet, and the Shield has been advanced to within 15 feet of low water mark on the Middlesex shore.

Thames Tunnel Office,
Walbrook Buildings, Walbrook,
August, 1839.

By Order,
JOSEPH CHARLIER,
Clerk to the Company.



SUPERIOR EIGHT DAY CLOCKS,

SIMILAR TO THE ANNEXED SKETCH,
WITH WARRANTED MOVEMENTS,
STRIKE THE HOURS AND HALF HOURS,

UNDER GLASS SHADE,
The Stands of Alabaster, Rosewood, or Black Ebony.

THE CLOCK ABOUT TWENTY INCHES HIGH.

Alabaster, £5. 5s. Rosewood, £5. 15s. 6d. Ebony, £6 6s.

THE HORIZONTAL FLAT WATCHES, with accurately finished jewelled movements, warranted, are offered in silver cases, price Five Guineas each; or in gold cases, price Nine Guineas, each, nt

T. COX SAVORY'S,

WATCHMAKER, JEWELLER, AND SILVERSMITH,
47, Cornhill, London,

(Seven Doors from Gracechurch-street).

The assortment of Silver Goods, and also Plated Wares is most extensive. The ground floor, also the first, second, and third floors being fitted up for their display.

A Pamphlet, with detailed list of prices and drawings of various articles, and also with drawings of the above services, may be had gratis, or will be sent in answer to post-paid applications.

N.B.—A QUANTITY OF SECOND-HAND SILVER SPOONS and FORKS are offered for Sale, price from 6s 3d. to 14s. 9d. per ounce.

Established



A.D. 1785.

FRAGRANT NOVELTIES, AND TOILET REQUISITES, RIGGE'S BRITISH FLOWERS SOAP,

SO justly celebrated for the Improvement of the Complexion, and that acknowledged passport of Gentility, "**Beautiful Hands.**" **RIGGE'S British Flowers Perfume.** The pleasing fragrance of the above Soap has created a general demand for a similar flavour adapted to the *Handkerchief*. Its characteristics are, a most attractive and refreshing odour, combined with great durability. **Royal Orleans Boquet--Eau de Portugal--Bouquet de Lavande--Elysian Odour--Bouquet de Donna Maria**, all celebrated for their *Distingue Aromas*, and retentiveness of perfume. **RIGGE'S Pommade de Macassar** is a simple Vegetable preparation, which strengthens and assists the Growth of Hair; it is also an infallible restorative in cases of Weak Hair, or Premature Baldness.

VEGETABLE HAIR WASH,

Celebrated for its astringent invigorating properties, is an invaluable accompaniment.—**RIGGE'S Old established and celebrated improved Cream of Roses, and Rose Lip Salve**, excellent for their cooling and softening effects.—**RIGGE'S Ultra Marine Cake Blue**, a novel and complete substitute for Stone and Powder Blue, as much more economical, from its superior tint of colour;—used by all Ladies who value a Clear and Brilliant appearance in their Faces, Muslins, Linens, &c.

The above Articles are Manufactured by

RIGGE,

PERFUMERS TO THE DUKE OF SUSSEX AND ROYAL FAMILY.

65, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON,

And Sold by most Respectable Perfumers.

SUMMER

To the custom of periodical visits to the SEA COAST, in situations usually exposed to the sun's most fervid rays, and destitute of the cool and delicious shadows of the sylvan retreat, we frequently trace many cases of Cutaneous Malady. SOLAR HEAT produces upon the delicate Skin a species of inflammation, which, upon subsiding, leaves a permanent stain of inveterate tan, or sprinkles of freckle; in other instances, a discolouration inclining to redness and swelling, afterwards easily excited to assume some one of the multitudinous forms of eruption. There exists no doubt that these evils are materially aggravated by SALINE VAPOUR, or by SEA BATHING, which latter, though salubrious as a tonic, cannot be otherwise than unfavorable to the susceptibility of the Female Complexion to injury from stimulating and acrid causes.—The ONLY efficient PREVENTIVE against these unpleasant liabilities of the SKIN and COMPLEXION is

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR

An Auxiliary of vital importance to the support of Feminine Beauty.

By its use, the effects of atmospheric influence upon the skin are entirely neutralized, and that constant healthy action of the minute vessels promoted—on which depend continued delicacy of texture and tint; thus the great characteristics of early BEAUTY are protracted to a period which could not otherwise be considered as within the limits of possibility.

The distressing and unsightly varieties of Cutaneous Eruptions are also promptly eradicated by the KALYDOR. Spots, Pimples, Freckles, Discolourations, and Sallowness, yield to its SPECIFIC QUALITIES, and are succeeded by a smoothness and transparency of the skin, giving rise to the most pleasurable sensations.

LADIES TRAVELLING, or temporarily subjected to any deviation of equable temperature will find in the KALYDOR a renovating and refreshing auxiliary, dispelling the cloud of languor from the Complexion, and immediately affording the pleasing sensation attending restored elasticity of the skin.

THE ARMS, NECK, AND HANDS,

also partake largely of the advantages derived from its use, exhibiting a delicacy of appearance heretofore scarcely attainable—even with the most sedulous care and attention.

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR, infallible in removing all harshness and irritability, will also be found highly useful to Gentlemen who suffer from those causes after SHAVING. In fact, whether as an appendage to the elegant Toilet, the Dressing-room, or the Travelling Equipment, ROWLAND'S KALYDOR will be found to realize the most sanguine expectation that can be formed of its refreshing, purifying, and restorative powers.—Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL FOR THE HAIR

Ensures a luxuriance of growth, and restores the Hair when lost during protracted illness, or subsequent debility. Its nourishing qualities are also evident in preventing the Hair from becoming Grey; thus demonstrating renovation of vitality in the roots as a prominent result of its use. It is the most elegant, agreeable, and efficacious application, both for realizing and sustaining, in the utmost perfection, a Beautiful Head of Hair.

Notice—Each Bottle is (with a TREATISE ON THE HAIR, 31st edition) enclosed in a wrapper, on which are engraved the words "Rowland's Macassar Oil," and the Name and Address, in red, on Lace-work, thus:

A. ROWLAND & SON, 20, HATTON GARDEN,
(Counter-signed) ALEX. ROWLAND.

The Lowest Price is 3s. 6d., the next 7s., or Family Bottles. (containing 4 small) at 10s. 6d., or Double that size, £1. 1s.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO

OR PEARL DENTIFRICE.

The great esteem in which the Public have long held this delightful powder precludes the necessity here of entering into a minute detail of its merits, and the singular advantages it so eminently possesses over most of the common powders sold for the Teeth. It is sufficient to observe, that Rowland's Odonto is a pure Preparation of the most efficient Vegetable matter, which not only has the property of rendering the above beautiful organs of the mouth dazzlingly white, but of strengthening their organic structure, and fulfilling the delightful object of giving fragrant to the breath.

Notice.—The Name and Address of the Proprietors,

A. ROWLAND & SON, 20, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, are engraved on the Government Stamp which is pasted on the first and last articles; and also printed in red, on the Wrapper in which each is enclosed.—Price 2s. 9d. per box, duty included.

Many Shop-keepers sell Counterfeits of the above, composed of the most pernicious ingredients. They call their trash the "GENUINE," and sign A. Rowland & Son, omitting the "&" recommending them as being Cheap.

*** Be sure to ask for "ROWLANDS."

Court and Lady's Magazine, Monthly Critic and Museum.

Office, 11, Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn.—January, 1839

THE above United Magazines will be embellished with the following very interesting and splendidly executed Historical Portraits, with Memoirs, No. 70* upwards of this much celebrated series of Coloured full length authentic Ancient Portraits, viz:—

EURIANTE DE NEVERS, DUCHESS OF BURGUNDY, SECOND WIFE OF PHILLIP THE GOOD, by whom was instituted the Order of the Golden Fleece. (January, 1839.)
MARIA LESZCZYNSKA, PRINCESS OF POLAND, AND QUEEN TO LOUIS THE FIFTEEN. (February, 1839.)

MARIE DE MEDICIS, QUEEN TO HENRI QUATRE. (March, 1839.)

ANNE OF AUSTRIA, QUEEN TO LOUIS THE THIRTEENTH. (April, 1839.)

ISABELLA OF SCOTLAND, and Four Plates of Fashion. (May, 1839.)

BEAUTIFUL COURT BLANCHISSEUSE, REIGN OF ANNE OF AUSTRIA. (June, 1839.)

HENRIETTA MARIA, DAUGHTER OF HENRI QUATRE, AND QUEEN TO CHARLES THE FIRST OF ENGLAND. (July, 1839.)

HENRIETTA ANNE, YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF CHARLES THE FIRST OF ENGLAND. (August, 1839.)

ELIZABETH OF BOURBON, QUEEN TO PHILLIP THE FOURTH OF SPAIN. (September, 1839.)

JEANNE D'ALBRET, MOTHER OF HENRI QUATRE. (October, 1839.)

PHILIPPA, QUEEN TO EDWARD THE THIRD. (November, 1839.)

THE FAIR MAID OF KENT, WIFE TO EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE, AND MOTHER OF RICHARD THE SECOND. (December, 1839.)

LADY JANE GREY. (January, 1840.)

ANNE OF CLEVES. (February, 1840.)

| | | | | | |
|---|----|---|----|-----------------------------------|----|
| 1831. Jan. Agnes Sorel | 1 | Mar. Marian de Lorme | 25 | Feb. Michelle d Vitry | 25 |
| Oct. Margart de Valois, Sister of Francis the First | 2 | April. Duchesse de Longueville | 26 | Mar. Lady of Doué | 26 |
| 1833. April. Attendant of Isabeau | 3 | May. Duchesse de la Vallière | 27 | April. The Princess of Bourbon .. | 27 |
| May. Queen Isabeau of Bavaria | 4 | June. Queen Marie Thérèse | 28 | May. Isabella of Scotland | 28 |
| June. Queen Marie d'Anjou | 5 | July. Madame de Montespan | 29 | June. Ninon de l'Enclos | 29 |
| July. Queen Anne of Brittany | 6 | Aug. Duchesse de Fontanges | 30 | July. Mary Tudor | 30 |
| Sept. Queen Anna Boleyn | 7 | Sept. Madame de Maintenon | 31 | Aug. Jacqueline de la Giraige .. | 31 |
| Oct. Queen Claude | 8 | Oct. Duchess du Maine | 32 | Sept. Marguerite, Princess of Bou | 32 |
| Nov. Queen Eleanor of Austria | 9 | Nov. Duchesse de Bourgogne | 33 | Oct. Princess of Bourbon | 33 |
| Dec. Paule the Beautiful (after Titian) | 10 | Dec. The Fair Gabrielle | 34 | Nov. Jeanne de Sancerre | 34 |
| 1834. Jan. Laura (whilst young) | 11 | 1836. Jan. Empress Catherine II. | 35 | Dec. Sophie Arnauld | 35 |
| Feb. La Camargo | 12 | Feb. Marie Touchet | 36 | 1838. Jan. Her Majesty Queen Ann | 36 |
| Mar. Laura (in full beauty) | 13 | Mar. Madame de Sevigné | 37 | Feb. Louise de Savole | 37 |
| April. Heloise | 14 | April. Her beautiful Daughter | 38 | Mar. Leonora Galligai | 38 |
| May. Mary, Queen of Scots | 15 | May. Comtesse de Chateaufort | 39 | April. King William the Third .. | 39 |
| June. Queen Jane Seymour | 16 | June. Marquise de Verneuil | 40 | May. Queen Mary | 40 |
| July. Comtesse de Chateaubriand | 17 | July. Queen Catherine de Medicis .. | 41 | June. Costumes of Ancient Bri | 41 |
| Aug. Duchesse d'Estampes | 18 | Aug. Queen Marie Antoinette | 42 | Sept. Females | 42 |
| Sept. Queen Elizabeth of Spain | 19 | Sept. Princess Plantagenet | 43 | July. Ditto | 43 |
| Oct. Diane de Poitiers | 20 | Oct. Marguerite de Lorraine | 44 | Aug. Marshal Soult | 44 |
| Nov. Queen Louise de Lorraine | 21 | Nov. Clara d'Hauteport | 45 | Sept. Louise Adélaïde, Prince | 45 |
| Dec. La Belle Ferronnière | 22 | Dec. Charlotte de Montmorency, Princess of Condé .. | 46 | Oct. Louise de la Fayette | 46 |
| 1835. Jan. Queen Margaret de Valois .. | 23 | 1837. Jan. Elizabeth, Queen of England | 47 | Nov. Dauphiness of Auvergne .. | 47 |
| Feb. Margaret de France | 24 | | | Dec. Lady of Honour to ditto .. | 48 |

In addition to the above those of ALL THE BRITISH QUEENS FROM THE CONQUEST, (of which authentic pictorial representations are extant) are in progress.

THE PORTRAITS (size seven inches) CAN BE HAD AT THE OFFICE, NO. 11, CAREY-STREET, LINCOLN'S INN; OF OLIVER AND BOYD, AND W. F. WATSON, (52, PRINCES STREET,) EDINBURGH; DUN CAMPBELL, BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW; SEGUIN, 12, REGENT STREET; AND BY ORDER OF BOOKSELLERS AND PRINTSELLERS, THROUGHOUT ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND, PRICE 1s. 3d. EACH.

THE WHOLE MAY BE SEEN BY APPLICATION TO ANY BOOK OR PRINTSELLER, OR AT THE OFFICE IN A SEPARATE PORTFOLIO. Price of the set of 76, £3 16s.

* * Each number contains not fewer than Two Plates of Fashions, in addition to the Portrait, executed in Paris.

The Court Magazine Advertiser, (No. 1, Carey-street), for October, 1839.

THE ANNALS OF CHIVALRY.

By a CHEVALIER DE SAN FERNANDO.

Illustrated by JOHN FRANKLIN, Esq.

Part 1, imperial 4to. 7s. 6d.—On October 1, and every alternate Month.

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| 1. The Annals of Chivalry. | 3 The Battle of Hastings. |
| 2. Memoirs of His Grace the Duke of Wellington, K.G. G.C.B., &c. &c. | 4. The Eglinton Tournament. |

ILLUSTRATIONS.

- | | |
|---|-----------------------------|
| 1. Portrait of His Grace the Duke of Wellington, in the grand Costume of the Golden Fleece. | 2. The Death of Harrold. |
| | 3. The Eglinton Tournament. |

HUGH CUNNINGHAM, 3, St. James's Square.

NEW WEEKLY LITERARY JOURNAL.

On Saturday Morning, the 2nd of November, will be published, the First Number of

"THE EUROPEAN," a London Weekly Journal of the progress of Society, Literature, the Arts and Sciences.

"The European" will contain, 1. Reviews of all New English and Foreign Works of interest, &c.—2. Correspondence from the principal Cities and Towns of the British Empire, the other European States, the Colonies, the United States of America, &c.—3. Reports of the Transactions of all Learned and Scientific Societies at home and abroad, succinct Details of all Modern Researches and Discoveries, &c.—4. Criticisms on the Drama, on Exhibitions of Paintings, &c., and on Music and Musical Performances, &c.—5. A General Bibliography, containing the Titles, &c., of Literary and Scientific Works published in Europe and its Colonies, &c.—6. Advertisements and General Notices, &c. Considerable space, also, will be allotted to "Varieties" in the shape of paragraphic commentaries on passing events, &c. &c.

The Contributors to "The European" will be men well versed in the subjects of which they treat; and it will be the object of this Journal to contemplate all topics, whether of Morals or Literature, Art or Science, not from an isolated point of view, but in their grand and general bearings, as influencing the formation of individual character, and has progressively modifying the spirit of society.

"The European" will be printed on excellent paper, and with new type; and will consist of sixteen handsomely-sized Pages, each page comprising three columns. Its price will be SIXPENCE, or SEVENPENCE stamped (for weekly transmission by post.) The WEEKLY Numbers will also be re-issued (unstamped) in *Monthly Parts*, in a Wrapper (without extra charge), in time to forward with the Magazines.

Orders for "The European" (especially stating whether stamped or unstamped Weekly Copies, or Monthly Parts, be required) will be received by all Booksellers and News Agents in the United Kingdom; and both Orders and Advertisements at the Office of the "The European," No. 19, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON.

The Child's Library. A New Volume

"The best Edition of these Works ever published.—*Court Gazette.*"

PHILIP QUARLL; with numerous Illustrations; 1 vol. 2s. 6d. cloth.

FAIRY TALES IN VERSE; with 70 Illustrations; 1 Vol. 2s. 6d.

ROBINSON CRUSOE; with numerous Illustrations by George Cruikshanks; 2 vols. 5s.

THE CHILD'S FAIRY LIBRARY with 600 Illustrations, 6 vols. 15s. or 2s. 6d. each.

London: Published by JOSEPH THOMAS, T. TEGG, and SIMPSON and Co.

Dutch Bulbs, Heartsease, &c.

REFERRING to the CATALOGUE in the Court Magazine of this Month, the undersigned begs leave to say that October and November are the most proper Months for Planting. He begs to correct the following errors in his Catalogue: Page 2, for *L'Eclair 6d.* and *Voltaire 1s.*, read *5s. 6d.* and *2s.*—Page 3, for *50 Early Tulips*, read *25.*

JAMES CARTER,
SEEDSMAN AND FLORIST.
238, High Holborn, London.

SPLENDID DRAWING-ROOM CLOCKS.

Mr. FEARN has just received a splendid consignment of

NEW MODELS FROM HIS FACTORY IN PARIS

at *unusually Low Prices.* Library Clock, Five Guineas; Carriage Clocks, Seven Guineas; and Splendid Drawing-room Clocks, from Eight Guineas upwards. The performance warranted, being all finished under his immediate inspection. The greatest variety in London. *Music added in a few hours.*

FLAT GOLD WATCHES

with double-bottomed Cases, warranted, from £6 16s. 6d.; and fine Gold Guard Chains, £3 13s. 6d.

GENEVA WATCHES AND CLOCKS REPAIRED. No. 22, REGENT STREET, CORNER OF JERMYN STREET.



LADIES' RIDING HABITS.

LADIES are respectfully acquainted that Habits are made in a very superior manner by **UNDERWOOD, FREEMAN, and Co., No. 1, Vere street, the corner of Oxford-street,** where they have the advantage of selecting Cloths of an extra quality, manufactured expressly for Habits, and also every material for Hot Climates or the Riding School. Orders from the Country executed promptly.



**NEWEST FASHIONS IN PARISIAN
AND ENGLISH CORSETS,**
By Special Appointment,
Stay and Corset Maker to Her Majesty.
51, HIGH HOLBORN.

MRS. HUNTLEY, late of 291, REGENT-STREET, has the honour to announce to the Nobility and Gentry, that she has received from her correspondents in Paris every new pattern of PARISIAN CORSETS, which are extremely elegant in shape, for the present style of Parisian and English Costume, and are unrivalled for ease and pliability. Mrs. Huntley submits to the notice of Ladies her much improved FULL-BONED STAYS, so exceedingly easy that the most delicate constitution may wear them with great advantage, being a general support without particular pressure, in any part. Mrs. H. especially begs to call the attention of Ladies to her newly invented ELASTIC STAY, expressly to prevent pressure on the chest, so destructive to the health of growing children and young ladies whose figures are forming. These Stays are particularly calculated to give ease in all pulmonary complaints, are highly recommended by the most eminent of the Faculty, and patronised by the following Gentlemen:—

Sir Henry Hallford, Bart. Surgeon Aston Key
Sir Astley Cooper, Bart. Surgeon Spry
Sir Anthony Carlisle Dr. Unwins
Dr. Babington Dr. Conquest, F.L.S.
Dr. G. B. Babington Mr. Cartwright
Dr. Barklmore, &c.

Whose signatures may be seen as above.
Spinal supporting Stays, and Elastic Bands of every description. French and English Stays made in French Buzin and Contie. Dress Stays in silk and satin. Mrs. Huntley is at home from twelve to five daily.

N.B.—The Nobility and Gentry are most respectfully informed, that the business of the late Mrs. Barclay, 21, Somerset-street, Portman-square, Stay and Corset-maker to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberland, is purchased by Mrs. Huntley, by whom the workmen of the late Mrs. Barclay are engaged. Mrs. H. also begs to state, that she has received the patterns of every lady who has honoured the late Mrs. Barclay with their favours; a continuance of the same to Mrs. Huntley will be most gratefully acknowledged and punctually attended to.

FURS.

BOURNE & SON, 244, REGENT-STREET, beg leave most respectfully to inform the Nobility and Gentry, their Patrons, that they have just completed a very large and elegant assortment of every description of Fashionable Furs, which they flatter themselves cannot be surpassed, if equalled, by any other house in the Metropolis; and trust to their well known system of low charges and strict honesty in their dealings to obtain a continuation of Patronage.

B. & Son will commence the ensuing season with an entire new Stock, comprising all the Novelties manufactured by B. & Son from fresh and perfect Skins, consisting of Russian, Hudson's Bay, Canada, and German Sables, Minx, Russian Ermine, Chinchilla, Fox, Lynx, Squirrel, &c; likewise a choice assortment of elegant Dress Boas, in Swansdown, Angora, Marabout, and Ostrich Feather. A large Stock of the Fashionable Parisian small Muffs, with Shawls, Capes, Boas, Cuffs, Collars, and Trimmings in endless variety; Cloak Linings, Fur Boots, Foot Muffs, and Gents Travelling Caps, Gloves, and Bows, and elegant Rugs for the Drawing Room or Carriage.

B. & Son consider it almost unnecessary to say all Furs bought at their House are warranted made from full seasoned Skins, and will be exchanged or the money returned if not approved of, which has obtained for them such high reputation. Furs altered, repaired, exchanged, and cleaned at the following Prices:

Boas and Muffs 2s. each.

Capes and Shawls 3s. 6d. each.

N. B. B. and Son beg to observe their No. is 244 Regent Street, *not* the Argyll Rooms, nor have they any connexion with the Proprietor of them.



THE ORIGINAL PATENT PIN

Made by DURNFORD & Co. Manufacturers to Her Majesty, and Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.

THIS SUPERIOR PATENT ORNAMENTAL PIN still continues unrivalled in quality and price by any yet produced, and is sold retail by all respectable Haberdashers, &c., and supplied by DURNFORD & Co., London and Gloucester; of whom also may be procured the Best Black Mourning Pins, and the Royal Victoria Drilled Eyed Needles.

RESTORATIVE FOR THE HAIR.

To the Editor of the Shipping and Mercantile Gazette.

SIR,—Being a daily reader of your useful journal, I am anxious to make known through its columns the value of a preparation called "Oldridge's Balm of Columbia," for the purposes of restoring, strengthening, and preventing the loss of hair. It was first recommended to a member of my family—who, at the time, was rapidly losing her hair—by a lady of title, residing in Clarges-street, Piccadilly (whose name I have no authority for publishing) and by the use of this preparation, the hair had ceased even within a day or two to fall off in the way it had done, and that had already deprived the head of more than half "its fair proportion;" but before the package—of but a few shillings cost—was consumed, the remaining hair became perfectly firm and strong, and an abundant "crop" made its appearance in place of what had been lost before.

As the knowledge of the fact may be of the same benefit to others similarly circumstanced, I am induced thus to trouble you; and as I pledge you my word that I have no knowledge whatever of the propriety of the production, nor object in the matter other than that of a desire to render the information available "to all whom it may concern," I trust to your usual liberality to give it publicity.

Lloyd-square, Pentonville,
Jan. 14, 1839.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

W. H. MARSHALL.

C. & A. OLDRIDGE'S BALM prevents the hair turning grey, produces a beautiful curl, frees it from scurf, and stops it from falling off; and a few bottles generally restores it again.

Price 3s. 6d., 6s. and 11s. per Bottle. No other prices are genuine.

Some complaints have reached the Proprietors of a spurious Balm having been vended; they again caution the Public to be on their guard against the base impostors, by especially asking for OLDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA, 1, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND.



CORONATION.—Madame TUSSAUD & SONS invite their Patrons to VIEW their NEW GROUP, got up in the first style of Splendour, in Dresses of British Manufacture, of HER MAJESTY in her Robes of State, the Duchess of KENT, the Dukes of SUSSEX and CAMBRIDGE, Earl GREY, Viscount MELBOURNE, Marquis NORMANBY, and Lord LYNTHURST.

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(Late with Sendell and Green,)

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Sconner, Calenderer, and Calico Glazer,

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BEGS to submit the following particulars:—Crapes, Veils, China Crape, Dresses, Shawls, &c. Dyed or Cleaned, and finished equal to new. All sorts of Silk and Gauze Handkerchiefs Cleaned or dyed. Velvets, Satins, Silks, Woollens, Bombazines, and Merinos, Dyed in any colour, or Cleaned and Dressed in the neatest manner. French Blonde Cleaned or Dyed. The middle of Shawls taken out and Dyed, and the borders Cleaned and put on again. Silk, Damask, and Moreens Scoured, Dyed and Watered. Chintz and Cotton Bed Furniture Cleaned and Glazed. Counterpanes, Mecsarseill Quilts, and Blankets Cleaned, Brussels and Turkey Carpets, Druggets and Table Cloths Scoured and Pressed. Gentlemen's Clothes Cleaned or Dyed in a superior manner. Macintoshes Cleaned and Dyed, and Gloves Cleaned.

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THE greatest blemish to Beauty is superfluous Hair on the Face, Neck, and Arms. **HUBERT'S GENUINE ROSEATE POWDER** immediately removes it; is an elegant article, perfectly innocent, and pleasant to use. Price 4s.; or two in one parcel, 7s. Beware of base counterfeits: the genuine is signed outside "G. H. HOGART."

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Medicine Chests, fitted up with the best drugs suitable for any climate, varying in price from £2 to £20.

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This syrup is ge-
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From Paris.

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The Court Magazine Monthly, (No. 11; Carey-street), for October, 1839.

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(Between the Theatre Royal, and the General Post Office.)

Claims the attention of Families and Travellers for the beauty, (the back rooms looking upon Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags) and convenience of its situation, no less than the comfortable nature of its internal arrangements, commanding, 1st. **LODGINGS FOR FAMILIES** on separate flats, (as well as in the Hotel,) with all the comfort and quietude of a private dwelling and the advantage of a quick supply of the best of Viands, Wines, and Liqueurs from the Bar.—2nd. A neat Coffee and News-room, where in addition to the London and local Newspapers—**THE COURT AND LADY'S MAGAZINE** is regularly taken in: 3rd. A Commercial Room. Charges moderate. Students upon their arrival in Edinburgh would find this house particularly comfortable.

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RIGGE'S BRITISH FLOWERS SOAP,

SO justly celebrated for the Improvement of the Complexion, and that acknowledged passport of Gentility, "**Beautiful Hands.**" **RIGGE'S British Flowers Perfume.** The pleasing fragrance of the above Soap has created a general demand for a similar flavour adapted to the *Handkerchief*. Its characteristics are, a most attractive and refreshing odour, combined with great durability. **Royal Orleans Boquet--Eau de Portugal--Bouquet de Lavande--Elysian Odour--Bouquet de Bonne Marie**, all celebrated for their *Distingue Aromas*, and retentiveness of perfume. **RIGGE'S Pomade de Macassar** is a simple Vegetable preparation, which strengthens and assists the Growth of Hair; it is also an infallible restorative in cases of Weak Hair, or Premature Baldness.

VEGETABLE HAIR WASH,

Celebrated for its astringent invigorating properties, is an invaluable accompaniment.—**RIGGE'S Old established and celebrated improved Cream of Roses, and Rose Lip Salve**, excellent for their cooling and softening effects.—**RIGGE'S Ultra Marine Cake Blue**, a novel and complete substitute for Stone and Powder Blue, as much more economical, from its superior tint of colour;—used by all Ladies who value a Clear and Brilliant appearance in their Laces, Muslins, Linens, &c.

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And Sold by most Respectable Perfumers.

TO EPICURES.

SOHO SAUCE, for Fish, Game, Steaks, Made Dishes, &c. **CROSSE and BLACKWELL**, the Proprietors of this highly celebrated Sauce, beg to return to the Nobility and Gentry their grateful thanks for the patronage they have hitherto received. They solicit the attention of the Epicure to the peculiar rich, piquant, and yet not predominating flavour of the Sauce, which justly entitles it to the pre-eminence it has so rapidly attained. It is improved by age, and will not suffer any deterioration by change of climate.

DINMORE'S ESSENCE OF SHRIMPS for every description of Boiled and Fried Fish, will be found to possess a decided preference over the Essence of Anchovies, being of a more mild, rich, and delicious flavour. It will be particularly convenient to Families and Tavern-keepers, as it can be made in one minute, without the usual trouble and time consumed in picking and preparing the Shrimps.

DINMORE'S SHRIMP PASTE,

a superior delicacy to any thing yet offered to the Public, for Breakfast, Sandwiches, Toast, &c

The above to be had of most sauce venders; and Wholesale at the Manufactory, 11, King-street, Soho.

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THIS invaluable Remedy for Cutaneous Afflictions, and the variety of DISCOLOURATIONS by which the Complexion is frequently obscured, possesses the recommendation of nearly a CENTURY of successful experience in confirmation of its SAFETY and perfect adaptation for these purposes; Impurities of the Skin, of whatever kind, subsiding upon its use, succeeded by the smoothness of surface and elastic texture indicative of a healthy state.

As a TOILET requisite, the Lotion promotes and sustains the vivacity of the Complexion defends its delicacy from injury by variable temperature and other exciting causes, and renders this important department really effective in preserving, unimpaired, the principal attraction of Female Grace and Beauty.

GOWLAND'S LOTION has the Name and Address of the Sole Proprietor,

ROBERT SHAW. 33, QUEEN ST CHEAPSIDE LONDON,

are Engraved on the Government Stamp, and "The Theory of Beauty" is inclosed
Prices 2s. 9d., 5s. 6d.; quarts 8s. 6d.; and in cases from One to Five Guineas.

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The disparity in favour of this elegant Appendage of the TOILET of both Sexes, becomes pleasingly evident in the attainment of a vigorous growth of the Hair improved in texture and retaining the disposition to curl so much desired.

NATIVE PURITY, Delicate Fragrance, and freedom from CHEMICAL or other Admixtures are also leading qualities which distinguish MINDORA OIL from all COLOURED and factitious Compounds, ensuring to its Patrons CLEANLINESS in application, preservation of the TRUE COLOUR of the Hair, and the utmost perfection of this esteemed ornament of the Person.

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IMPORTANT TO LADIES,

BY THE QUEEN'S ROYAL LETTERS PATENT,

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1839.

W. BARTLEET and SONS,

SOLE PATENTEES of the Newly invented Oval, perfect, Eyed Needles.

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The apparatus produces an eye much larger than that of any other Needle, and is constructed on such an unerring principle as to remove effectually every minute angle, burr, and rough edge, and to clear smoothly away any other cutting particles that may have been left in the Eye of the Needle—which neither drilling nor any other operation whatever has hitherto been able to effect—thereby rendering it morally impossible for these Needles to cut the Thread.

It is generally the case that the public are charged an extravagant price for patent goods, but W. BARTLEET and SONS are resolved, in offering these superior Needles, to require no more than a moderate remuneration.

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IS Open to the public every day, (except Sunday) from Nine in the Morning until dark.—Admittance One Shilling each.—The Entrance is near the Church at Rotherhithe, on the Surrey side of the River. The Tunnel is brilliantly lighted with Gas, and is now **completed to low water mark** on the Middlesex shore.

By Order,

JOSEPH CHARLIER,

Clerk to the Company.

Thames Tunnel Office,
Wallbrook Buildings, Wallbrook,
September, 1839.

THE COURT AND LADY'S MAGAZINE,
MONTHLY CRITIC AND MUSEUM

A Family Journal

OF ORIGINAL TALES, REVIEWS OF LITERATURE, THE FINE ARTS,
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c. &c.

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

MEMOIR OF JOANNA 2ND, QUEEN OF NAVARRE,
MOTHER OF HENRY QUATRE, KING OF FRANCE.

Illustrated by a whole-length Portrait, coloured from the original in the collection of the King of France. No. 79 of the Series of authentic ancient Portraits.

NAVARRÉ, as a kingdom, has, at the present day, disappeared from the map of Europe. It was originally one of those small states into which Spain split itself, after the invasion of the Moors, when every province, which, in the course of time, was wrested by Spanish valour from the infidels, established itself under the banner of its gallant liberator as a separate kingdom. The mountainous country of Navarre, which divided the rest of the peninsula from the south of France, was ruled by an heroic family of Spanish Princes. The Kings of Navarre long bore in their blazon the chains of the camp of the Miramolin, which their monarch, Don Sancho the Strong, broke with his battle-axe at the fight of Tolosa, where the very existence of Spain was at stake. Soon after this event an heiress brought the crown of Navarre into the family of the princely Troubadours of Champagne, and another heiress united it for a time with the crown of France. Following, however, the female line, the French Princes of the house of Evreux for a while ruled Navarre, though it was every year in danger of being possessed by one or other of its powerful neighbours. A long succession of female heirs, and the disputes connected with the disposal of their lands, at length brought about this catastrophe. During the reign of Catherine, Queen of Navarre, Ferdinand of Arragon laid his

A—OCTOBER, 1839.



Memoir of Joanna d'Albret.

wily paw on the gallant little kingdom, and succeeded in stealing it from its former rulers. From that time the Sovereigns of Navarre have been but titular monarchs. They, however, possessed domains called French Navarre, on the other side of the Pyrenees; but the kingdom properly so called was absorbed by Spain.

Ever since the 16th century, the mother of Henry IV. derived her title, as Queen of Navarre, from her ancestress, Blanche II., daughter of Charles III., surnamed the Good. Blanche was the twenty-fourth Sovereign of Navarre, and reigned with her husband, John of Arragon. Their daughter Eleanora married Gaston of Foix, and united the great Province of Bearn to Navarre. Their grand-daughter Catherine was the twenty-seventh sovereign; she married John d'Albret, a French Prince, and the heir of this pair was the gallant Henry II., King of Navarre, the husband of the celebrated Margaret of Valois,* sister to Francis I., King of France.

Henry, the father of the subject of this memoir, inherited the fine person, the heroic valour, and the great abilities of the chivalric house of de Foix, and had it not been for the province of Bearn, which he derived from them, he would, indeed, have been "King without a kingdom," for French Navarre must have followed the fate of his Spanish territories.

The Spaniards viewed his marriage with the sister of Francis I. with anger, and when, in the year 1528, Joanna was born, they vented their spleen by an allusion to the armorial bearings of Bearn, which has a cow on its shield.

"A miracle," said the Spaniards, "Lo! Henry of Bearn's cow has brought forth a sheep."

But Henry called his darling heiress a lamb, and laid up the taunt in his own mind, awaiting a day of reprisal. His spiteful enemies continued to style him Henry, le Vacher; his Queen, Margueritte, la Vache; and their only daughter, Joanna *la brebis*, in derision of their royal titles. But notwithstanding this scornful invective, Henry was the most gallant and princely man of his time; so that when his enemy, Charles

V. received his hospitality, when passing through France, during a short peace with Francis I., Charles declared he never met with a more magnificent or courteous reception than at Pau, the capital of Henry d'Albret. This monarch, desirous of possessing the heritage appertaining to Joanna, (since, besides Lower Navarre, on this side the Pyrenees, there still remained to the noble house of Albret of Bearn, the territories of Albret, Foix, and Armagnac, with several other extensive signiorics) made demand of her hand in favour of Philip II., his son. Francis I., however, was opposed to this union, being unwilling to introduce so powerful an enemy into France. In 1541 he affianced her to the Duke of Cleves; but this marriage, from difficulties raised by her parents, remained in suspense during the reign of Francis, and was finally annulled, the Duke having abandoned the interests of France to make his peace with the Emperor.

With far better policy Henry and Margueritte gave the hand of the young Joanna to the heir of Bourbon, in the full conviction that, notwithstanding his deep poverty, their posterity would one day ascend the throne of France. The great patrimony of the princely house of Bourbon had followed the female line, and been inherited by the niece of Peter, Duke of Bourbon,* Louise of Savoy, mother to Francis I.

Antony, Duke of Bourbon, though next heir to the line of Valois, then on the throne, was the poorest peer in France, and Voltaire affirms that his brother, the Prince of Condé, possessed an income of but six hundred livres per annum. Notwithstanding the poverty of this illustrious house, the dress worn by Joanna of Navarre, on the occasion of her marriage with the Duke of Bourbon, in the year 1548, was so laden with pearls, diamonds, gold tissue, and other weighty and magnificent trappings that when walking in procession she fell down under the pressure of her finery. A bridal dress in the sixteenth century was indeed no trifle; the young Princess of Navarre was unable to support it, and as she stumbled again and again, as fast as she was raised up, the Constable of

* See this portrait and memoir, *Lady's Magazine*, October, 1831.

* See this portrait and memoir, *Lady's Magazine*, February, 1838.

France, the renowned Duke de Montmorenci, however, settled the matter at once, by taking the bride in his arms, and striding down the main aisle of the church of Moulins, set her down at the altar, and supported her jewels and all her paraphernalia in his nervous grasp while the marriage ceremony was performed, by which she was united to Antony, Duke of Bourbon. It is just possible that this curious scene arose from some perversity on the part of the young bride, who meant to resist walking into church, but when she found herself in the fierce hands of the kinsman of her bridegroom, she was scared into good behaviour. The weight of her jewels and dress was, nevertheless, the cause assigned by her relatives for her singular mode of approaching the marriage altar; a cause very gratifying to the pride of both, the houses Navarre, and Bourbon, neither of which were very rich, although both were right royal.

Joanna and her husband became, however, an attached couple; she shared the dangers of the camp with him, and frequently strengthened by her firmness of character his vacillating disposition. She had been secretly bred a Protestant by her mother; and the south of France, which had been the cradle of Protestantism in the time of the Albigenses, saw with delight a Princess born and brought up among them in a faith which promised emancipation from the Catholic yoke, so impatiently borne by them from the time of the Moorish settlement in those provinces. Joanna, as she attained womanhood, obtained a Protestant influence over the ductile mind of Antony of Bourbon, who, though certainly a Catholic by his own belief, became thereby head of the secret Huguenot league forming in the southern provinces, and acknowledged as their chief. Joanna was in reality the dominant spirit of the association.

The mother of Joanna died in the castle of Odos, in 1549, at Bigorre, near the foot of the Pyrenean chain, of a catarrh, resulting from a violent cold, taken whilst gazing on a comet, affirmed by the wise-aces of those days to predict the death of Pope Paul III. Her fondly attached husband, Henry, King of Navarre, long survived her, and though he had but a female heir to his territories, he never

gave Margueritte a successor. The sister of Francis I. was assuredly the most illustrious female of her era; her attachment to her brother is said to have been so strong that she did not wish to live after his death, and she certainly soon followed him to the grave. Her daughter, Joanna, inherited a considerable share of her mother's abilities and greatness of mind.

The first child of Joanna and Antony of Bourbon was a daughter, named Catherine, after the grandmother of the Princess, Catherine, the First Queen of Navarre. As King Henry saw with regret the probability that the title to his lost kingdom would again merge in a female heir, he was exceedingly anxious that his daughter Joanna should bring him a male heir.

She was in the camp with her husband, Antony of Bourbon, at La Fleche, in Anjou, where he was commanding an army against Charles V., when she wrote to her father that she had hopes of bringing into the world an heir to his territories. Henry of Navarre immediately entreated she would come to him, that his heir might be born among those beloved mountaineers who were so dear to him. Joanna had, however, followed her husband into his government of Picardy, in order to raise more troops for the repulse of the Spanish invader. Although she had the whole of France to traverse when her father's mandate arrived, she resolved to obey him. We translate from Pere Perefice, who gives the following account of the birth of her heroic son, Henri Quatre:—

This courageous Princess took leave of her husband at Compeigne, the 15th of November, 1553; she travelled across France to the Pyrenean mountains, and arrived at Pau, in Bearn, where the King, her father, waited anxiously for her, on the 4th of December; and on the last day of the old year, she happily brought into the world her son.

During the few days that intervened between her arrival and the birth of her boy, Joanna's thoughts were greatly occupied with tender matters touching her own domestic interests. A jealousy had been infused into her mind of her father's attachment to a lady of his Court, and it was impressed upon her mind that he had made his will in that lady's

favour, as far as concerned his personal property; she had, therefore, a very great wish to see that will. When the King of Navarre found what his daughter desired, though she dared not speak of it, he offered of his own accord to put his will into her hands, on condition that when her boy was born she would sing a song. "For," said he, "thou art not going to bring me an heir mewling and puling into this world."

The Princess promised, and she kept her word. When, therefore, her royal father was summoned to her chamber, she sang, in a clear and cheerful voice, one of the songs of her native Bearnese mountains, in the patois of her country. The words of the *chanson* have been preserved, but good Protestant as was Joanna of Navarre, we find her song, on examination, to be a sort of hymn sung by the Bearnese females in the time of their trouble. It is none other than an invocation for the aid of the Virgin whose image stood on the bridge of Pau. The chorus was—

Our lady at the bridge's foot,
Assist me in this hour.

Her babe came into the world without crying, to the infinite joy of his grandfather. Henry of Navarre had brought his will in a box of gold; he ordered the boy to be given to him, at the same time presenting to the mother the costly casket containing his will, and saying—"My daughter, *that* is for you, and *this* for me." Simultaneously wrapping the babe in the lappet of his robe, and carrying him out of the chamber, he proceeded to rub the infant's lips with garlic, and made him suck a little wine out of a gold cup. If Joanna's babe had not been hardy by nature and destined by Providence for the happiness of millions, he certainly must have been poisoned by these proceedings of his grandfather during the first hour of his existence. Henry of Navarre, however, showed his grandson with great pride to the nobles and citizens of Bearn, saying, in allusion to the taunt of the Spaniards at the birth of Joanna,—

"Behold, my lamb has brought me forth a lion."

But to the consternation of the King and his daughter, the new-born Prince refused to suck or take any nourishment,

a disposition not to be wondered at after his dose of garlic and wine. Six or seven nurses were summoned from the town of Pau before one could be found from whose bosom the future King of France chose to imbibe aliment. At last the little creature was impelled by hunger to overcome its disgust for the abominable diet with which his grandfather had regaled him at his first entrance into life, and who, with the intention of making him vigorous and hardy, had nearly poisoned him.

Joanna could not prevent her boy from being baptised with the rites of the Catholic religion. His godfathers were Henry the Second, King of France, and his grandfather, Henry of Navarre, who gave him their name. The ceremony took place in the chapel of the castle of Pau, by the Cardinal of Armagnac.

Joanna gave her boy wholly up to her father, who took the best of plans to rear a hardy warrior. His nurse was a peasant woman of Bearn, and the royal boy was nourished among her young mountaineers. He was reared with them, and his nurse was charged that no difference should be made by way of indulgence to the young Prince. Thus was the young hero reared till he was four years old, playing, cuffing, or wrestling among the high-spirited mountain children; running races barefoot, or climbing the crags, without either hat or cap to cover his red curls. His royal grandfather watched over his sports with delight. If he had a quarrel, Henry of Navarre would not have the slightest partiality towards the little Prince, who had to vindicate his injuries with his own arm, or show the respect physical force commands in unsophisticated society. He was thus nurtured a hero, in hopes that he would one day reconquer his mother's inheritance of Navarre.

When the boy was taken from his peasant nurse, his grandfather confided him to his governess, Susanne de Bourbon, wife of Jean d'Albret, Lord of Moissons. His education went on at the Chateau de Coarasse, among the rocky fastnesses of Bearn, where he still had the mountain children for his companions, and was not suffered to have any playthings, save those which he found for his amusement among stones or animals; neither had he fine clothes,

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but wore the peasant's dress of Bearn. Fed on brown bread, beef, garlic, and buttermilk, no claim to superiority was given him but what he won by natural talent, which prompted him to become a leader among his fellow-creatures. King Henry of Navarre had noble ideas of educating a future Sovereign, though it must be owned his experiments in feeding a new-born infant were not the most judicious.

When the royal boy was four years old his mother wished to present him to his suzerain, Henry the Second of France; she accordingly accompanied her father, the King of Navarre, to the French Court. The son of Joanna was then called the Prince of Viane. Our little hero, says the historian Cayet, was presented to Henry the Second, who asked him "If he would be his son?"

"That's my father," said the boy, in the Bearnois dialect, pointing to King Henry of Navarre.

"Well," said the King of France, "you shall be my son-in-law, then."

To that the little mountaineer offered no objection, and in the same moment the marriage between young Henry and Margueritte of Valois, daughter of Henry the Second, was agreed upon, a project to which Joanna fondly clung in after-life. The royal boy was a most beautiful child at this time, with the exception of red hair.

Soon after this interview Joanna lost her brave father. King Henry of Navarre died at the castle of Hagetmau, in his beloved Bearn, at the age of fifty-three. He commanded that his body should be interred in the ancient burial place of the Kings of Navarre, at Pampeluna, the capital of Spanish Navarre, but till that was re-conquered, it was found necessary to deposit him in the Cathedral of Lescar, in Bearn, where his body has ever since remained.

Joanna generally resided with her husband at the seat of his hereditary government at Guienne; but at the time of her father's death she was at the Court of France, and had the greatest difficulty in obtaining leave from Henry the Second to go to Bearn, to take possession of her inheritance, the King

of France taking umbrage at her styling herself the "Queen of Navarre."

"I am King," said he, "of the only Navarre of which you have possession;" and, subsequently, this was a pretence for endeavouring to seize French Navarre. Joanna was thus wronged by her powerful neighbours on both sides the Pyrenees, and to this unjust attempt may be traced her bold conception of heading the Protestants of France.

An unlucky stroke of the lance of the Count de Montgomerie, captain in the Scottish guard and an ancestor of the present Earl of Eglinton whose passage of arms in Scotland has recently excited so much interest (at a tournament), at once put an end to the life of Henry the Second and his unjust claims on French Navarre. As Montgomerie afterwards fled to the Queen of Navarre, and fought against the heirs of the King he had slain, the Catholics did not scruple to declare that his awkward tilting was an accident done on purpose.

Antony, Duke of Bourbon, the husband of the Queen of Navarre, was the first Prince of the blood, and, in right of his high rank, he demanded to share the government during the minority of Francis the Second. The Guises seized the power, and had one day resolved on murdering him, if the harmless little King could have been only prevailed upon to give the signal for his relatives' death. Antony has been considered weak, though very brave; but his failing seems wholly to have arisen from the struggles of his mind, between his Catholic belief and his Protestant politics. The following anecdote could scarcely have pertained to a very weak man. He had been informed of the plot to murder him, but he resolutely went to the appointment.

"If they murder me," said he to Reinsi, one of his gentlemen, "take my bloody shirt, carry it to my wife and son, and Joanna will know how to avenge me."

The young King would not give the signal for the death of his relative, for which the Duke of Guise reproached him violently, and called him a coward. After the death of Francis the Second, the party of the Guises were defeated, and the husband of Joanna was called to the second place in the

* See this portrait and memoir, *Lady's Magazine*, January, 1835.
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Memoir of Joanna d'Albret.

regency under Catherine de Medicis,* and being Lieutenant-General of the kingdom under Charles the Ninth, he called Joanna and her young son to the French Court. The family of Navarre was placed in difficult circumstances, for Antony and the Queen of Navarre, in virtue of this high office, could not take any part with the Protestants, who now rose in rebellion, declaring the Prince of Condé, brother to Antony, their chief. Having undertaken to suppress this rebellion, at the siege of Rouen Antony was wounded in the trenches by an arquebus in the shoulder, and his wound mortifying, he died some days after.

Ever at heart attached to Calvinism, one of his first cares was to procure the celebrated council of Poissy, with a view of establishing by it the triumph of the party whose cause he had embraced. The result did not answer his expectation, and he quitted the hall discontented with the ministers he had summoned on that occasion. François d'Escars, his chamberlain, having perceived this disposition of his mind, succeeded in bringing him to the resolve, backed by the persuasion of the legate and the ambassador of Spain, of re-embracing the Catholic faith. Manifold were the human motives which induced this conversion. Antoine, therefore, joined the triumvirate, and became the declared enemy of the Calvinists. He expelled their ministers from all the royal households, even although under the protection of the Queen, his wife, whom he alleged they had succeeded in converting to their tenets. He would even have compelled her to attend mass; but his menaces and ill-treatment alike failed to move the resolute and high-minded Joanna d'Albret, who had even the hardihood to make the following reply to Catherine de Medicis, who interfered in these constant endeavours to convert her:—*"Madame, if I could hold my kingdom and my son together in my hand, I would fling them both to the bottom of the sea rather than go to mass."*

The Queen of Navarre was at the Court of Catherine de Medicis with her

son, when this fatal accident made her a widow; she begged leave to retire to Bearn and indulge her grief.

Directly she arrived at Pau she proclaimed herself a Protestant, and gave her son a Calvinistic tutor, named La Gaucherie, with orders that he should be brought up in the reformed religion. Young Henry was then seven years old; he received a classical education from his learned tutor, but as his mother wished that he should be instructed so as to render learning agreeable to him, he was taught Latin, first vernacularly, and then the Latin poets and historians were read to him, and he was encouraged to converse on the subjects that interested him. Thus he was led on till he could read and write Latin freely; and he was remarkable for the ease with which he could speak and converse in that language. His mother, who was herself a learned princess, had devised this plan of education, and though it might not be a proper course to have been directed by a professor, it well suited, perhaps, a monarch's inclinations.

Joanna of Navarre held herself constantly leagued with the Protestants and her brother-in-law, the Prince of Condé. She was virtually, by their assistance, Queen of the South of France, from the Pyrenees to Rochelle, which was the focus of the Protestant league, and in that "city of the waters" she maintained her hold in spite of the strength of Spain on one hand, and the power of Catholic France on the other. During the childhood of her young son Henry, and her daughter Catherine, who abode at Rochelle with her, the disastrous battles of Moncontour and Jarnac almost ruined the Protestant cause, and deprived the Prince of Navarre of his uncle, the Prince of Condé; but Joanna remained undaunted, with Coligny for her minister and general.

At this period of her life she is supposed to have married privately Theodore d'Aubigny, a great Protestant leader; but not the slightest trace of this marriage appears, excepting in the traditions of the family of Aubigny. Theodore was the ancestor of Madame de Maintenon.*

During the minority of young Henry, the Queen of Navarre successfully upheld

* See this portrait and memoir, *Lady's Magazine*, July, 1836.
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* See this portrait and memoir, *Lady's Magazine*, September, 1835.

Description of the Portrait.

the Protestant cause, but her ardent wish to see him the husband of the Princess Margueritte, sister of Charles IX., betrayed her into the great imprudence of a journey to Paris, where, under the sanction of a treacherous peace, she put herself and the Protestant leaders into the hands of their enemies.

She arrived in Paris June the 2nd, 1572, with her son, attended by the young Maximilian de Bethune, afterwards his great minister, the Duke de Sully, then only a page; she had likewise with her the Baron de Rosny, Coligny, Grammont, Rochfoucauld, and all the Protestant nobility.

Her death took place soon after her arrival in Paris, but whether by a fever brought on by anxiety or by poison is not clearly ascertained. We give the narrative from the contemporary historians.

"Her lodgings were in the palace of Charles Gaillard, Bishop of Chartres, a prelate suspected of Protestantism by Catherine de Medicis. Soon after the Queen of Navarre had returned from Blois, whither she had accompanied the Court, she was seized with a fever, and died on the 5th day of her illness. The memoirs of d'Aubigny attribute her death to poison, which they say was ad-

ministered to her in the perfume of a pair of Spanish gloves, brought by a Florentine, called René, perfumer to Catherine de Medicis; but whether poison can thus act, we leave to modern philosophers. La Serres says she died of a pleurisy, having been overheated in superintending the preparations for her son's nuptials, and vexation at being obliged to kneel while the host was carried by.

Her body was opened, but no appearance of poison being visible, those who insisted that she was poisoned, were forced to have recourse to the mystical story of the perfumed gloves. Yet the treacherous and cruel massacre of St. Bartholomew, that so soon followed her death, gave every probability to this report.

Joanna died at Paris, 10th June, 1572, two months before the massacre of the Protestants, in her forty-fourth year, leaving her son, then in his nineteenth, as the sole supporter of the Protestant cause in France. He forsook his religion, however, to obtain peaceable possession of the throne of France; but her daughter, Catherine de Bourbon, never swerved from the principles in which her mother had reared her, though she married a Catholic Protestant—Theodore d'Aubigny.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PORTRAIT ACCOMPANYING THE PRESENT NUMBER, NO. 79 OF THE SERIES.

It is surprising that ladies, after being accustomed to see the graceful costumes of the Courts of Francis I. and Henry II., perpetuated as they were by the magic pencils of Titian and Parmegiano, could ever prefer the modes introduced by Catherine de Medicis, during her widowhood and regency. The black gauze wings in which Joanna D'Albret has chosen to array herself by way of a ruff, present a specimen of the strange freaks of those fashions. The present portrait proves that in many points the Queen of the Protestants did not disdain to follow the lead of the Queen of the Catholics in the article dress; so omnipotent is fashion, which compels unity of purpose, even in those jarring spirits who would willingly be the leaders of separate factions, not only in this world,
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but in the next. The small disproportioned cap of the form known as that of Mary, Queen of Scots, but really invented by her mother-in-law, Catherine—the full sleeves, stuffed on the shoulder—the singular additions to the height of the shoulders,—all bespeak the Court fashions of Catherine de Medicis. The rest of the dress is in better taste: the robe of black velvet bordered with gold, the collar of pearls fastening the little throat ruff with the band of pearls and gold depending to the waist, clasped with a diamond, the cordeliere of large pearls and tassel hanging to the feet over the rich white damask petticoat, are fittingly appropriate.

The Queen of Navarre has a brow lofty and powerful as that of her son, Henry the Great.

MEMOIR OF ISABELLA, QUEEN OF SPAIN, FIRST CONSORT OF PHILIP THE FOURTH.

*Illustrated by a splendid whole-length Portrait, drawn and coloured from the original, by
Rubens, in the Gallery of Versailles, published in this Magazine, Sept. 1, 1839,
(No. 78 of the series of full-length authentic ancient Portraits.)*

[We beg to inform our readers, in explanation of the last month's Portrait having the name erased, and being unaccompanied with the usual Memoir, that the circumstance arose as follows. We had furnished our Parisian artists with an approved design, from the original, by Rubens, (part of a series of twenty-four allegorical pictures, painted at the request of his patroness, Marie de Medicis,) entitled "The exchange of Queens," ornamenting the walls of the Luxembourg. From this painting we took our portrait of Anne of Austria, see April last, and had reserved that of Isabella to follow in September. Our artist, however, in his peregrinations among the splendid galleries of France, visited Versailles, and, struck with the beauty and variety of the dress of this same Isabella (by Rubens, as appended to the picture), resolved to give it in lieu of that which we had provided. Unaware of this "new exchange" until the latest moment, and fearful lest some portrait, ordered in advance, had by an accident been lettered wrongly, we thought it a preferable course to do as we have done; and we are glad to find that the mistake can be remedied by the binder, at the end of the half year, transposing the plate of last month into the present Number.]

The eldest daughter of Henri Quatre and Marie de Medicis bears the name both of Elisabeth and Isabelle in French history, but in Spain they designate her by none other name than that of Isabella; synonymous in the Spanish for Elisabeth. This Princess was born at Fontainebleau, on the 22nd of November, in the year 1602. The first notable event of her life was her being christened, which ceremony was performed with great splendour, her brother, the Dauphin, and her infant sister, Christine, being christened at the same time. This arose from the plague having so severely raged at Paris from the time of the birth of the Dauphin, that the King was forced to give up the grand ceremonial of his son's baptism until this period, when two daughters were added to his family; and as the French metropolis was then still infected by the contagion, the Duchess of Mantua, the Dauphin's intended godmother, visited the Queen, her sister, at Fontainebleau. Henry, therefore, resolved that the baptism of all his children should take place there, although the Parisians, by this necessary precaution, were deprived of a grand spectacle.

Madame of France, the eldest of the royal children, had for her godmother Isabella, wife to the Archduke Albert, and no godfather.

Some little jealousy had been awakened among his Catholic subjects

by this delay in christening the Dauphin and his sister, for it was not until 1606 that the royal children were received into the church; the Dauphin being five years old and *Madame Royale* four.

The ceremonial of a royal baptism in the 17th century, overlaid as it was with the curious etiquette of courtly antiquity, may not be familiar to all our readers; we have, therefore, selected an account from a periodical of the times.

The chapel of the palace of Fontainebleau being too small for the grand ceremony, a platform was raised in the Cour de Donjon, where an altar was fixed and three fonts, at which the royal children were to be baptised. The platform was connected by a temporary bridge with the King's ante-chamber, whence a doorway was made, which led to the terrace of the Court of the Fountain, and was carried onwards to the Dauphin's chamber, where were assembled persons of the highest rank. The apartment was hung with tapestry, depicting the adventures of Coriolanus, and there was a grand state-bed, on an estrade, with an ermine counterpane, which spread out a great way on the ground, on which was laid a mantle of silver cloth, lined with costly fur, for the use of the Dauphin at the font. In the same chamber were raised two *dais*, or canopies, both of tapestry, under which the presents of honour were to be made to the Dauphin, as well as to the god-

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Memoir of Isabella, Queen of Spain.

fathers and godmothers. The honours to the children were comprised of the chrisom, or white robe of innocence, the great wax taper, and the offering of salt, all of which are used in Catholic baptism. The sponsorial honours embraced a basin, ewer, and towel, with which those engaged in the ceremony washed their hands before and after the ceremony.

The Princess de Condé, standing on the right, had to uncover the bed of state, aided by the Princess de Conti, who again was assisted by the Countess of Soissons and Madame de Montpensier. The Princess de Condé then lifted the child from the bed, and handed it to the godfather, whilst it was Madame Montpensier's office to undress the infant at the font, and that of Mademoiselle de Bourbon to give the various articles of baptism to the Princess appointed to carry them.

As soon as the Cardinal de Joyeuse (who was to represent Pope Pius the 5th, as godfather), and the Duchess of Mantua, the Queen's sister, who stood godmother in person, arrived in the Dauphin's chamber, the master of the ceremonies gave the word, and the procession moved forwards. It was evening. The archers of the King's guard lined the way from the terrace of the Fountain to the platform in the Cour de Donjon, each bearing two lighted flambeaus.* Next followed the gentlemen of the royal household, drums beating and trumpets sounding; the ordinary priests of the chapel, each carrying a wax taper. Their approach was announced by the spirit-stirring hautbois, herald pageantry, and sergent-at-arms; knights of various orders, each wearing his collar and full dress: Monsieur de Vaudemonte, carrying the wax taper; M. le Chevalier de Vendôme with the chrisom; the Duke de Vendôme with the salt; the Duke de Montpensier bearing the basin; the Count de Soissons the ewer; the Prince de Conti the serviette, on a cushion of cloth of gold. The Duke de Guise bore the train of the mantle royal of the Dauphin. M. de Sauvray, in the absence of the Prince de Condé, owing to sickness, presented the Dauphin to his godfather.

Madame Monglat, governess to the

royal children, followed the Dauphin, who was accompanied by twenty nobles of high rank, of his own age, dressed in embroidered capes and rich caps, ornamented with precious stones, each with a lighted taper in his hand.

The Cardinal de Joyeuse walked alone. This part of the procession was followed by Eleanora, Duchess of Mantua, with her son, Don Ferdinand, as her squire, and a lady of honour bearing her train.

The Princess of Condé, habited with a black robe and a grand farthingale covered with embroidery and a long sweeping train, and four other Princesses of the blood arrayed in the utmost splendour, closed the procession.

Two chambers were prepared on each side of the platform, where similar honours were offered to the young Princess, Madame Royale of France and her little sister. Madame was led up to the font provided for her, with a similar procession to that accompanying her young brother, except that she was attended by a group of young ladies of the highest rank in France, who bore tapers around her. She had only one sponsor, Madame D'Angoulême, who represented the Archduchess Isabella.

The young Princess was but eight years of age when her father, Henry the Great, was assassinated, and strange that she was destined to reign over that nation which had, most of all the kingdoms of Europe, opposed his advancement to the throne of his ancestors.

A tender affection seems to have subsisted between the Dauphin and his eldest sister; both were passionately fond of their governess, Madame de Monglat; and after the Dauphin was taken from her care, he frequently wrote letters to his sister Isabella, in which he envied her happiness in living with "dear Mamanga," for so they called her, and he bade the Princess "kiss her hands for him."

The brother and sister were separated early in life, and, after the age of fifteen, never met each other again.

Since the captivity of Francis the First, a deadly animosity had existed between the royal families of France and Spain, which had by no means been healed by the extinction of the house of Valois, and the accession of the

* See her portrait and memoir, Dec. 1836. **MAGAZINE.**]

Memoir of Isabella, Queen of Spain.

Bourbon line represented by Henry the Fourth. On the contrary, a hatred, amounting to personal malice, was cherished against the brave Huguenot monarch, Philip the Second, and whatever plots or assassinations were projected during Harry's reign, were always attributed to that source, and even the son of that malignant Sovereign (Philip the Third), seems to have inherited too much of his father's prejudices to have suffered the line of Bourbon to remain at peace. Accordingly, Spain and France waged war, with very slight cessation, till the utter exhaustion of the resources of both countries made their rulers conclude a peace during the fifth year of the regency of Marie de Medicis. The exchange of brides between the young Kings of France and Spain, to which we have alluded, ratified this peace, and the marriage of the eldest Princess of France with Philip the Fourth, together with that of the Infanta Anne of Austria with Louis the Thirteenth, laid the foundation of that family alliance between France and Spain which caused the politicians of the seventeenth century so much trouble, and awakened so much indignation. Nearly as much blood was, indeed, spilt to rend asunder the friendships and relationships resulting from these marriages, as had been shed by the ambitious rivalry of the predecessors of Philip and Louis. Isabella was married by proxy at Bordeaux, on the 18th of October, 1615, to Philip the Fourth, who had just ascended the throne of Spain.

The monarch to whom the hand of Isabella of Bourbon was destined, is the same Prince of Spain with whom the readers of Le Sage's admirable novel of *Gil Blas* are familiar, both as Prince and

King Philip the Fourth. The Spanish Court was brilliant; and is, perhaps, better described by that author, who was long resident at Madrid, than by any other contemporary writer. The Court of Spain still encouraged authors of talent, and painters of eminence. Velasques painted, and Lopes and Calderon wrote during the time of Isabella; but after her death all was overshadowed by the gloomy pall of ignorance and bigotry. The Spaniards were proud of having for their Queen the eldest daughter of Henry the Great, for much as they had opposed that hero, they admired his daughter, and declared that she possessed a similarly vigorous intellect; and to use the expression of *Père Perefixe*, they said, "she had a brain more powerful than was usual for her sex."

Isabella never visited France after her marriage. She was the mother of the unfortunate Don Carlos the Second, in whose unhappy person the dreadful mental derangement which had occasionally afflicted the Spanish royal line, since the days of Pedro the Cruel, seemed concentrated, and with him ceased the male line of the Great Charles the Fifth. The daughter of Isabella and Philip the Fourth was Maria Theresa,* married to Louis the Fourteenth. This marriage brought the line of Bourbon on the Spanish throne, and Isabella of Bourbon is in consequence ancestress to the present Queen of Spain.

The Consort of Philip the Fourth died at Madrid, on the 16th of October, 1644, and is buried at the grand rotunda church at the Escorial.

* See this portrait and memoir, June, 1835.

[The Memoirs of Queen Margueritte of Valois, first Consort of Henry IV. of France, published January, 1835, and that of Queen Marie de Medicis, second wife to that Monarch, published March, 1839, if read, in continuation with this Memoir of Joanna, it will preserve the historical chain unbroken, and give a lively picture of the personal court history of that extraordinary century.]

The Fisher's Ring.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF ISABELLA, QUEEN OF SPAIN.

THIS portrait was painted some time after the young daughter of Henry the Fourth had become Queen of Spain, when she had assumed the Spanish national dress. The outward garments, made of black brocaded velvet, offers a complete model of the far-famed Spanish *basquina*. From the loose sleeves of this robing-cloak the arms can be withdrawn at pleasure, and the person completely enveloped from the throat to the feet; and when the parted veil or *mantilla* was added, the disguise was effectual. This garment is a relic of the Arabian female garb, so long naturalized in Spain, and till the middle of the last century, was the universal out-door dress of the fair Spaniards; it

was made of various materials, but the colour was invariably black. Our travellers have greatly mystified the female world by persisting in calling the *basquina* a petticoat; what it is really may now be seen from the best authority—the portrait of a Spanish Queen. It is indeed a robe-cloak of a form worthy of being adopted in our present winter costumes. The under dress is richly ornamented with pearls and silver embroidery on a lilac satin close gown. The hair is dressed in little rolls, with a *resille* of pearls at the back, surmounted by a small white feather. The large fan, the lace ruff, and finely embroidered gloves, bear decidedly the character of Spanish origin.

THE FISHER'S RING.

THE night was dark, and lone the hour,¹
When Andrew left the cove;
Fell drop by drop the threat'ning show'r,
The sky frown'd black above.

The night-wind rose with fitful blast;
The lightning pale and red
Gleam'd faintly forth; while far off pass'd
The thunder's roll of dread.

But gaily, gaily flew the boat,
And swiftly plied the oar;
And rapid as an arrow-shot
It glided from the shore.

And Andrew whistled merrily,
No startling fear had he;
Yet as he whistled merrily,
Still blacker grew the sea.

And darker seem'd the sky around,¹
And brighter gleam'd the flash;
And deeper boom'd the thunder's sound,
And higher billows dash.

The Fisher's Ring.

And stronger still the gale it blew ;
Yet Andrew undismay'd
Sang on ; nor did intention shew
To turn the shallop's head.

A sound, as of a demon's yell,
Rose dismal on the air ;
And on the billows' foamy crest
There shone a lurid glare.

"May God ensure my soul to bliss!"
At last poor Andrew said,
"For surely such a night as this
Might well awake the dead."

And as he spake the sacred charm
The tempest sounded hoarse ;
Yet naught avail'd his skilful arm
To change the shallop's course.

And now (oh, horror!) now appear'd
The fisher's fated ring ;
The phantom boat around him steer'd ;
The night-bird flapp'd her wing.

Full sore he mourn'd the luckless hour
He scorned the warning sage ;
Proudly defied the phantom's pow'r,
And brav'd the tempest's rage.

Yet stoutly Andrew pulled the oar,
No timid heart had he,
If he might haply near the shore,
And quit the open sea.

But vain was every effort made ;
And Andrew full well knew
That short would be life's destined thread,
If thrice *the ring* he drew.

He strove—the lightning flashed, and once
The fiery sparkles meet ;
Again the lightning flash'd, and twice
The circle was complete.

And now, as if to mock his sight,
Far off appeared to glow
The well-known friendly beacon light,
His safer path to show.

He shrieked—the demon darkly scowl'd ;
In vain his strength oppos'd ;
The thunder crash'd—the tempest howl'd,
And thrice the circle clos'd.

The moon was bright and calm to view,
The ocean raged no more ;
But Andrew was where no one knew ;
His boat was on the shore.

W. LEDGER.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN IRISH PRIVATE TUTOR.

(Concluded from page 298.)

CHAP. XI.

CHARLES O'BRIEN was, in general, an early riser, but after the occurrences of the previous night the family were not surprised that he did not make his appearance as soon as usual. Breakfast hour arrived, his place was vacant, but his absence was attributed to the same cause, and no allusion made to the circumstance, except simply the order that Mr. Charles should not be disturbed. Each individual entered upon his respective occupation. Mr. O'Brien was more silent than ordinary; Caroline anxious and unhappy. Her step, as she ascended and descended the staircase, had not its rapid and elastic bound. It was slow and measured, and paused before the door of Charles's chamber, while she put her ear to the key-hole, and listened attentively to catch some signs of activity within; and then she would turn away with a sigh, and pursue her avocation. Once or twice she tried to enter, but found the door locked, and hoping that Charles was healing the recollection of his woes in slumber, she made no observation to any one. It was not until dinner had again assembled the inmates of the mansion, that either concern or alarm was manifested. When the party had taken their seats, Mr. O'Brien cast his eye round, perceived Charles's chair still empty—

"Has any one seen Charles to-day," he asked, with some perturbation.

His sons replied in the negative.

"I tapped at his bed-room door," said Caroline, "but got no answer."

"Let him be called instantly!" said her father.

"Oh!" said Henry, coldly, "it is merely a fit of sullenness, which it would be better to allow him to get over at his leisure."

"A fit of sullenness!" repeated Caroline, "Charles was never sullen; the
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silence of his chamber terrifies me. Who knows what his determined pride may have executed?"

"Let Mr. Charles be called," ordered Mr. O'Brien in an authoritative tone.

The domestic obeyed the mandate, but Caroline hastened from the room, and was the first before the door of her brother. In a low tone of voice she called him by his name, then raised it to the imploring tones of earnest entreaty; but no answer. She knocked loudly, and at last screamed violently and terribly under the influence of fear. The family rushed up stairs; her father's voice rose above the tumult, and demanded admittance, but all was silent. The old man's lips quivered, he retired a few steps from the door, then rushing against it, burst it open. The whole household filled the room—every nook was explored—Caroline looked round vacantly, as if reason were quitting its seat, and then tottering towards Mr. O'Brien, she hung upon his shoulder.

"Poor Charles. Oh! my father!" she uttered, in a voice of anguish, and fell fainting in his arms.

Mr. O'Brien trembled, but said nothing. A smile of malignant triumph rested on the features of Henry.

"Repair to his customary walks and haunts," said Mr. O'Brien, "It may be that he lurks in some of them;" but his heart belied his words. He feared that death by his own hand had been the refuge chosen by his erring son, and conscience whispered a repentance for his late, perhaps too great, severity. The dinner remained that day untasted. The grounds were every where searched; it is needless to say with what success. On that afternoon the domestic hearth presented a mingled scene of cheerlessness, exultation, and misery. No opinion was taken as to what course was best to be adopted, for every one seemed to dread having his worst fears con-

firmed by an explanation. Indecision sealed every lip. About nightfall, however, a thundering knock was heard; the whole party started from their seats. An altercation was heard outside among the servants, and the next moment the door flew open, and breathless and without a hat or coat, old O'Connor rushed into the parlour.

"Mr. O'Brien, give me my child, my colleen," he shouted.

"I know nothing of your daughter," answered Mr. O'Brien in amazement.

"What!" said the other, "you don't know, you say. You didn't know that your son has gone off wid Catherine, wid her that was her mither's darling, and the comfort o' this owld heart; you don't know that I'm desolate this evening. I was never agin their being together, nor I didn't care that they had a liking for each other, but oh! he said, apostrophizing his absent daughter, 'sure I tould you how it 'ud be, I tould you how it 'ud be, and you would be afther discoverin' the likes o' them, that robbed me of you, and has dishonoured me, and left me broken-hearted this day."

"I am sorry," said Mr. O'Brien, "that you have lost one so dear to you, but I knew nothing of it until this moment. My son has gone, no one knows whither. If your daughter has accompanied him, or shared his fate, I know not; and I am troubled myself at present with my own sorrows."

"You don't know," said O'Connor. "I tell you she's gone wid him, and that your son has to answer for her body and soul, and he shall pay for it."

"What is your proof," asked Mr. O'Brien.

"The proof!" said the other with indignation, and forgetting in his excitement that such an event would be perfectly repugnant to Mr. O'Brien's wishes. "Oh, then—ye great folks will be always asking for the proof, but I'll give you enough of that," he added, putting his hand into his bosom, and drawing thence a note. Mr. O'Brien took it and read the following words:—

"MY DEAREST FATHER,—You must forgive this step—I go to attend the destiny of Charles O'Brien. You know that I have loved him, but have not had proof of the depth of my affection. I

know I am wrong—I implore your forgiveness. Remember me and love me, and do not curse for this one act the child of your old age. Some time or another you will see me crowned with happiness; if not, never. Adieu.—Your affectionate child,

"CATHERINE O'CONNOR."

Old O'Connor scanned the face of O'Brien with a fearful meaning, as he perused the note. He saw it and turned pale. The note dropped from his hands and he sank in a chair.

"Go, old man, go; I wish I could restore your child, though she has blighted my peace for ever."

O'Connor seemed somewhat moved. It was strange he gave not vent to any other ebullition of wrath; but his vindictive feelings, if any, was satisfied by the desolation of his foe.

"I am not the only one that has a broken heart to-night. All your gold couldn't save you."

With this remark he departed. And so Catherine O'Connor had gone to share the destinies of Charles O'Brien. This discovery threw a new opinion into the scale, hardly less terrible than the fear which had just before weighed heavily in it. What was supposed to have been the result of the late quarrel, was now concluded to be a preconcerted mischief.

"It might not yet be too late to prevent the issue, if we could know in what direction the fugitives have proceeded," said old O'Brien, after a silence of some duration.

"Leave him to his fate," remonstrated Henry; "he will be sufficiently punished for his concubinage. Such conduct is always its own reward."

"It is better to prevent an evil if we can," said his father, "especially when by so doing we save ourselves from self-reproach. Warn him of the consequences of his conduct, threaten him in case of disobedience; perhaps this final step may have been expedited, if not caused, by late occurrences."

"Impossible, sir!" said Henry, "such a step must have been the result of long pre-determination; the plan could not have been matured in the course of last night."

"Do you think so?" said his father. "Summon the servants hither."

[THE COTAT

The servants were summoned, and upon a promise of forgiveness in telling the truth, it was discovered from the messenger that a note had been dispatched to Catherine's abode.

"It is then as I say, you see," said Mr. O'Brien; "last night the whole was determined on. It needs short argument to prevail with a wild young girl, who has a rank placed in her mind which she never had an idea of attaining; the question only arises whether you or I shall proceed in the search."

"If it is your resolution," replied Henry, hastily, who dreaded the consequences of another interview between Charles and his father, "if it is your resolution of course I am the fittest person to proceed on such an errand; your age is not calculated to undergo the fatigue of such an enterprise."

"I care little for fatigue," replied his father, "if I thought that my efforts could be of any avail."

"My father!" said Caroline, putting her arms round his neck and kissing his forehead affectionately, "do stay with us at home; surely Henry will do better, without injuring himself by the exertion." Mr. O'Brien stopped and kissed his daughter; tears filled his eyes.

"I have other ties, indeed, at home," he said, with emotion; "I will not leave my Caroline."

"It was accordingly determined that Henry should set out without delay to attempt discovering the route of the delinquents. A couple of hours sufficed for the preparation, for his father urged his departure with voice and hands, and after the lapse of about that interval, Henry O'Brien had left his father's house, with all its anxious hearts, to pursue the objects of his vengeance. A few days of intense anxiety and suspense passed, and Henry O'Brien returned to proclaim his search fruitless. From that day peace was not in the abode of the O'Briens. Whatever were the feelings of O'Brien, he kept them to himself, and seemed resolved to punish his son's folly by taking no further interest in his fate. His cheerfulness, however, forsook him, and he became harsher and sterner than ever. Henry was frequently absent from home on various pretexts. His father supplied

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him with money, and appeared to have too great confidence in his eldest born's integrity, ever to make any inquiry into the manner of its outlay.

CHAP. XIX.

SUNSET lit up the ocean, and shone upon the waves which broke upon the rocky coast of Kilkee, and sparkled among the breakers which shut in its little bay, as Charles O'Brien issued from his residence to take one of his customary walks along the shore. It was a clear and glorious evening. The waters of the bay swelled with their white border high over the level sand, and retreated with a sweet and rushing music from shell and shingle into the mighty deep. Passing this he reached the elevated ground, which, with its basement of crag, overlooked the sea, and formed the outer and iron coast of the watering-place. A bed of rock stretched far outwards, covered with muscles and sea-weed, which, when the tide flowed, frequently made the wrecking place of some miserable vessel. The wind, which blew freshly, was sharp and bracing. Two or three sails, pursuing their traffic over the deep waters, lay white and glittering afar off. In silent meditation Charles followed the pathway, until he came to an almost perpendicular flight of rude steps, which conducted to the broad platform of weed and rock beneath. Thence he descended, and turning to the right, sprung from crag to crag for a considerable distance, when arriving at a cavernous hollow, which admitted the sea into its gloomy recesses further than the eye could penetrate, except in the broad effulgence of noon-day, he entered. Here, at a short interval from its mouth, he sat down upon one of the projecting benches, which was smoothed by the wearing waves into a surface of polished marble, to think, in the solitude of this retreat, upon the wayward circumstances of his life, and watch the waters, as they coiled into the hollow, catch and vary the rays of the declining luminary and gradually darken into the hues of approaching night. He felt a sort of sympathy in the wildness and loneliness of the scene. Those who have souls formed to blend with nature may go to such a spot, and imbibe the richness of its consolation. But other visitants, of darker agency and more dangerous

Some Passages in the Life of

purpose, were at hand; men whose hearts and feelings were but fitly illustrated by the flinty basements on which they rested. After Charles had passed a circular mound of rocks, three persons arose from the concealment which it had afforded.

"You shall have gold," said one, who was dressed in the garb of a gentleman, urging the execution of a purpose which seemed to have occupied their previous attention.

"Will nothing satisfy you but his blood?" asked one of the others, who wore the dress of sailors, and might belong to some of the bands of smugglers by whom the coast was frequented.

"I want him laid where no trace shall be left of dreadful revenge," returned the former evasively.

"By my thro'!" said the third, "I'll tell you what it is—I wouldn't wish to be after havin' the life o' them that's innocent laid at my door, but maybe it 'ud do you to have him carried out to sea, or somewhere out of the way, and thin I'm satisfied to sarve you."

"Fool and coward!" retorted his employer, fiercely; "think you I brought you here for such a drivelling office? Could he not return to punish both you and your instigator in such an outrage? Trust me, he is not one of your lambs that will rest contentedly in exile, or suffer an indignity without resentment!"

"If you take me for a coward, why, just go and do the thing yourself—or come with me, and I'll make a bog of his scull at your bidding," was the sullen answer. The stranger shuddered involuntarily at the proposal.

"I will be able to care for your security better by being absent," he said.

"Or for the mather o' that," continued the other, still smarting under the taunt of cowardice, "if y'r honnor wishes, we can have a trial here betwixt ourselves, and I swear I'll bury the survivor decently."

The former shrunk instinctively from the hand which the ruffian laid familiarly upon his shoulder, and was silent.

"Asy, Lynch," said the first of the strangers who had spoken, interposing between the parties, "how fiery you are to the gentleman; we'll have no quarrellin'—we're all brothers here." Then addressing himself to the stranger, who

took no notice of this claim to confraternity in crimes.

"What's y'r honor's offer, supposing we make it a dead bargain?" laying a peculiar emphasis on the latter adjective. Their employer mentioned a word or two in a low tone.

"I won't do," replied the other, turning away with a rude gesture of contempt.

"Not by the half," grumbled his offended comrade.

Another whisper from the employer followed.

"Double that, and we'll thry what is to be done."

"It shall be trebled, if executed well," he said, eagerly.

"Well thin, a bargain's a bargain—only make friends before we go upon our work;" so saying, he placed the rough, broad hand of his companion within the palsied grasp of their employer, and gave the joined palms a *shake*.

"So now the soon get ready the better," he added.

"Let the grave be dig!" said the employer, in a low tone, and he departed.

The shades of twilight still saw Charles within the cavern. He heeded not the flight of the unceasing hour, nor the chilling damps of the place. It was his wont to remain in this haunt, at seasons when the tide rose late, until night closed round him, for the path was perfectly familiar, and he never dreamed of danger. The servants where he lived admitted him at any hour, and Mr. Eaworth himself rather humoured his eccentricities than forbade them. The last tinge of departing light had resigned to the stars the task of watching. The dropping of the vaulted roof, and the yeasty murmur of the gloomy billow, alone, mingled with the sighing wind, and screaming cormorant. There was a deep solemnity in these sounds which awake the solitude, when Charles arose to wend his way homewards. The mouth of the cavern was just reached, when, at its outer angle, his attention was suddenly arrested by the forms of two men, who confronted him, one of whom held his arm raised. It descended, but Charles caught the blow, and a brief struggle ensued: the other rushed upon his victim. A flash illumined the cavern, and threw their countenances

for an instant into relief, and the report of a pistol reverberated awfully among the rocks, until its echoes seemed gradually to subside into the murmur of the distant breakers. Both dropped their hold in astonishment.

"We're in for it now, and it must be done," exclaimed the ruffian, opening once more upon him, one who stood with bold defiance in his look and attitude to receive him. The interference of the other was again, however, withheld. A tall white form arose, as if from the waters which rolled before the cave, and glided noiselessly along to within a few yards of the place where Charles and his assailant were in deadly conflict. The gloom of the spot prevented features, and even motion, from being distinctly seen.

"Forbear," cried a voice, which, multiplied into a hundred echoes, appeared the warning of the dead, "forbear, or receive your doom!"

"Help," said the fellow, upon whose throat Charles had fastened his tightened grasp; "take his hands off and we'll settle him, spite of all the devils." Aroused from his torpor, his comrade sprung desperately forward, and Charles, overpowered, was forced back to the verge of the wave, still firmly grappling his adversary.

"Heave him into the water, and make him like the ghost that aids him," vociferated the gasping ruffian. Another pistol flash succeeded, and with a cry of pain, and a gurgling groan, Charles found himself released, while the body of him who held him sank beneath the whirling waters. The other fled. When he found it thus, he leaned against the rock to revive himself: then it was that he first perceived the receding shadow of the unknown rescuer. It grew indistinct—the sound of an oar was heard, which also died away, and stillness again reigned universally around him.

* * * *

Charles did not continue long in Kilkee after this occurrence. Its darkness alarmed him, its mystery embarrassed him, and his strange deliverance puzzled him more, exceedingly. He removed to another situation in the north of Ireland, whence a quarrel soon expelled him, and he now once more took his route towards the capital. The road would take him past his native town,—not that he

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might not have chosen another, but some unaccountable impulse, for which the deepest philosophy has never discovered a reason, suggested that his presence there might be of importance, for how did he know but that strange events might not have occurred during his absence?

CHAP. XIII.

THE comforts of a winter fireside, and the enjoyments of a social domestic circle, are esteemed by most persons as two of the greatest blessings which man inherits in this state of imperfect felicity. But if we consider the jealousies, disputes, differences of opinion, and even of interest, which too often molest the tranquillity of the family sanctuary, we shall find the exceptions to this sort of happiness swelled into a number of melancholy magnitude and be ready, with discouraged hearts, to exclaim, verily, even home is vanity and vexation of spirit! Nevertheless, almost every man clings to his home, and loves his hearth, much after the same natural instinct by which an honest man loves and defends his country, whatever be the character of some ungrateful son, or whatever annoyances and anxieties his native land she may cost him.

The family of the O'Briens presented a sad specimen of infelicity, when after their evening repast, in a frosty evening in December, they drew, in sullen dissatisfaction, round the blazing fire which cheered the old-fashioned parlour of their hereditary mansion. Mr. O'Brien's conduct towards his tenantry, which had been usually characterized by a haughty mildness, had, since the departure of Charles, become rigorous in the extreme. And this severity, the effect of an impatient and irritated temper, had lately increased so far as the ejectment of certain of his refractory peasantry, who bore with ill-concealed resentment the harshness of their landlord. Among the sufferers were the O'Connors, who, after holding their farm until it had grown a kind of heir-loom, beheld themselves deprived of a patrimony, endeared to them by every bright association.

A gloomy silence reigned through the room. Mr. O'Brien occupied the usual seat in the arm-chair before his fire; the others were seated round.

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"The tenantry show their dislike more openly every day," at length said the old man.

"Let them do so," replied Henry; "a few more examples will teach them better obedience."

His father sighed. "I begin to fear severity is not the way to teach it," he observed.

"They will be, at all events, taught what they are to expect," returned Henry.

"I would say, conciliate," said William.

"Conciliate," repeated Henry, "whom would you conciliate? You would pet a tiger for your own destruction; they know nothing but ingratitude."

"But, my dear Henry, by treating them with harshness, you forget that you remove their cause for gratitude, and render yourself an object of hatred."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Henry, "you will not escape their ill-will by kindness: besides, I am not a coward to fear their hatred."

A cloud grew upon the brow of William at the imputation. Mr. O'Brien drummed the table with his fingers.

"Ah!" said he, "your policy is rather erroneous, I suspect. Once I was at least respected, if not loved, and now circumstances lead me to conclude that both have been rashly forfeited."

"If you would permit me to advise, sir," responded Henry, "I would say, persevere in your present course. They have been so used to lenity, that they grow indignant at the requirement of justice; at present they show a determined, or rather an impudent front, but when they shall discover that assurance and menace meet with resolute firmness, and create only greater weight of punishment, they will become as submissive as they are now insolent."

"I hope so," said his father; "but I am undecided whether I shall proceed any further."

"Your mercy will be ascribed to fear; relax for an instant, and take my word for it, you will soon have the O'Connors the principal instigators of every mischief, and they who now threaten at a distance, will soon bully at your door."

"In my opinion," observed William, "such a policy will but confirm the disaffected; their resentments will be

heightened and every remaining sentiment of forbearance absorbed by the passion for desperate revenge."

Henry changed colour, and tried in vain to conceal a manifest uneasiness, as he exclaimed, in a tone of bitterness and irony, "You have no business to interfere with your analysis of motives and passions. A mighty fine philosopher you are, truly; you wish to become another Charles on our hands."

"Hush, hush! for heaven's sake!" said Caroline, who had not hitherto spoken, but sat a silent listener to their increasing warmth. "He, at least, has nothing to do with present troubles."

"I say he has—he is a rebel himself," growled forth her elder brother.

"I am not presumptuous in suggesting what may be for the preservation of our lives and property," remarked William.

Leave that consideration to those who have property to forfeit; dogs must learn to kennel in their allotted sheds."

"I will have no more quarrelling," said Mr. O'Brien, with a voice of authority; "the question is not with whom the mischief lies, but how it is to be remedied; perhaps," he added, "we may be all criminal more than our lips will allow our consciences to confess."

"I wish, sir," remonstrated Henry, haughtily, "that you would check the unnecessary impertinence of fools and braggarts."

"I was never called those names by our absent brother," returned William, roused to fury by such taunts.

"You are about to follow his unworthy example," said Henry.

"I might find a worse one at home," William replied, hastily.

Wrath gathered upon the countenance of Mr. O'Brien. He always avoided with care any conversation respecting his refractory son, and forbade every allusion to the subject; still there was a gloom around his whole demeanour since the occurrence; his temper was soured, and as has been already stated, the severity towards his peasantry on his estate might be traced to the painful feelings of discontent and chagrin, which thus sought some object on which to give them full ebullition. He was, in the truest sense of the word, unhappy. He found that disunion had prevailed

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yet more since the departure of Charles, and besides the suggestion of his conscience, that he had acted with some degree of injustice, his pride prevented him from acknowledging this, and the absent Charles afforded a frequent subject for dispute.

"You know my orders," sternly exclaimed O'Brien, "and beware how you infringe them."

Henry darted a look of fierce malignity upon his brother.

William's blood was up. "This shall be atoned for," he muttered. The privilege of seniority, the consequence of malicious enmity, were disregarded at the moment, and he repaid the look with one of resolute defiance. Caroline watched with anxiety the prognostics of future evil, and tried to divert the attention of the parties.

"How hollow the wind howls without," she said, taking advantage of the pause, which seemed a sort of breathing-time in this strife of tongues. As she spoke, she rose and went towards the window, and drawing the curtains aside, she looked out.

"Gracious heavens!" she exclaimed, starting back, with unfeigned surprise, "how fiery the sky looks."

"None of your tricking girlish nonsense," said Henry; but Mr. O'Brien had in the meanwhile reached the window. A blaze, which burst with more than common brilliancy in the air, illuminated the apartment, as from a flash of lightning. All rushed forward to the casement; suddenly the light sunk, and the night was again left in its natural darkness.

"'Twas but a meteor," observed Henry, when, as if to contradict his words, the flame once more burst forth, mingled with sparks and more sustained strength than before; volumes of smoke curled amidst the fire which gradually increased in extent and brightness until the earth seemed but a furnace and the heavens a mirror in which to shadow it. It was a scene of terrible solemnity. For some minutes they gazed upon the awful spectacle:—every moment, particles were flying into the air, like rockets, while the conflagration continued to rage with unceasing fury. Then a howl of pain or exultation

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was heard, which was followed by a loud and indefinable crash.

"Inceudiaries are abroad," exclaimed Mr. O'Brien, "and perhaps ere long we may have them at our own roof."

Henry turned pale, William looked at him with reproach and triumph, and the trembling Caroline leaned on her father for support.

The servant boy burst into the room.

"What's the matter?" was the eager and universal inquiry.

"The white-feet have set fire to Dan Hayle's haggart," said the boy, "and I am towld, sir, that there are parties of 'em all over the country."

"'Tis very likely then they may visit us," replied old O'Brien, grasping his daughter firmly round the waist, as if with a determination to shield her from approaching danger.

"Henry, see that the doors are all barred." This was soon effected, and the party was re-assembled in the parlour.

"That was the falling of the gap at the extremity of our meadow," said Caroline, who was listening, fearfully, to catch the slightest exterior sound, while she watched the progress of the flames in the distance. The old man set his teeth firmly, but answered nothing. Henry stood on one side, with the only gun which the house afforded. The servants were ordered to remain in the kitchen, to prevent disturbance or confusion, should the hour of action arrive.

"The fire seems to be subsiding," said William, after a considerable pause.

"Here they are!" shrieked Caroline, as several men appeared from behind the trees which thickly studded the lawn and approached the house.

"Aye!" loudly groaned O'Brien, grasping with still greater energy his terrified child. "Don't be frightened," he whispered. "They shall kill me before they drag you from my side—you who are doubly dear to me as the favourite of my long lost son."

"My father!" exclaimed she, looking imploringly in his face, "where is now my brother? Oh! one word from him would still these outrageous spirits into forbearance."

"Hush! my darling," sighed O'Brien,

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"Would that we had but the means of a more effectual defence." A loud knock at the hall-door interrupted him. A dead silence ensued; then the noise as of a heavy instrument struck against the portal, which, however, being strongly barred, defied every effort to force it.

"Smoke 'em out!" shouted a voice from without.

"No! smash in the windows over against ye, and make ye'r way, boys," said another.

First a rush, then a tremendous crash followed. The windows did not resist—steps were heard coming to the parlour door.

"Shoot the first man that enters," exclaimed O'Brien to his son, as his eye shot forth the kindling fires of undaunted courage.

"Follow me, boys," said one outside the door, which was at once recognised as old O'Connor's.

The door was sent off its hinges into the centre of the floor. The solitary report of Henry's gun followed, and immediately all were engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle. The two young men were forced defenceless on their knees, with a pistol placed at each of their breasts; old O'Brien, with Caroline hanging fainting on his arm, remained standing; one opponent, who attempted to seize him, he had knocked down, and fiercely he grappled with another.

"Shoot him, if he don't surrender," commanded O'Connor, who headed the party.

"We're sworn to be revenged of the oppressor, and we'll acknowledge no other creed," was the answer.

"If I appeal to you by the feelings of a father, will ye not relent?"

"No, Mr. O'Brien; because you see, Mr. O'Brien, I am a father myself, and the cries of the poor for their morsel of bread, and their dry piate, won't stop because the rest have plenty."

"If I appeal to you by the son that I have lost—would ye bring yet heavier destruction on the grey hairs of a bereaved father?"

"He's not here, Mr. O'Brien, and if he wor' his heart would tell him that we sarved ye as ye desarved. Have you any thing more to say?"

"Nothing," said O'Brien; "I yield

not; do you do your worst—ye will answer for it here and hereafter—only spare my innocent daughter, for the sake of her brother, whom ye loved so well."

"Ha, ha!" laughed O'Connor, savagely. "No, no, Mr., you wor the cause of my losing my heart's darling; and by the blood of them that's in their graves, I'll have satisfaction. Stand back!" he called out to his men.

The party ranged themselves before their victims.

"Make ready," said O'Connor; "present!"—and a dozen weapons were levelled for carnage.

"Now," added O'Connor, in a deep tone, "say your prayers, tyrants, for ye hav'n't many minutes to live."

A rustle was heard behind. The next instant his pistol was dashed out of his hand—the muzzle of another at his head—and Charles O'Brien, with a look more penetrating and more savage than his own, confronted the aged O'Connor. The other arm of our hero held another weapon, which was pointed upon the armed group which thronged the room.

"Draw but a single trigger," he said, with terrible calmness, to the young O'Connors, "and your father and leader dies."

All had been the work of an instant; his voice was the first intimation of his presence to the bewildered family. A shriek of joy from Caroline testified her consciousness of the event; and the hearts of the treacherous and the unjust among his relations, bounded with very different emotions, as the deep sounds of deliverance came upon their ears, and reached those hearts which had well nigh soon ceased to beat for ever. O'Connor was dumb with amazement. He looked on the young man as a spirit from the dead. The rest were equally petrified, and a silence of several seconds was maintained by both rescuer and rescued. Charles was the first to speak—

"Cowards!" he cried, "what would ye have? would the life of these, which you were now about to take, procure you aught of benefit?"

"Mr. Charlie," answered old O'Connor, with unshrinking intrepidity, "Mr. Charlie—we didn't expect to see you here—we came to demand our rights—

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we are wronged, and we would have revenge."

With mad and sudden ecstasy his followers caught at the word, and "Revenge, revenge," pealed in fierce tumultuous shouts through the apartment.

"Revenge!" repeated Charles, bitterly; "I am a wanderer over the earth, my breast a mark for the assassin's knife: now look around—I am an exile from my home—without a friend; behold those who should afford both—and yet I have risked my life to save them; the same blood runs warmly in my veins—and you talk of revenge;" then, changing to a tone of persuasion—

"And you would imbrue your hands in gore, and oppress your conscience with guilt? for what end: to terminate a career of crime by the ignominy of the scaffold,—to be the gaze of a heartless multitude, while men will wag their heads, and say, there is the man who might have made himself nobler than his enemy by the forgiveness of his foe, and you will die like an offending dog, amid the execrations of your fellow-creatures."

It was curious to observe the effect of this unconnected, yet appropriate address upon the tameless spirits of his audience.

"Follow me!" he said, in a voice of authority, "and I will teach you a better method to regain your rights."

With the docility of enraged mastiffs, who have heard the voice of their master, the savage group obeyed, and left their intended victims to the security which a few moments before they had despaired of. His family waited in vain for the return of Charles. He came not back to those whom he had rescued, and they could scarcely be assured that his life had not been sacrificed to save their own.

* * * *

CHAP. XIV.

"WHAT! come to town again! d—— it, man, you made but a short stay amid the bleak hills of the north," exclaimed Finneer to young O'Brien, as he entered the room in his travelling vestments and after he had watched him take two or three steps along the room towards him to assure himself it was really his friend ere he got up to welcome him.

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"Aye, here I am, you see, safe and sound," replied Charles.

"Did ye fall out, d—— it?" inquired Finneer.

"Something like it, indeed," was the answer.

"What! a glorious fight, I suppose. Was there a lady in the case? I'll engage something of the sort, eh? Oh, you're a pretty boy, d—— it! Egad, though, I must hear all about it;—sit down,"—at the same time poking the fire until it blazed cheerfully. "Cold travelling this; better to be snug here, grinding the gills, or studying Chalmers;—but the story," he added; "we won't lose that, at all events; it must be something good."

"In as good spirits as ever, I perceive," observed Charles, half warmed into a portion of his friend's hilarity.

"Oh, to be sure, man! where's the use of fretting? I have learned to take the world as I find it; long ago, when I was young, I used to fret,—but now—whoo—*est dulce desipere in loco*. We must have a glass of punch, though," ringing the bell.

"You shall have my story, if it will contribute to your pleasure in the least," said Charles, unmuffling himself and taking a seat by the fire. In a short time the glasses were placed upon the table, and each mixed a tumbler of punch. Charles then satisfied the impatient curiosity of the other by giving him a brief narrative of the events which had occurred at Moran's.

"Very good!" exclaimed Finneer, clapping his hands with glee; "always the devil after the girls. Faith, you're a lucky fellow, d—— it! Child of mystery—babe of grace—ha, ha, ha! Well, you'll have some better news to tell after your next journey. Did he pay your bill in full? Of course, I suppose."

"No," said Charles, rather thoughtfully; "my departure was too hasty, and I believe it is hardly worth my while to demand it."

"What! demand it!" answered Finneer, with surprise; "if you do not demand it, make it over to me, if you please, and I'll make him jump, d—— it,—ha, ha! I have no notion of letting such fellows do as they like."

"And would you advise to insist on payment?" inquired Charles; "indeed,

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should think that his conduct does not deserve forbearance."

"Strike the iron while it is hot," cried the other, draining his glass, and dashing some sugar into it for a second tumbler. "The sooner a good thing's done the better. Do you consent?" he asked, taking a sheet of paper out of a drawer beside him.

"I have no objection," answered Charles. "If he will be a foe, he may as well be a whole one. His good intentions I despise too much ever to wish them to be of service."

"His good intentions!" ejaculated Finneer; "they are much as those which Dante paved hell with. However, we'll thank him for them, d—— it!"

With a rapid hand he filled up a half sheet of paper with threats and denunciations in case of non-compliance, and pushing the writing materials over to Charles,—“Now, my boy, read that, and tell me whether you like it; and, d—— it, I say, give him another half sheet of grave hints of your own. Let him have a parson as well as the devil; and if the two together do not make him shell out, I think it's only because he must be the devil himself.”

Charles read, and smiled at the dictation, wild but menacing, of Finneer, and having completed his own share of the epistle, submitted it in turn to the perusal of his friend.

"I like yours very well," he said. "Let us see whether you can afford to return me the compliment."

Finneer had already run his eye over the paper.

"Capital, d—— it! capital!" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands. "Two strings to his purse—two heads in one letter;—there's an allegory. He'll know the different hands, and the styles too,—ha, ha! By Jove, an Apollo beside a Cernuus! the god of eloquence and the demon of satire! His ears will be well boxed, at all events." While he yet spoke, he folded and sealed the letter. "The address—the fellow's address," he said, turning to Charles.

"William Brinsley Moran," was the answer.

"William Brinsley Moran," echoed Finneer, slowly, and he superscribed the name, "Esq."—"True, 'tis pity, pity 'tis 'tis true;"—and now, Mr. W. B. Moran, we shall see how your stomach

will digest this savoury food, d—— it! And now, I say, there's luck in hurry. People may talk, O'Brien, of luck in leisure; but just oppose to that, 'procrastination is the thief of time,' and won't it prove to you that there's luck in hurry? No doubt, my boy, no doubt; so now, faith, we'll post it before we go to our beds."

After discussing one or two other glasses, and discoursing on indifferent subjects, they put on their hats, and away they walked to the post-office. The streets were nearly deserted.

"Now, O'Brien, I like to walk at this hour," said Finneer, more seriously than usual. "There's something pleasant, is there not, in having the place all to one's self, without the eyes of a crowd being on you; and you can think and count the stars, if you please, without any one to laugh at you for looking at the sky. People now-a-days, you know, are the more ridiculed the more elevated they are."

"Aye," replied Charles, "the sons of pleasure will despise the children of industry; the mean and wealthy will affect to despise the poor and high-minded; but, thanks to the fates, 'tis but Diogenes trampling upon the pride of Plato." As he spoke, they passed beneath the columns of the Bank of Ireland. A tall person, dressed as a gentleman, was standing against one of the pillars. He peered into the face of Charles with rather an impertinent scrutiny, which Charles returned with a haughty stare. After progressing a few yards, he turned and beheld the man still gazing after them.

"What a curious suspicious-looking piece of impudence that is," observed Charles to Finneer.

"Oh! egad, better let him alone," said Finneer; "he's a notorious fellow here: that's Fitzgerald, the celebrated duellist. He always walks alone, and often picks a quarrel for the mere sake of fighting. I hope he's not contemplating a shot at one of us," he continued, glancing back to where the individual seemed still to watch their motions. "I have no objection to a row, now and then, in the way of a spree, but I like to keep myself in a sound skin. It's not just the thing, d—— it, to get one's self bored like a target by a piece of living gunpowder dressed in broad cloth, just

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because one happens to be a wise man, and the other a fool."

* * * * *

CHAPTER XV.

ONE night, as Charles was passing homewards from a convivial party, in turning the corner of a deserted street, a man, wrapped in a cloak, was standing within the shade of the houses. He advanced into the centre of the pavement as Charles came up, and placed himself rather inconveniently in his path. Charles looked into the face of the intruder, and recognised the features of the individual who had met him and Finneer when going to post the letter to Moran,—the professed duellist, whom every body shunned. Charles brushed past with some indignation at the rudeness thus offered.

"His fire-eating propensities shall not shield him from my resentment," he thought within himself, "should he become too troublesome for the gentlemanly endurance of one not in the most patient or calmest mood."

He fancied, however, that the stranger dogged his footsteps. He slackened his pace—the stranger loitered; he walked swiftly—the other pursued with equal speed.

"This is not to be borne with," he muttered aloud. "I wish not to quarrel, nor is there, indeed, as yet sufficient cause. I will stand until he comes up, and see whether he will not pass on."

Thus thinking, he turned another street, and was hidden for the moment from the view of Fitzgerald. The other, of course, came up, and thinking that Charles had moved on, stopped short at seeing him so unexpectedly at hand. Charles moved not. Fitzgerald approached, after a moment's pause, and peered into his face a second time.

"Young man," said he, in an ironical tone, "you are in love."

"Scoundrel," cried Charles, "explain the cause of this impertinence."

"Do not be impatient," said Fitzgerald, with cruel calmness; "you may condemn your rashness. Meanwhile wrap yourself warmly; the wind blows sharp, and good people have need to take care of themselves."

"Fitzgerald!" replied Charles, in his usually quiet tone of resolution, "I know you. I am not to be bullied. If you

wish to thrust a quarrel upon me, you are welcome; and if not, I must insist upon an instant explanation of your drunken and insolent behaviour."

Fitzgerald seemed a little surprised.

"I never condescend to give an explanation of any of my acts. To-morrow I am ready to meet your challenge."

"It will be too late, brawler," returned Charles, scornfully. "One of us, before morning's light, will have fathomed the depths of eternity. Coward! you tremble at the words," as the other shrunk from the fierce, fixed eye of his young and daring adversary; "think you I will give the unerring hand of a professed murderer the advantage of a daylight; no—we meet to-night, and within the hour."

"You are hasty, young man," said Fitzgerald, who really dreaded the consequences of any thing like an equal contest.

"I am still prepared to accept an apology," returned Charles. "I will neither seek a quarrel nor suffer an insult."

"'Tis fixed, then. I never make apology or excuse; it would be beneath the Fitzgerald. But where are the weapons?"

"That is a difficulty soon got over," replied the impetuous O'Brien. "My own pistols are in my lodgings. Stay one moment, and I will be at your side."

"Beware, then, that you calculate not too much upon chances; darkness may not aid you. I think this hand and eye are sure enough to hit the bird's-eye by moonlight."

A contemptuous smile was all the answer vouchsafed to this. After an absence of about a quarter of an hour, Charles rejoined his foe, and arm in arm, like two brothers, though bent upon each other's blood, they took their way towards the park. Neither taunt nor remark escaped either. They walked along in profound silence. Is the silence of the tomb more terrible than the savage stillness of two mortal foes? But half an hour before, and Charles would have shuddered at the idea of imbruing his hands in the blood of a fellow-creature; but he had been wantonly, coolly, and deliberately insulted. He conceived he had no alternative between enduring the scoff of a bully, and entering into deadly combat. His blood was young, and it boiled. He was cool and wary, as his

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opponent. The quarrel was evidently predetermined, yet, for what secret cause, he neither knew nor cared. He feared not death for himself; and as for his adversary, he deserved it. Determination was one of the leading points in his character, and pride and youth made it more immovable. Fitzgerald, too, had been the killer of some others in his way, and the danger encountered offered but another reason to disappoint the triumph of an insolent bravo.

* * * * *

"Eight paces," whispered Fitzgerald, on their arriving at an open space, which had the river on one side and thick underwood on the other.

"Content" was the laconic reply of Charles, as he offered the choice of weapons to his foe. "What is to be the signal?" The other paused, then suffering his features to relax into a sardonic smile—

"Lovers are fond of moonlight," he said, "and the poor chaste thing is a present a little obscured. Suppose we wait until her beams again brighten the spot we stand upon,—we cannot mistake the moment, and then fire as either may fancy, in haste or leisurely, with or without a deliberate aim."

"A poetical arrangement for one whose imagination has never soared beyond the flash of gunpowder," replied O'Brien, sneeringly; "but it will do as well as any other."

The other secretly chuckled at his own invention, which he thought presented such manifest advantage to his practised hand, and, measuring the distance, the combatants took up their positions without further parley.

To the most courageous mind, the solemn pause which seems to divide us from eternity, must produce sensations of awe; and even to the impetuous soul of Charles, the suspense of that moment had its effects. The impressions imbibed from the education of early infancy and youth, came forth like fearful phantoms from the graves of their oblivion, to tell him that future life and judgment were not a dream. The influence of the example or profession of so many millions of fellow-beings forced himself upon his awakened conviction, while conscious reason whispered, in the warning voice of prophetic terror, the overwhelming possibility that all might be true, that

his doubts might be groundless, and that the bullet of his opponent, perhaps doomed to put a period to his earthly existence, might but open the path to an everlasting gloom of misery, horror, and remorse; then the joys, the pleasures, the affections of existence, the attractions of society, the ties of friendship, the charms of love, hitherto disregarded or desecrated, became invested with a sudden fascination. The very pains, troubles, and vexations of the present world, thronged round with the smiles of old familiar acquaintance, and were endeared, like oft-frequented and well-remembered scenes, in the idea that they were about to be relinquished for ever. The chances of disappointment, the hazards of speculation, the precariousness of fortune, looked like certainty, and grew into substance and reality, when compared with the blank of the grave. And though no secret emotion was visible in air or gesture, though the muscles of his face moved not, though his arm trembled not, and he stood with erect front and unblanched cheek, it was by the mechanical force of impulse rather than the steady guidance of reason that he watched for the signal. He looked up and saw that the luminary was already close to the verge of the cloud which veiled her from the scene of intended bloodshed, and turning, he beheld his foe as if calculating with savage certainty upon his destruction. An answering thrill of vengeance shot through his frame, and he prepared to anticipate the blow by the death of his adversary; but the affair was destined to suffer a sudden interruption.

"Stay your murderous hands," shrieked a female, who, on the moment, bounded from among the trees, and stood with outstretched arms between the intended combatants, just as each was preparing to imbrue his hands in the slaughter of a fellow-creature. Both dropped the point of their weapons, and gazed as if entranced at the object before them.

A long robe, open at the bosom which in its loved whiteness was partially displayed, and confined at the waist, enveloped her almost aerial form; her hair, in loose and disordered masses, floated, cloudlike, over her shoulders, and she seemed like the incarnation of some unearthly agent, whilst her young and lovely face was brightened by the anima-

tion of excitement, and her dark, blue eyes were flashing with the light of frenzy, as she turned them alternately on the persons of the hostile parties. A silence, invested with something of supernatural awe, maintained its spell for some moments, during which might be heard the agitated breathing, like the whispers of invisible destiny, which astonishment, terror, and exertion can create in the firmest and most imperturbable of human bosoms.

"'Pshaw! let the silly girl go, or abide the consequences of her interference," surlily growled forth Fitzgerald, as he presented once more his pistol.

"Ha!" exclaimed the maiden, her attitude of passive menace exchanged instantly for exertion, "there spoke the voice of a Fitzgerald."

With the swiftness of thought she had sprung upon the person so apostrophized; a brief struggle ensued, and there was an evident effort to detain her, but she disengaged herself from the grasp, and rushing down the slope leading to the river, threw her right arm with a violent gesture forward; an object glittered instantaneously in the moon-beam, and finally sunk with a heavy plunge into the stream. Then turning to Fitzgerald, who stood motionless, regarding the action as of a maniac—

"Now," said she, "boast the purpose of murderous treachery to the winds, and go back disgraced to those who paid you to be a bravo."

A ghastly paleness overspread the countenance of him who was thus reproached, and his brow sent forth a fierce and demon-like scowl of vengeance. His lip quivered, and the huskiness and tremor of his voice grew horrible in the forced calmness with which he accosted his adversary.

"O'Brien," he said, "I am maimed; use the advantage which the sudden assault of yon mad Amazon has given you. I wait for your discharge, and brand you coward if you refuse to comply."

A mixture of despair and malignity was observable in the language with which he taunted O'Brien to an attempt at wilful murder.

"I can supply you with another weapon," was the careless and rather disdainful reply; "in the mean time, Catherine, a midnight brawl is surely not a scene for you to witness. Whatever my
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feelings are, suffer me for the present to suppress them, and let me grow cold in my affection, until I have chastised the insolence of a hireling. In your light dress, I much fear, you will have reason to repent the rashness of your enterprise; retire to rest, and strive to prevent or remedy the ill effects of your exposure to the night-air, and forget the cause which brought you to this place."

"Never!" exclaimed the fond girl, flinging herself across the arm which already extended a substitute for the lost instrument of destruction. The shock occasioned by her weight dashed the loosely-held pistol from the hand which held it.

"Are you mad? You would not be a man of blood!" she said, with intense earnestness, peering sharply and wildly into the face of her lover. "You were formed for nobler deeds—to mount the pyramid of fame, and gaze upon a world in the attitude of worship. Your incense was not doomed to rise from the censor of impetuous rashness. The breath of justice shall never send you with the taint of ignominy from her courts, or brand you with the charge of idle valour. You would not risk your precious life at the caprice of a worthless bully."

Perplexed, agitated, and undecided, O'Brien continued to support the girl, who clung to his bosom with desperate and nearly preternatural strength, while he kept his eye fixed on his enemy, watching his slightest motion. The other, after regarding his embarrassment with a look of triumph, exclaimed—

"Ha, ha, ha!" with a smile of deep-seated ferocity distorting his course and rugged features; "friend valiant! when the dalliances of love shall cease to afford you an excuse for sheltering your fair person behind female drapery, I shall know where to find you. Adieu!"

"Hold," shouted O'Brien, struggling to rid himself of the incumbrance; but Fitzgerald, as he uttered the words, instantly retreated, and had disappeared from view among the trees.

"Catherine, you will drive me mad," said the impetuous and exasperated young man, wildly directing his look in search of his foe, and endeavouring to fling her from him by absolute force.

"Nay, nay, heed him not," she whispered, almost breathlessly, still clinging to him with convulsive energy—then

raising her head and looking intently in the direction, "Is he gone?" she inquired, anxiously regarding with but half-allayed apprehension the vacant position which he had occupied; "tell me, is the villain gone?"

"Aye," returned O'Brien, as his hand fell with vehemence against his side, "and I am disgraced for ever."

"I am glad of that—very glad," said she, without attending to his concluding words. "And now, dear Charles, I shall soon be able to comply with your command, and retire to my rest." A silent pressure to his bosom was the only immediate answer given, and for some time no articulate language was mingled with the rapture of that mutual embrace.

"I have much to say, Catherine," he murmured, "and since circumstances have given me the opportunity, though I would gladly wish it had occurred on a more convenient occasion—I will wrap my cloak round you, and convey you to your residence,"—and there he stopped, for a sudden weight oppressed his arm, and looking in her face, he saw that her eyes were closed, and that her drooping arms had fallen motionless by her side. More distracted than ever, he paused, as if to determine the best course to be pursued; then laying her gently on the green sward, he ran to the river, and taking some water in his hat, returned to the spot. What were his feelings to find she had disappeared, vanished, as if by a miracle. "Some new treachery is here," he inwardly said, as he plunged among the trees. Long through the intricacies of the wood, and by the windings of the declivities of the river, did Charles O'Brien continue his eager and fruitless search. The moon, sunk upon her western pillow, at length denied her friendly aid. The elevated woodland rose upon the sight, with its crown of foliage and its carpet of enamelled verdure,—a gloomy and indistinct mass, like a living pall, hung in his way beneath the sky, and floating in boundless prospective over the bosom of sleeping nature, the stream no longer gave back, in sparkles of trembling silver, the reflected radiance of the queen of night. The shadows of the overhanging trees grew yet more dark and undefined within the liquid depths, where the stars, like gold showered upon a concave bed of velvet, gave to the eye their imaged

lustre. The murmur of a thousand runnels, which trickled through a dam in a neighbouring part of the river, stole upon the silence in the hollow tones of friends deplored and joys departed.

An occasional barking of a dog in the distance might be heard; and the tread of the watchman pacing his solitary round, (as if in imitation of that insect which has been said to announce the approach of the messenger of eternity), was borne solemnly upon the still atmosphere of heaven, which, unobscured by a cloud, had lit on its dark blue vault the countless lights, as silently watching over the destinies of all below. Such was the scene, and such the sounds which offered themselves to Charles's contemplation, when, wearied with unavailing exertion, he stood transfixed, as he sent abroad the last despairing glance of relinquished hope; nor did the peacefulness of his chamber yield him on that night the soothing repose which his exhausted frame and spirits so much required. The phantoms of the past were busy round his pillow. Man, the seeds of unrest are planted deep within thy bosom! they wait but the call of circumstance to rend it with the torments of the damned!

CHAP. XVI.

JUSTICE is always vigilant—it stops not to weigh causes, or motives, but overtakes the criminal, no matter whether his deeds be the suggestion of malice or the consequence of provoked revenge. Old O'Connor and his sons were seized and tried for their share in the attack on the O'Briens. The young men were condemned to transportation, while the father, the leader of the party, was brought in guilty of the charge of deliberate—intended murder, and condemned, with but a short respite, to be executed. The night previous to the day of doom had arrived and the clergyman had spent the greater portion of the evening in his cell, preparing him for the awful change which was to summon him to the invisible world. His confession had been heard, and absolution granted, and there was a calmness, exceeding resignation, in the old man's manner, as he went through the ordinary rites of his religion, which astonished the holy man who administered the sacred consolations of faith.

"Amid the duties of my divine profession," said the priest, arising to de-

part, "*I have attended* many in your present circumstances, O'Connor! but never have I seen such tranquillity of mind and spirit; it is a demonstration which convinces me that you are happy; but did I not know your faith, I should be inclined to attribute it to a blame-worthy indifference."

O'Connor turned slowly towards his confessor.

"I hope I'm a good-Catholic," he said, "but I wouldn't have y'r rev'ence de-save yourself; it isn't my religion that makes me calm, the blessed saints be about us this night, though I forgive all my enemies, them that have taken away my life, and them that will slander my character afther I'm dead; but father," he cried, raising his voice with fearful energy, "but I'm childless, y'r rev'ence; I hav'n't the darlings of my young days, nor the wife of my bosom—my sons are gone over the sea—and my Kate, she's lost to me—and, y'r rev'ence, what has a man that may say all his family's gone before him, what has he to do wid life?—oh!" he added, lowering his voice, "they are gone, gone, gone! and don't wondher that I don't fret because I'm about to die, father—when"—he faltered, "when there is none that belongs to me to say, 'peace be to the sawl of owld O'Connor.'"

His feelings overcame him, and he burst into tears. After some moments he seemed relieved, and brushing away the drops from his face, he again sat in the presence of the priest, calm, cold, and silent. The good priest was unable to speak from emotion. He at length addressed a few words of consolation to the prisoner, and departed, turning, more than once, to look back upon the aged and bereaved culprit, and promising to visit him as early as possible the following morning. O'Connor, who lay down to rest after he had gone, in a few minutes was buried in profound repose.

About an hour after the departure of the confessor, and when the cells had been locked up for the night, a strange female presented herself at the outer gate, and demanded admission to the prisoner. She was refused, on the ground that she had come too late.

"I have travelled far for the purpose," she said, entreatingly, "and am sorry to find you so unreasonable. I have not been able to come before, or I should

not now implore you to infringe the rules of this place; but I think the imperious necessity of the occasion ought to be a sufficient apology for your compliance."

The man answered by declaring his utter inability to grant her request; she would not be so deterred, however, and continued to knock loudly at the entrance. The gate was now opened, and she was rudely pushed away, and threatened with being put under restraint, if she did not desist.

"Know you then," she said, drawing herself up to her height, "that you refuse admission to a child to see her father for the last time alive."

The man stared, and seemed undetermined.

"Nay, nay," she entreated, "you risk nothing—I will not delay long—I will but beg a blessing of my poor old father, bid him farewell, and depart."

Her language, her tones, her relationship, offered too strong an appeal even to the feelings of a gaoler, and she was admitted, with an injunction that more than ten minutes could not possibly be allowed her to stay. Catherine acquiesced with thankfulness, and was soon ushered into the cell which afforded shelter to the author of her existence. The door was closed upon her, and she listened to the retiring steps of the turnkey, ere she attempted to advance. She then walked cautiously across the apartment to the rude mattress where her father lay; she knelt beside him, and depositing the light on the ground which she had brought from the table, she bent over him.

"He sleeps—my father sleeps," she said, softly; "the prospect of death does not disturb his repose. He little knows who watches him—but the time flies—he must not sleep—my father—my father!" she whispered, as she stooped and pressed her lips to his, "my father!"

The old man's lips moved, and he murmured, "Catherine."

"My father—I am here—my father," responded his child, taking his hand in hers.

O'Connor opened his eyes and looked drowsily upon her; then he rubbed his eyes and looked again, but said nothing.

"Father," repeated Catherine, "won't you welcome your poor Kate?"

"Oh! then, you are indeed my Kate, the darling of my heart, come to see me

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before I die," said her father, starting up, and catching her in his arms. They embraced tenderly and long. "Now, my darling!" said O'Connor, regardless of the heavy irons which clanked upon his limbs, and the comfortless cell where was his abode, "now, my darling, tell me where you have been a-cush-la."

"Father, we have much to do, and little time to lose; come here to the light."

Her father obeyed his gentle Kate—they remained undisturbed for the allotted interval; the turnkey then appeared, and announced the time of departure. It was an awful moment. The father and child again embraced in silence, and wept on each other's bosoms, then looked a wordless farewell, and the cell was once more left to its solitary occupant.

Long before the hour appointed for the execution, each avenue to the place was filled with a dense crowd of human beings. Not a breath was abroad to mitigate the heat of a summer's noontide sun. While from the midst arose the gallows, in bleak nakedness, an awful emblem of the withered skeleton, to which the worm-tenanted grave would soon reduce its unfortunate victim. The quarrelling of boys about some disputed point of view, or the crash of some crazy wall beneath the weight of its occupants, offered a harsh contrast to the general solemnity and silence of the scene; while, at intervals, was heard the hollow beat of clenched hands upon the coffin-lid (which had been early deposited in a convenient situation), and the wild howl of the Irish keenagh, proceeding from some female relatives of the convict. Suddenly a buzzing whisper passed among the crowd; and a violent rush took place, as the exclamation, "They are coming," bursting simultaneously from all parts, announced the first appearance of the military escort, whose flashing bayonets and sabres, and glittering uniforms, now broke upon the dazzled sight.

Painfully the procession made its way through the mass of spectators, which opened and rolled back on either side as it advanced. Prayers, and muttered vows of vengeance, accompanied its progress, and the serious faces of the military showed how far they parti-

cipated in the gloomy associations of the hour. But the spot is now reached; the soldiers are formed in a circle to secure a vacant space, and the people close round, even stooping beneath the bellies of the horses, hazarding life and limb, to obtain a view. A pause of breathless expectation followed; then the hated hangman, in his blanket and mask, was seen to mount the ladder placed against the gallows, and with his gaunt, bony fingers, which trembled in the performance of their office to adjust and fasten, with many a knotty link, the rope destined to terminate the existence of his less-guilty fellow-creature. Exclamations hailed his appearance, and he evidently shrunk from the muttered threats which reached his ear. A minute sufficed for the task, and he descended. The hollow roll of the fatal car conveying the victim beneath the tree, told in appalling note of preparation amid the deep and universal silence which now prevailed. The rope was once more seized—another pause—the ladder was removed; another terrible instant of suspense, while the military neglected the encroachments of the daring people, and had turned their looks upon the tragic scene before them. The rope suddenly tightened to the almost agonized gaze, then, as quickly released, it swung wide and heavily from side to side. A groan of horror arose at once from the outskirts of the crowd, and hundreds on the instant might be observed to fall on their knees, and with upturned eyes and clasped hands, offer up their salvos for the benefit of the passing spirit, while others crossed themselves devoutly, and showed by their looks that they sympathised, though with less parade, with equal strength and sincerity. But these ebullitions of religious fervour were unexpectedly interrupted. A soft, silvery voice, like an angel's, from the precincts of the grave, charmed the astonished auditory, and surprise succeeded pity, and curiosity became mingled with terror, as the following accents rose upon the air:—

"My friends, when you have brothers to save, or fathers to restore to life and liberty, you will learn to forgive the rash daring of a silly maiden, who despised her own equivocal danger to procure the certain safety of those inno-

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cent and dear to her. After this, I need scarcely say that I am not he whom you judged criminal, and that the scaffold has been cheated of an unoffending victim."

Delight began to display itself amidst confusion and clamour, but the voice of the sheriff once more secured silence. He rode up and surveyed, with a curious and incredulous aspect, the features of the supposed criminal; but ere he had given his decision, a person from the crowd had anticipated it.

"Och, wouldn't a natural know that it's no one else nor Miss Kate, the darlin' herself."

Every one recognised the voice of Shamus Flin, as, with a howl of triumph for the O'Connors, he called on the sheriff, in a tone of delirious ecstasy and banter, to release the prisoner, and let the crathur have a dhrop of something to warm her heart after the fatigues of the day.

The sheriff did decide, but he was unheard amidst the huzzas and mirthful demonstrations which echoed to the remotest groups, who yet could scarce comprehend the meaning of this sudden revolution from sorrow to joy. Friends, relatives, and acquaintances, however, pressed forward with animated energy. The soldiers broke up their formidable array, and prepared to return to quarters. There was something of brisking and hilarity in the manner with which the commanding officer gave forth his orders, and the soldiers, with smiling looks, which told how pleased they felt at being saved from witnessing a scene of death, with the executioner in the midst of them disappointed of his price of blood, marched off and left the heroic Catherine O'Connor to the free and joyous congratulations of her enraptured countrymen.

"Love laughs at locksmiths," as the play goes. It did not suit Catherine's intentions to suffer herself to be detained among the many peasant-heroes, who would freely, in that hour of enthusiasm, have poured their heart's blood, to win a single smile; and it need occasion no surprise that the chamber in which she put up for the night was, on the following morning, found unoccupied.

CHAP. XVII.

The morning after Charles's recon-
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tre with Fitzgerald in the park, as he was dressing himself, a note was put into his hand. It contained only the following words, with the writer's address:—"Come to me without delay." The hand was unsteady, and seemed to be that of a person making some painful effort; yet he thought he had seen it before. The scrawl was such as to render it impossible to determine whether the writer were male or female, for it was hardly legible. He dressed himself hastily, and, without waiting breakfast, set out to trace the nature of his adventure.

"What person lodges here?" he inquired of the servant-girl who opened the door. The girl held the door in her hand, and looked pryingly into his face.

"Oh!" she then exclaimed, "I suppose you are the gentleman that the gentleman that's wounded up stairs sent for." So saying she left him standing, and ran as if to apprise some one of his arrival.

"A gentleman! and wounded!" thought Charles, in some surprise. "This is strange and new! Has Fitzgerald got himself into another quarrel, from which he is the sufferer?" for the affair of the night before immediately presented the image of his wounded adversary. "It is not she, then." His meditations were interrupted by a gentleman who descended the stairs, and who addressed him with—

"Sir, you have come seasonably; your relative has not much longer to survive."

"My relative!" echoed Charles, in astonishment. "My relative! What mean you, sir?"

"Why," inquired the other in his turn, who happened to be the physician in attendance, "has he not informed you? I thought he wrote to you on the subject?"

"There was no name signed to the note which I received," said Charles.

"Indeed!—then I have to inform you of a very melancholy affair—his name is O'Brien."

Charles started. "And I believe," continued the physician, "your elder brother. He fought a duel only this morning with a Mr. Fitzgerald, in which he was wounded, and, I am sorry to be obliged to say, that there is no chance of his surviving above an hour, at furthest, from the present moment. The servant

informed me of your arrival, and Mr. O'Brien requested that no one should be a witness to your interview, as he had particular reasons for making it private. "Something," remarked the doctor, "seems to oppress his mind; he will want some kind friend to minister to his last wants and wishes, and I was glad that you were at hand to perform the duty, however painful."

"In which room does he lie?" asked Charles, impatiently.

"In the front room on the second floor," answered the servant, who had stood by to listen to the conversation. "Please step this way, sir," said she, preceding him. Charles followed in bewilderment. The door of the apartment was cautiously opened, and shut again after his admission. The shutters of the room were closed, and two candles burned upon the table. The apartment was large, and elegantly furnished. A bed stood on one side of the door, round which the curtains were partially drawn, and from which the heavy breathing, accompanied with a stifled moan, at once gave notice of the inmate and his enfeebled condition. Charles advanced to where the curtains did not impede his view. He recognized the features of Henry. They were haggard and disturbed. His brother raised his head and looked at him, but, as yet, spoke not; Charles approached.

"Nay, come not near me!" cried the wounded and expiring man, horror of the living increasing the contortions of agony and the ghastly hues of approaching death. "I have not much to say—why did you not come sooner? but I am dying—listen:—You know what took place the evening before you left home—well, I followed, I was commissioned; but I was no angel of mercy. Well—no, you saved my life, and I repaid your kindness by seeking to take your's, and I would do so still, for you are yet hateful; but you are conqueror. It was I who bribed the sanguinary Fitzgerald to provoke you to quarrel, and by his deadly aim deprive you of existence—It was I who hired the bravos who set upon you at the sea-side—It was I who had the dead body removed from the depths, where the pistol of Catherine O'Connor had consigned it;—nay, more—you were not the only object of my vengeance. I tried to seduce Catherine O'Connor;

but she was proof against a bribe. I employed persons to force her to my purpose or to destroy her from the earth, for I knew she was dear to you. I dreaded her contributing to your future happiness, and I knew that her dishonour or death would raise a canker in your bosom which would never die; but the cravens would not execute my wishes and she escaped. Even yet she lives—curses on my fate! she yet lives—the marrer of all my schemes; yet do not think I had not my punishment: I was plentifully supplied with money, I could indulge in pleasure, I could pursue my project without question—but I was miserable. Revenge was my demon idol which cursed me; yet was it worshipped. Oh! if you could know the days of mortification I have passed, the nights of restless plotting and frightful agony: the feeling of humbled vanity under your pointed and withering contempt; not to name your last insult,—you would not hesitate to say that yours was a happier state than mine. Although your life hung but at the bidding of the assassin's blade—although you mourned over the uncertain fate of Catherine—yet you had the reflection that there was one at least who loved you, that I never enjoyed. However, I at last grew desperate at the defeat of my plan—I was impatient at the tediousness of events which risked me without destroying my rival. I met Fitzgerald; he forced me to defend myself—we fought and I fell. My story is told—the last drops are at present curdling and chilling in my breast. I feel the throbs of death, the tortures of the future. I have told you—all—yet—no—I tell you, with my expiring breath, while yet my lungs perform their painful office, that I hate you still—hate you—and fear you—and yet I know not now but that, could I clutch—clutch you—even you—I would have my revenge." He gnashed with his teeth, and his lips parted as he hissed forth the words. He opened his eyes widely, until his brows became wrinkled with the strain, and fixed them, with a horrible stare, upon his brother. For an instant they were bright as lightning—then a dull film gathered upon their lustre, and the dying man rubbed his hands across

them, as if to clear their fading orbs. A low, gurgling sound proceeded from his throat. He started suddenly forward, clasped his palms together, and pressed them hard upon his forehead. Then his jaw fell, and with a low moan, he dropped back upon his pillow. Charles came to the bed-side and felt his pulse, but it beat not—he put his hand upon his heart, but there was no response. He held his watch before his lips, but the vapour of respiration dimmed not its shining—Henry O'Brien was no more. The spirit had passed to its everlasting doom. Charles remained for some moments in awful contemplation of the form before him. Then, with some difficulty, he unclenched his brother's hands and placed them by his side, closed his eyes, and departed, to give the necessary directions respecting his funeral. The next day it was performed, and it was strange to see Charles perform the office of chief mourner over the grave of him who had made it the sole pursuit of his latter days to thwart his happiness, and persecute, nay, even to assassinate him. The intended victim mourned over the baffled murderer. His next duty was to write to his father a brief, though delicate, account of the afflicting occurrence. He still wished to conceal his retreat, and disguised his hand, signing no name, but resolved not to omit forwarding the information, because his family would naturally be anxious about the fate of its eldest branch, and might probably wish to remove the body to the sepulchre of his ancestors. What was his astonishment, however, at receiving, instead of a reply to his communication, a letter, in a strange attorney-like hand, bluntly stating that his brother William had died a short time previously; that his father was on his death-bed, and commanding his immediate attendance. Charles lost no time in obeying the mandate; he took a hasty leave of Finneer, and set off; but notwithstanding his speed, he arrived too late to hear his parent's last words. The news ran that they breathed nothing but anxiety for his welfare, and prayers for his future happiness.

The cursed child attended his parent to the grave, and he who was to have been the drudge of his father's house—

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hold, was left sole heir of all the family property.

CHAP. XVIII.

CHARLES was now sole heir; respected by his friends, feared by his foes, beloved by his tenantry. But Catherine was not there. The genius, the spirit of life and happiness was absent, without which the "pride of heraldry and pomp of power" were as the bubbles of the deep. He knew not her fate. She was the theme of his thoughts—the idol of his fancy. He rode about the grounds, took his meals, retired to rest, and rose again to the same routine, as if moved by machinery—dull, uninspired, and uninterested. The duties of the kind landlord and hospitable host to the wayfaring stranger were duly discharged; but most of his hours were spent in solitude, except when necessity dragged him reluctantly into human intercourse. His nights became restless, his days abstracted. He frequently muttered to himself the thoughts which troubled him; but no one considered him morose, because his amenity was undiminished—they pitied while they admired and loved him.

The reader has been informed of the escape of old O'Connor from execution, through the instrumentality of his daughter, and he continued to evade all search, until a change in the Government took place. Charles then interested himself in his behalf, and procured his pardon. He reinstated the old man in his farm, and appointed him his steward. O'Connor performed the duties of his situation with attention and integrity; but he too was solitary and gloomy. He loved Charles, and his old heart overflowed with gratitude for his favours; but his sons were beyond the ocean, and his daughter was away without his knowing whether she were then dead or alive. His home was desolate and silent—that home which had so often rung with the voice of mirth, and echoed to the tread of his offspring. Still he took a pride in keeping it in repair. The old furniture was still arranged with care around its walls, although the owner generally slept under his young master's roof. It was visited daily, and a silent tear might many a time be observed to steal down the old man's furrowed cheek, as he sat amidst the wreck of his home, and

thought of his more youthful and happier days. But, when we least expect a termination to our sorrow, a star of gladness will often arise, and the object which we deemed unattainable present itself in smiling colours within our very grasp. It is true, it sometimes appears but to dazzle us for a moment with a glare of light and then leave us in tenfold obscurity, and, on the contrary, may at first sight offer a lurid and unpromising aspect, and when clouds have cleared away burn with a bright and constant lustre. The sequel of the tale will show how far the dark or fair side of this picture is likely to be woven into the future destinies of the old steward and the young heir and hero of our tale.

In one of his lonely rides, Charles entered a long lane which bordered one part of his estate. It was shaded with tall trees, and a small brook ran along a hollow at one side. Throwing the reins on his horse's neck, he abandoned himself to reflection, and had proceeded a considerable way, when his attention was roused by a low moan near him. He drew up his horse, and listened—it was repeated. He dismounted, and guided by the sound made his way through the high grass and bushes which fringed the rivulet, close to which, and as if she had been endeavouring to reach it, lay a female in mean and tattered apparel. Her face was turned downwards, and on Charles raising her from the earth, the same low moan escaped her lips. Charles altered her position, and looked upon her countenance—merciful Heaven! wasted, but beautiful, with the same serene expression of heroic fortitude, but the pallid, sunken cheek of grief and hunger, there were the features of Catherine O'Connor.

"To be so long parted, and to find thee thus!" he was about to say, as he kissed the object of his affection; but horror held him mute, when those eyes, which had so often vouchsafed the look of love, were fixed vacantly upon his without recognition, and the only proofs of reviving sense were the incoherent ravings of delirium.

"'Twas a terrible vision," she murmured; "how pale and spectral ye all look! Will ye not smile upon me as ye used to do? Do not doubt my identity—true worth will not surely be despised in rags and wretchedness. What, not know me?" then heaving a faint sigh, while a

melancholy smile was transiently observable, as if humming some wild air,

"What! silent still, and silent all?"

A pause ensued. The scene of her wanderings changed. Her hands were clenched, and her brow clouded—

"You would not be a man of blood," she said, in a sterner and louder voice, then struggled convulsively for a moment, and again sunk, with the helplessness of an infant on the bosom of her supporter; once more, however, her strength returned. She raised herself feebly and painfully. The troublous scenes of her past life appeared to have vanished from her recollection, or to have spent themselves, and subsided into a calm, and she seemed to fancy herself transported to the chamber of death, and spoke the accents of farewell to her surrounding friends.

"My home is in the skies," she whispered, in a voice more soft and thrilling than the murmur of a summer midnight, and Charles bent down to catch the sounds.

"Peace, peace, I shall be soon removed from this world of torment! When I am gone, bury me where he may sometimes pass, and tell him 'twas my dying wish that he would at times remember his poor Catherine, and not forget, when his path leads by the spot, to look upon her humble grave; tell him I was faithful—that I fulfilled my promise—kept my vow; but, do not tell him the tale of all my sufferings—'twould wound his noble heart—nor need you say how fondly I adored him, because—because, he knows it—~~and~~—and tell him—now mark—remember—tell my Charles—that Catherine O'Connor blessed—aye, blessed him—where she died."

A slight hectic flush bloomed along her face; her hand clutched at some imaginary object. With stiffening limbs she turned backwards as she lay, and bent her languid eye upon the spacious vault of heaven. Her lips moved rapidly, but words were no longer audible. The next instant her eyes closed, and drooping, like a flower, which the reckless foot of man hath trampled down, she was cold and insensible as the inanimate things around her. With one arm Charles supported her from the earth, the other was raised in an attitude of awe and terror. With a look of living anguish, he scrutinized

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tinised her features, for he thought that in that last upward look, her spirit had taken its unbodied flight to the regions whereon she gazed. His agony was too intense for utterance, as he placed her inanimate form on the horse before him and bore her to his abode. Her father was sent for, and every care bestowed upon her—their efforts were successful. Catherine O'Connor, though weak and exhausted, still lived to bless a parent with her presence and a lover with her affection. Under such attendance she recovered rapidly, and was soon strong enough to visit the humble home of her childhood, and her father was comforted in his grey hairs. After having escaped from her friends on achieving her father's rescue from execution, she still attempted to persevere in tracing the wanderings of Charles; but her money was at length exhausted, and just at the hour when she heard of his having attained to competence and honour she was left without the means of reaching him. She was far from home, and found none so ready to assist her in her distress as she had been to relieve want when she found it. She undertook the journey homeward on foot, and after incredible hardship and fatigue had arrived on the spot where Charles found her. There she grew unable to proceed, and, striving to get a refreshing draught from her native brook, would in all probability have perished but for his timely aid.

"There can be no doubt," said Charles, in a conversation shortly subsequent to Catherine's illness, "there can be no doubt that your timely interference saved me from many a past calamity and present heartache—you prevented the mischief of my own feelings, and hindered others also from injuring me by their machinations; but the puzzle is—how you contrived to act so well the guardian-angel, and being of delicate architecture—built of flesh and blood materials, how you managed to display those paramount attributes of a spirit, ubiquity and invisibility, except when you became mortal at your own wish."

Catherine laughed—"Perhaps, when these marvels are explained," she said, "you will denounce your own simplicity in not perceiving a thing so obvious, as the fallen angels are said to have done, after their chief had taught the manufacture of cannon and gunpowder—vigilance
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effected part, but more must be attributed to the agency of accident and good fortune."

"Then explain, my love, for I am on the rack to hear all about it."

"There, dear Charles," returned she, with playful archness, "you will for the present excuse me—on a future occasion you shall be afforded the information.—Remember, I am not quite sure of your heart yet, and as long as you know that there is something to come, your attentions will be on the '*qui vive*'—stories, when a little incomplete, you know, are sure to create a curiosity for the remainder—the grand secret, where every thing is wrapped up like a spool by the thread which covers it—nothing like a mystery for our sex—so for the present be content."

"I shall try to be so," replied Charles, "but shall not forget to tease my 'dainty Ariel,' until she condescend to make me a sharer of her spells."

"When I do so," she answered, "you will learn strange things, and in addition may be convinced that we may sometimes converse with our most intimate friends without knowing them." She added, laughing—"a guardian-angel must not be always visible."

Charles kissed her forehead—"My guardian-angel will be always present with me, for the future, however," he said. "Prudence can no longer whisper any unkind suggestions. United hearts have spoken, and the world must be dumb. Yet, it seems strange that you should thus pursue an enterprize which promised you nothing substantial. Why expose yourself to constant peril—to solitude—to misfortune?"

"So long a wanderer among the labyrinth of life," she said, "and not know better a faithful woman's heart! She may deprive herself of his society, but would not give to a rival those delights which, for the sake of her beloved, she denies herself; much less, when dangers threaten, would she be willingly absent from the side, or at least the neighbourhood, of him whose fate, dark or auspicious, she considers it her privilege to share—whose life she feels proud of shielding at the hazard of her own."

* * * * *

As Charles walked down the street of R—, a coach was about to start, and the passengers were just mounting to take

Some Passages in the Life of an Irish Private Tutor.

their seats, when, in passing through the crowd, some one hailed him, and, turning round, he was greeted by his old college friend, Finneer.

"What are you doing here?" cried the wild Milesian, shaking him by the hand, "rusticating here like a bat in winter. 'What new romance has now infected your brain?—d— it—*juvat me furari, amico reperto*—'tis sweet to go to Bedlam with a recovered chum. Come off to town—we'll shake off the blue devils a spree d— it."

"They say there's no romance in marriage," replied Charles, gaily; "and, if you are for a spree, I beg you will indulge with it at my wedding."

"Your wedding!" repeated Finneer; with astonishment—"your wedding!—Oh! ye shades of Anacreon and Ovid—the man of a thousand loves dwindled into a single wedding! Talk of nymphs, sylphs, and graces—why, the woman who has pinned you down in *æternum*, must be the quintessence of divinity itself. But, d— it, I'll stay, if it were for nothing else but to get a peep at the glorious bride, and the first kiss—remember that; d— it, if I won't have the first kiss."

"Agreed," said Charles—"that is, if you can." And away they went, arm in arm, Finneer having forgone his journey and his fare, which he had paid, to be present at the wedding of his friend.

Another triumph awaited O'Brien. As he and Finneer approached his residence, a gentleman was standing at the hall door questioning the servant.

"Is he at home?" were the words which were overheard.

"No, sir; but I believe he soon will," said the servant; "and there he is, sir, just coming up."

The gentleman turned, and Charles recognized the features of his cousin Donoughmore.

"Ha!" exclaimed the latter, stepping

up familiarly, "I congratulate you, my dear fellow, on your prospect of happiness. I came from town for the purpose of wishing you joy."

"You should have saved yourself so much trouble," returned Charles, with a contemptuous sneer. "He that comes when the stag breaks cover, comes slily in at the death."

"What do you mean, O'Brien?" asked Donoughmore, with rather a mortified aspect.

"Nothing," said Charles; "but that, with my present income, I shall not entertain my friends with cockles and Thunder's beer."

Donoughmore made no reply, though he looked volumes; but, bidding Charles good morning, turned on his heel, and marched off discomfited.

The happy day was come, and they who had borne the world's brunt, had been already united in the bonds of Hymen. Tables were set out in the kitchen of the mansion of the O'Briens, and plenteously furnished, for the tenantry of Charles shared on that day the hospitality of their landlord. All that could delight the rustic peasant's eye, or gratify his gastronomic senses, was here displayed in profusion. The rude musicians were collected from the country round. Many a lip quaffed success and happiness to the bridegroom and his blooming bride, who honoured the entertainment with their presence, and many an enthusiastic and lively bosom bounded with the throb of sincerity to the toast. The song was sung, and the dance was footed. Day broke upon the wassailers, ere they thought of departing to their respective habitations; and for many a month they talked of the doings that were seen, and the matches that were made, on the night which crowned the nuptial bliss of Charles O'Brien and Catherine O'Connor.

THE SMUGGLER'S BAY.

THERE is a lone sequester'd nook
Cleft in a grey rock's rugged side,
Down which there flows a babbling brook
To join the ocean tide.

That chasm is wild, and dark, and rude,
O'erhung with old and scathed trees,
Which seem to mourn their solitude,
And sigh in every breeze.

And broken stones have fallen there,
With weeds and lichens crusted o'er,
Half-choking up the pathway, where
It led upon the shore.

High in the front of that grey rock
May yet be seen a gloomy cave,
Where now the gulls and sea-mews flock,
More restless than the wave.

A bramble and two stunted thorns,
Whose branches are all gnarl'd and bare,
Stand just where that bleak entrance
yawns,
Like watchers planted there.

And thence a curious eye may mark
The bright blue sea for many a mile,
Trace every sail and scudding bark,
Itself unseen the while.

There is a tale—a fearful one,
Of days that have long since gone by,
And of that cavern dark and lone,
Of blood and treachery.

'Tis said there was a lawless band,
Who nightly roamed that rocky shore,
Of reckless heart and daring hand,
Who lov'd the tempest's roar.

When sullen Night dismiss'd the moon,
And donn'd her veil of mist and cloud,
That lonely cove would echo, soon,
With voices deep and loud.

The wild waves breaking in the bay,
Or murmuring on the scatter'd stones,
Bore those mysterious sounds away,
Lost in the breezes' moans.

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It chanc'd upon a winter night,
The smuggler-band was far away,
No gleam of moon or star gave light,
Or quiver'd on the spray.

But one remain'd of all the crew,
To watch approach and guard the
strand,
For, when the night was half-wan'd thro',
The smuggling boat would land.

And now along the murky sky,
Threatening clouds had gather'd fast,
A cold north wind went hurtling by,
With Death upon the blast.

The watchman by the cavern leant,
And mark'd the fearful tempest rise,
And his dark, searching glances sent
Across the cloudy skies,

Hark! on the gale is borne a cry—
It speaks of danger, doubt and fear,
Some hapless ship comes driving by,
Nor knows the rocks are near.

Across that watcher's heart it came,
'To do a deed of treacherous ill,
So high he fann'd a ruddy flame,
To lure them onwards still.

He raised his voice above the gale,
And bid them quit the vessel's side;
Nor let their needful courage fail,
But stem the briny tide.

Then answering shouts returned again,
And he could hear the glad halloo.
Oh, wretch! who gave such counsel
vain
To that unhappy crew.

The boat has left the vessel now;
It tosses on the yesty waves.
Alas! alas! its heaving prow
But ploughs their restless graves.

They fixed their eyes upon the light
That still he waver'd to and fro;
But never met their wilder'd sight,
The jagged rocks below.

The Smuggler's Bay.

Still on they toil : another stroke,
And they will reach the welcome shore ;
But now the deep surge o'er them broke—
The boat can right no more.

She strikes upon the wave-worn peak
That lurketh unregarded there,
Where in bright foam the waters break,
And veil the hidden snare.

Her bows are shatter'd ; rushing in,
The mounting billows roar and press,
Whilst, hovering near, the man of sin
Beholds their dire distress.

Now on the raging ocean tost,
The hapless sailors wildly cry
In vain ;—by cruel treachery lost,
They struggle but to die.

Some, plung'd within those waters deep,
Some tangled in the floating weed,
Find there the couch for death's last sleep,
Their resting-place decreed.

But two of all that luckless band
Were borne upon a mighty wave,
And cast upon the yellow sand,
Below the smuggler's cave.

Scarce burnt the glimmering spark of life,
Scarce heaved the interrupted breath,
Exhausted in the mortal strife
That each had fought with death.

The wind that howl'd so loud and shrill
Was like some tortur'd spirit's wail.
The smuggler felt a deadly thrill,
But not his purpose fail.

He cast his flashing eyes around
Before he did that deed of ill ;
Those two lay stretch'd upon the ground,
Silent, and cold, and still.

Beside his victims down he knelt,
And hard his livid lips comprest,
Nor loos'd his grasp until he felt
No pulse stir either breast.

Then did his trembling hands with haste
The seamen's dripping vests unfold ;
And greedily those hands embrac'd,
A store of hidden gold.

Fast girt around, in safety lay
A heap of rare and precious things,
Diamonds of bright and purest ray,
And pearls in shining strings.

With sparkling eyes and greedy touch,
He pluck'd them forth with eager care ;
And joy'd he then, that sordid wretch,
That none his spoil would share.

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And then, amidst the tempest din,
He dug a hole, both deep and wide,
And roll'd the stiff, stark corpse in,
And plac'd them side and side.

Safe, then, his ill-got wealth he laid,
Within the solitary cell—
A hollow by the ruffian made
For secret plunder well.

The storm decreas'd, the lurid sky
Brighten'd and calm'd the ocean swell ;
In milder gusts the wind swept by,
Then into silence fell.

Now does the appointed hour draw nigh,
When to the lone sequester'd bay,
All hands the smuggler's bark will ply,
Before the dawn of day.

A shout is borne upon the breeze,
A whistle like a sea-gull's screech ;
And then the laden boat he sees
Come rushing up the beach.

" Speak, comrade, speak ! say, what has
chanc'd ?
A shiver'd bark is on the rock !"
Slowly the smuggler watch advanc'd,
Whilst eager round they flock.

" What can I know ? In yon drear cave
I've watch'd the weary hours, but
nought
Have heard, save the wild tempest
rave,
Or moans the north wind brought."

Suspiciously they eyed him yet,
But sullenly he scowl'd again,
And angrily their gaze he met
With rude and fierce disdain.

" Ha ! what lies here ?—a sparkling ring—
A coin—another—more and more ;
Say, comrade, did the sea-mews bring
These treasures to the shore ?"

Taunting one spoke, whilst he, dismay'd,
Stood silently, for well he knew
'Twere fatal were his deed betray'd
To that revengeful crew.

But now was heard the smuggler
chief,
With voice as rough as tempest roar,
Who gave the summons stern and brief
To haul the casks ashore.

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The Smuggler's Bay.

Quickly the ready crew obey,
Whilst he, the robber, flies in haste,
And clambers up the rocky way
To where the spoil is plac'd.

"Is it secure? art sure no eye
But thine has scann'd the hollowstone?
Then their suspicions I defy—
My secret rests unknown."

He turn'd and started, for he saw
The one who taunted him below:
"So! thou hast broke the smuggler's
law,
And chang'd from friend to foe."

Sullenly, angrily they stood
In that grey, misty dawning light,
Like two fierce monsters of the wood
Preparing for the fight.

"Hark ye! I'm weary of this life—
Share with me half the stolen gold;
So shalt thou, with no fear of strife,
The other portion hold."

"Away! and cursed be the tongue
That dares of sharing gold to speak;
He that had heart to do the wrong,
Thou can'st not deem so weak."

"Thou wilt not! then, upon thy head
Be all that comes in vengeance now."
A peaceful heart had sank in dread,
Who mark'd that fearful blow.

They struggle, wrestle—arm to arm,
In mad and desperate affray,
Wild rage in one—in one alarm,
Urged each upon his prey.

Close press they to the cavern's verge,
With heedless step and daring rush,
Nor heed the waves and hollow surge
In whirling eddies dash.

Now do they totter on the brink,
As grappling fast their arms they
close;
Now both upon the hard rock sink
As the red blood-stream flows.

"Wilt thou not yield? No, come the
worst,"
(They spoke with quick and labouring
breath)
"That soul and body be accurst
Who yields to aught but death."

They stood upon the giddy height;
Each gaunt and tall athletic form
Mark'd strong against the pale drawn
Like spirits of the storm. [light,

Again they close in mortal shock;
Scarce the frail footing can they keep.
Oh! horror—they have spurn'd the
rock,
And plunged into the deep.

And there was heard a fragment crash,
And there was heard one piercing
yell,
And there was seen the white foam
splash,
And the deep billows swell.

They're gone, for ever gone—their bed
Is in the cold sea-weed below,
Where never mortal footsteps tread
Beneath the beetling brow.

Still'd are those ruffian hearts beneath
The ever moaning restless flood;
A fitting grave—a fitting death
For men so stain'd with blood.

Nor was the crime long undisclos'd,
Nor roll'd in vain the toiling waves,
For soon the shifting sand exposed
The murdered seamen's graves.

Well guess'd the smugglers of the tale
Prone to discover deeds of ill,
Yet did their eager searching fail,
—The gold lies hidden still.

And it was rumour'd from that day,
In the dark midnight and the storm,
That shadows glided o'er the bay,
And sounds of contest warm.

And that the passenger might hear
A fray, as if of foe with foe,
And—if he dare approach so near—
A sullen plunge below.

Howe'er that be, the smuggler band
Deserted soon that scene of crime,
And none have trod the bright smooth
sand
A long and weary time.

The sea-birds love the quiet bay,
Resigned to them and nature now,
And bask beneath the sunny ray
That gilds the rocky brow.

THE FINE ARTS.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

BY PROFESSOR CARLO PEPOLI.

On entering the National Gallery of Great Britain, which (apart, be it understood, from all consideration of the debased architecture of the edifice) is a genuine temple dedicated to the Fine Arts, I put up a mental prayer that, for the sake of their own beauty, and the love which unites them to literature, I might be permitted to behold that divine countenance with which Raffaele, Correggio, and Titian erst were enchanted; so that under the charm of so much light and beauty I might be empowered to attract minds the most unimpressible, and to produce by my writings both delight and zeal in the hearts of the labourers whose energies are dedicated to the service of the Fine Arts as well as the literati who instruct the great and the rich by whom the Fine Arts are protected. Thus the great captains of antiquity, when they wished to animate their troops to the battle, were wont to implore aid from the deities of their nations, invoking, in particular, the God of war; and so dauntless was the valour with which this act inspired the soldiers, that, full of courage and hope, they attacked their foes with the firmest confidence of victory. The Fine Arts, propitius to my prayer, answered it with beneficent bounty. They presented to my mind the temples erected to divinity in the empires of Asia, the birth-place of pyramids, palaces, and statues, with which they rendered Thebes and Memphis so magnificent: and with still greater pride they pointed out to me Corinth and Athens, where they became the delight and glory of human genius. Lastly, they showed me the Capitol, and Rome, the august home in which, after triumphing over the barbarity of nations and the ravages of time, they dwell eternal. Then passing from ancient times to modern, from remote to nearer

countries, they led me to this great city, the emporium of the Fine Arts of all ages, all nations. In contemplating the majestic images of antiquity which they displayed to my mind, among the numerous people and different lands that have idolized the Fine Arts, and by them been adorned with beauty, I observed that they seemed to have lavished their treasures upon two nations beyond all the rest, viz. Greece and Italy.

Like the natural progression of physical light from the east, so has been that of the intellectual. From China, it is believed, came originally the art of sculpture, that is, a rude modelling of figures of the men and animals out of durable materials.

Assyria and Chaldea excelled in architecture and sculpture. Without them the name of Babylon would want the grandeur now derived from the celebrity of its walls and towers. Egyptian skill obtained the highest glory by the magnificence of its edifices, and the dignity of its statues; and Persia also became celebrated, after Cambyzes, overburdened with the wealth of his father Cyrus, inundated Egypt with his armies and proved that it could be conquered. The Hebrew nation acquired distinguished fame in these two arts, in the eventful days of their empire, when Solomon erected his wonderful Temple; in praise of which nothing more need be said, than that it was built by divine command. The Greeks, however, surpassed in the three arts all the nations of antiquity, and perhaps even those that have succeeded them; in like manner, the Italians have transcended all the present nations in their successful emulation of Grecian genius.

Hence there does not appear any thing better calculated to favour the

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tendencies of the present age,—which is ambitious of the title philosophical,—or more worthy of attention, as an introduction to observations upon the chef-d'œuvre of Italian painting open to the free gaze of the public, than a careful and diligent investigation of the points of correspondence between the Greeks and Italians in the three Fine Arts, with a demonstration of the origin and causes of this resemblance.

The task is difficult, but one which is nevertheless worthy of attempt, in order to facilitate our analysis of the works of those talented Englishmen who, by their love of literature and the arts, advance the public good, and bring honour to their nation.

Proud of their own glory, and urged by an irrepressible desire of superiority, other nations dispute with Italy the highest honours in the three arts: Flanders and Gaul assert the pre-eminence of their illustrious artists; Nuremberg also assumes to itself celebrity and distinction for its Albert Durer, who by his own unaided talent rose with the utmost rapidity to exalted fame. Far from experiencing any displeasure at the praises of other nations, I rejoice that they are rich in fine buildings, statues, and paintings. I rejoice with Nuremberg at the fame acquired for it by Durer, who was as great in his ideas as fertile in invention; at once eminent as painter, architect, and also a rare and acute writer. Nevertheless, I could wish to see in his works more regularity, symmetry, and vigour, than they really possess; and to be able to assure myself that he imitated, not, as he has done, rough and uncultivated nature, but select and perfect, as is the office of the eminent painter.

Let Le Brun point to his Battles of Alexander and the Family of Darius, which last would soften the fiercest heart. Let Rubens boast his magnificent picture of the Crucifixion, in which he has expressed all the terror of Nature, and all the mournfulness of that terrible, though needful, event. Paris may rejoice in its Poussin and Puget; one, as it were the Raffaele, the other the Michelangelo of France. Let Antwerp honour the memory of Vandyke, and any other painter, sculptor, or architect; and Saxony exult in her famous Mengs, lately snatched from her by death, whose

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name was not less great among painters, than among those who have treated of the art of design; indeed, he may be called an emulator of Apelles and Leonardo da Vinci who have both painted and written so admirably upon their art. But where were these distinguished artists instructed? In what schools educated? Whose examples did they follow? In what countries did they travel and inhabit, in order to become, as they were, most eminent, most noble? They all travelled over Italy, and fixed their abode in Venice, Florence, Rome; all studied the Greek and Italian statues, contemplated with earnest attention the pictures of Raffaele, Giulio, Paulo Veronese; and to Italy all were principally indebted for the excellence and greatness to which they attained. Let, then, foreign nations be silent, and fear the abomination in which ingratitude is held. The Italians, masters in the three arts, surpassing every existing nation, alone resemble the Greeks.

If it were accorded me to interrogate in their silence the generous shades of the Greek sculptors, I should ask them what end they proposed to themselves, when with the chisel they gave animation to their marble; and where they found beauty and truth, such as that which we behold and praise in their statues, with feelings of wonder. Well am I persuaded that they would reply: We had no other object than to collect and unite whatever of beautiful and touching Nature scatters in the human figure and face; and we studied so to form our statues and pictures, that if Sculpture herself had descended among us, for the consolation of those who loved her, she might find in them no deficiency. This answer, which seems to emanate from the Fine Arts, is really symbolical, for we shall demonstrate, in our next article, that the end of beauty in the Fine Arts ought to be THE GOOD "*J'ai toujours crû que le bon n'était que le beau mis en action*"* is, in our opinion,

* Well for artists, well for public taste, if this sentence, after the fashion of sailors with gunpowder and needle, were indelibly written on the young artist's hand; how often have we bewailed the efforts of mis-directed genius. Look, for one instance only, in the waste of talent and means displayed in the greater number of the costly plates prepared for *Annals*.—Ed.

a sentence that can never be often enough repeated, and which every poet as well as artist ought to have engraven on marble in his *studio*, and still more deeply on his mind. He who sees in the Fine Arts only a means of delight, does not possess a very strong intellectual vision. The artist, indeed, whose judgment is sufficiently clear to enable him to discover the most exact proportions, and features of the choicest beauty, should be guided by thoughts and sentiments of a loftier kind, *when he selects among many forms that best adapted to please.*

We must be content with the authority of history, and believe that in their art the Greek painters were eminent and most worthy of admiration. What, indeed, must not have been the power and excellence of those artists, who could, by their paintings, awake affections, and excite sudden emotions in the hearts of the wisest and most cultivated people of the earth, and by feigned images compel feelings sometimes of pity, sometimes of joy. Themistocles saw great and warlike achievements represented in pictures; the remembrance of them was perpetually with him; the thought of these noble paintings banished sleep; they inspired him with the ambition of rising to greatness, and made him the conqueror of Xerxes. Greece wept when Timanthes exhibited his celebrated picture, in which he represents Iphigenia prostrate upon the altar, the victim over whom Calchas, full of the god, holds extended the inexorable sword; upon the countenances of the spectators is depicted an expression of terror and fear, varying according to the differences of rank, condition, and age; hence the painter, unable to conceive any manner that could express the agony of Agamemnon, veiled his face, and that veil speaks more forcibly than tears could have done. So also, all Greece was agitated, and moved even to grief, by Aristides' picture of the sacking of a city, in which he represents a helpless infant innocently stretching forth its hands to its mother's breast, at the same instant that she, wounded and dying, trembles in terror, lest her child should, instead of milk, draw blood.

On the other hand, the Greeks were incredibly delighted, and manifested

every sign of joy and pleasure at the sight of the wonderful painting by Lucian, which represented the nuptials of Alexander the Great and the daughter of Darius, where the artist so admirably portrays, in the face of Roxana, feminine modesty, and on that of the King, majesty and grace; astonishing also was the industry of the Hundred Cupids, some sporting around the marriage bed, others timidly handling the warlike accoutrements and arms of the conqueror of Persia; Hephæstion, also, and Hymen were seen together, from which was to be argued his honourable purpose in cultivating such an affection and accomplishing so illustrious a union. The subject, as treated by Lucian, was worthy the pencil of Raffaele, of whom we may affirm, that this prince of artists made manifest and extended the fame of Grecian painting, while he brought the Italian art to the highest possible pitch of perfection.

If the Greek paintings possessed such influence, the artists must necessarily have attained a high degree of excellence in regularity of design, judicious distribution of the figures, and in truth and elegance of colouring; for without these merits they could not have obtained such brilliant effects, nor would their names have been transmitted to us so rich in praises and accompanied by universal admiration.

But the painters of Italy, not less than those of Greece, had power to sway the minds of the spectators, and to affect them with grief or joy, according to the occasion, or after their own pleasure. Who is there could stand unmoved before the picture of St. Peter the Martyr, by Titian? And who could refrain from tears in looking at St. Agnes wounded in the bosom by an impious ruffian, who remains unperturbed, whilst others are terrified and faint with fear? We might assert of Domenichino what was said of a Grecian: he was the first, in the revival of the arts, to depict the mind and affections.

Possessing thorough knowledge of the heart, he delights the understanding with the appropriateness of his inventions; allures the eye by the exquisiteness of his tints; surprises and deceives by the exactness of his imitation of perfect beauty; and it appears to us, that in the

grace of a certain carelessness, and freedom of manner in the actions, he surpasses all others, even the ancients themselves, who were with such difficulty satisfied with their works, that their figures seem sometimes rather a copy of their own statues, than an imitation of the beautiful and elegant in nature. The Italians derived not the advantage from the Greeks in painting, which they did in sculpture, but were indebted for their distinction solely to themselves, from closely adhering to the true and beautiful, by which they rose to the highest reputation, and triumphed over all the efforts of those foreigners, who cultivated painting in the desire of rivaling their glory; and they gave to Italy an artistic eminence far exceeding that of every other nation.

Thus also architecture, which at first provided us with rude dwellings, suited only to the bare necessities of life, and subsequently produced magnificent palaces, lofty and superb temples, after having in remote ages obtained brilliant glory in Greece, revived with fresh splendour in Italy. It is well known that to Greece, in her three countries, Ionia, Doris, and Corinth, we are indebted for three noble orders of architecture, which thence take their name. And here we must not forget Etruria,* where Pliny affirms that painting flourished earlier than in Greece, and, as a proof, cites the ancient pictures of Ardea, Lanuvius, and Cora. From Etruria we derive the Tuscan order, the gravity and simplicity of which are so admirably suited to the firmness and solidity necessary to all works in resisting their formidable enemy, TIME. Nor may we forget the Composite order, which we owe to the Romans, from whom also it is called Roman order. The Temple at Ephesus, sacred to Diana, the magnificent Mausoleum which Artemisia erected to the King of Caria; and Athens, by the direction and command of Pericles, adorned with halls, temples, and every kind of rich and beautiful building, present themselves to my mind; and I recall also the tomb erected near Clu-

sium by Porsenna, the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, the Theatre of Marcus Scaurus, and that of Marcellus, and of Pompey, works of Etruscan architecture; thus may be enumerated many other works down to more modern times; amongst them is the Vatican, a gigantic edifice, which for internal majesty, grandeur, and elegance, may vie with the buildings of antiquity. Hence we will turn to Vicenza, Firenze, Venice, and other Italian cities, where Ctesiphon, Metagenes, and Phidias, might be named, but where we may point out Vitruvius, first in honour, then Palladio, Leonardo, Buonarrotti, Serlio, Scamozzi, Vignola, and passing thus through a long train of architects and sculptors, we should descend to Canova, and be compelled, if not to yield the highest tribute of praise to Italy, yet certainly to assign it a degree of honour equal to that of Greece.

And in this respect I find cause of pride and exultation for every city of Italy, and especially of Bologna, my birth-place, unsurpassed by any in its ardent love and diligent cultivation of these three arts.

But this accorded resemblance of the Italians to the Greeks in the Fine Arts, is it accident, courtesy, or the dictum of nature? It would occupy far too much of our time and space just now, if we were to enter upon the investigation of this question, and seek to penetrate through the obscurity in which it is involved and trace the several causes from which the resemblance is derived, to their origin in the features of national character, the influence of religion and politics, or the vicissitudes of social changes, through which the arts flourish or decay—or lastly, to the individual circumstances which combine to secure eminence to the painter, sculptor, or architect.

We will, however, permit ourselves a few observations.

In order to succeed in any undertaking, the human mind requires some animating power and influence to inspire it with resolve, and promise a fortunate result; and at the same time it needs a will, which can determine with resolution and undertake with firmness. The pilot, believing himself secure of the port, and the wealth he is seeking, despises the dan-

* For a critical and highly interesting notice of Etrurian antiquities, recently deposited in the British Museum, see a subsequent page in the present number.

...of the war, the general leads his army against the foe, filled with valour, confident in the God under whom he fights, animated by the firm hope of victory.

So Caesar, having subdued the Rhine, and extended his conquests to the Gauls, impelled by the desire of glory or vengeance, overthrew Pompey; and so would have crushed liberty and subjugated Rome, in order to make himself lord of the universe. Thus Phidias (if such a comparison may be permitted), conscious of the power of his own talents, to the shame of ungrateful Athens, executed his wonderful Jupiter Olympus, the sight of which, Quintilian affirms, appeared to inspire the people with piety and submission; and in the majesty of which Phidias seems to have wished to symbolize universal dominion. To attain excellence, however, in their art, painters, sculptors, and architects, should undertake nothing for the execution of which they do not possess competent power, and are not impelled by a fervid desire directing their minds to the noblest purpose of social good.* I shall not here enter minutely into an enumeration of all the minor excellencies that belonged equally to the artists of Greece and Italy; I will not dwell upon the activity of mind, and clearness of judgment with which both were gifted; their equal efforts to arrive at perfection; their knowledge of optics and anatomy, as far as the state of those sciences then permitted; and their love of poetry, history, and philosophy;—nor shall I make any comment upon the end they proposed to themselves. This would require, not an article, but many volumes.

I purpose giving, in each number of

* The contrary of this principle is pursued in England; avarice or variety selects the artist, influence and wealth command his services, and in this manner almost every public work is a disgrace to our national taste, a clog towards public improvement. Where can we look upon the performances of modern artists, and with real satisfaction exclaim, "This is indeed beautiful," and gazing with delight, feel soul-bound with enchantment to the spot. Is modern taste too fastidious to obtain, or modern talent too sterile to afford satisfaction? If we cannot excel in original designs, can we not have the talent to select from the best models of antiquity? In this there would be modesty, the true companion of merit, in this virtue.—Ed.

this periodical, some few thoughts upon the Fine Arts, and developing them as briefly as possible. Now, however, I shall speak cursorily of "imagination," a gift which I deem so necessary to cultivating of the Fine Arts as to constitute the foundation and cause of the resemblance which I have remarked between the Græeks and Italians.

What degree of excellence could a painter attain, if he were not endowed with a ready and lively imagination, that could even deceive itself, and at once allure and carry him away? This *inventive* faculty, called imagination, is a rare privilege conferred by heaven on the mind of the artist, which under its influence selects such lineaments as are best adapted to create fear, to awaken tenderness, to excite compassion. This faculty seizes the truest situations, circumstances the most teeming with passion, and teaches the artist so to people his canvass that every object may tend to preserve unity in the invention, and aid in imparting force to the principal subject which he chooses to represent to the spectator. By it the painter sees in one single moment all that is most pleasing, most terrible; whatever can cause grief, or excite joy; and becomes, as it were, transformed into the hero he depicts, feeling his sorrows, his emotions, his happiness.

Now this imagination, so necessary to the painter, nor less so to the sculptor and the architect, springs chiefly from a certain mental disposition, and from the celestial light which illumines the more noble, spiritual part of the mind, which is its seat; this faculty is also fostered by temperature, exhalations, and by the appearance of nature; and lastly, it acquires vigour from education, tradition, custom, and habit, all of which exercise strong sway over man. The Italian, then, like the Greek, breathes a light and salubrious air, which refreshes and exhilarates him; the same waters flow around and refreshen the countries of both. Many similar geniuses have sprung up in these countries closely resembling each other; their people experience a mutual feeling of transport and enthusiasm in contemplating the true and beautiful; and to both the art which represents them, under whatever form, is a source of exquisite delight.

If we institute a comparison between the Greek and many of the Italian poets, we shall perceive a similarity in the tone of their poetry, a corresponding force of imagery in the portrayal of human actions, and a like elegance, sweetness, and dignity of diction in their expressions.

Homer and Ariosto, for example, resemble each other in many parts, where they attempt to beguile the reader by the exactness of their descriptions, and when in their loftiest flights they transport us to places created by their own vivid fancy; when they set before us the contests of their warriors, the virtues of their heroes, and present to us the *melées* and various encounters of the battle, so forcibly that we seem at once to hear the clashing of the weapons, the cries of the vanquished, and joy and valour kindling the countenances of the victorious. Are not Greece and Italy countries where, as if in its real home, Beauty is adored, an idol perhaps too much beloved, and sought as earnestly by the ignorant, who comprehend not its secret worth, as by the enlightened, who contemplate, admire, and fully appreciate it? In Greece and Italy, those whose tastes incline them to the Fine Arts are often surrounded with most beautiful objects, exquisite models for imitation, and need only, after the example of Zeuxis, collect into one the beauties they see scattered in different persons and places; even this artifice is not always necessary, for nature supplies them with the means of amply gratifying the exalted idea of perfection by which they are guided and animated. Let then him in whose soul the sight of the beautiful and fine does not kindle a noble flame, set not his foot within the schools of the three arts; or if he has been daring enough to take in his hand the pencil, compass, or chisel, let him lay them aside, and seek glory and honour by other means. He who possesses not this, I could say instinctive, faculty, of seeking, feeling, seizing the beautiful, and making it his own, wherever or in whatever form he may find it, must resign the idea of being a judge, and even of attempting to examine or enjoy the Fine Arts. This power to find, admire, and feel the beautiful, is indeed a proof of talent. Great geniuses, in-

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stead of being instigated by the example of others, may be said almost to form themselves, and study under the impulse of an unknown, inexplicable power, which reveals to them the world under the most seductive aspect, and in relations at once unknown and incredible to the multitude.

Cicero affirms that Phidias, in forming the statues of Jupiter and Minerva, studied no visible object, but that he had in his mind a noble idea of form and beauty, which he took as the model of his work; and Correggio certainly found no where but in his own imagination the singular and beautiful countenances which he painted. Great artists penetrate into the hidden secrets of things, and lift with successful boldness the veil that conceals them. They value and follow only those objects which attract them from their appropriateness to their subject. They possess the power of discovering the perfect beauty of nature; and this is called SOUL OR GENIUS: they have the ability to select and arrange them with judgment; and this is denominated TASTE. Are they about to sculpture a Venus?—they choose the loveliest and sweetest forms conceived by nature, and uniting them with delightful art, produce a work which is the admiration of all ages. If their subject is a Medea, at the dreadful moment in which she raises the terrible steel above the heads of her innocent children, they employ, on the one part, features that express pride, vengeance, and anger; on the other, such as denote confidence and simplicity and in this manner they excite and influence the feelings of the spectator. To represent the fury and carnage of a battle, they place themselves (thus to speak) in the midst of the conflict; they witness displays of valour and discomfitures; hear the clashing of shields, the neighing of horses; behold the most terrible struggles, and see the earth all crimson with blood; and the conflict, with its defeated, and victorious, is depicted upon their canvass.

The contemplation and minute study of the beautiful was almost the sole education of Titian and Raphael, and with that alone did Lysippus and Protogenes rise to celebrity. These artists were then equals in greatness, because their native climates were favourable to

the three arts, and because their imaginations were nurtured and perfected by the continual contemplation of beauty, and by the exquisite grace that was revealed to them by traditional education. From similar causes the sex also, which man in his pride calls *weak*, but which can always defend itself from contempt, by the power of its charms, and often by the greatness of its virtues, the female sex has contributed to the glory of the Fine Arts; and among the Greeks, the names of Timareta, Calypso, and Alcistene, are sounded with honour; Barbara Burini, Rosabella Carrieri, Tintoretta, Elisabette Sizani, Lavinia Fontana, in painting; in sculpture, Propezia Rossi, and many others, are names of distinction.

If, however, notwithstanding these favourable dispositions, these artists had inhabited countries where the people were insensible to the beauty of noble edifices and exquisite sculpture; where the governments were so engrossed by politics or warfare, that they had neither leisure nor inclination to attend to their productions, to urge them, by command, or encourage by reward;—I think it would have been difficult to find many who, armed with constancy and resolute determination, would have cultivated an art that was despised, or brought no applause. The age of Pericles and of Alexander, those called the ages of Julius XI., Leo X., and Louis XIV., when the three most beautiful arts flourished, show the effect of encouragement upon the great artists, by whose works these names are immortalised.

In this inquiry and comparison, the attention is in an especial manner directed to the land of Greece, and those cities where the arts existed in so much vigour and splendour. Athens presents itself, the abode of urbanity and nobleness; and Ephesus, whose Parrhasius was the first to delineate beauty of countenance, and to give motion to hair. Then arises Cos, boasting its Apelles, whose naked figures might challenge even nature herself. Here I behold Heraclea, rendered illustrious by its Zeuxis; Corinth, famous for its Aridices, and Cleophantes. There stands Thebes, distinguished by its Aristides; and Macedonia,

celebrated for its Pamphilus, who was as eminent for his profound learning as for his paintings. And many more states and cities there are, all made glorious by the three arts! What delight does the imagination experience in traversing these countries, that have been the dwelling-place of Genius and Beauty! It wanders amid a people of bronze or marble statues, all created by talented and illustrious artists, in honour of conquerors, heroes, religion, virtue, their country, and liberty: here bronze and marble seem to have lost their hardness, and, endowed with feeling, appear to live, and almost to speak. Porticoes, gymnasiums, theatres, temples, invite the soul, and announce, even from a distance, the deity who guards them. It is occupied in the contemplation of mausoleums and tombs, where the ashes of the dead lie not useless, but convey lessons of the ardent love of country, and of the desire of immortality. Hence the ancients said, if the gods had quitted their lofty Olympus, this ought to have been their abode. These states and empires, all rich in such excellence, differed in their constitutions, were rivals for priority; but all were animated by that fire which liberty, the inspirer of noble enterprises, kindles; and when the Persian king threatened them with subjugation, they laid aside their mutual animosities, and exchanged hostile pride for union. "*Magnorum virorum imagines incitamenta animi*," said Seneca, and the effect of them is evident in the ardour felt by the people, when the glory of their nation was to be magnified and extended; their greatness and rights to be upheld. Like their universal desire of liberty, glory, and fame, is the unknown power which incites painters, sculptors, and architects to the production of miracles in their art. Having thus considered the condition of Greece with reference to the formation of its artists, let us return to Italy.

Was not our own Italy in the sixteenth century divided into various republics, disputing among themselves, and struggling for the love of liberty? Was she not roused and kindled at the sacred names of country and national glory? Were not the Italians animated to raise of themselves a not ignoble fame of

the munificence of their cities and princes, by facility of opportunities, by the hope of reward, and the certainty of applause and fame? At Firenze, the Medici, (of whom in both praise and blame too much has been said,) although not securely established and even secretly hated by the citizens, cherished the three Fine Arts, with a view to allure the Florentine people; and the Arts, as if in gratitude to their protectors, flourished in spite of the fury of civil contests, and of popular inconstancy. And in the Capitol, which in the time of pagan Rome was to them a splendid abode, the Fine Arts were, when Rome was converted to Christianity, protected by the Popes with the same public purpose—that of contenting the people of Italy, who are artists in their very nature. Afterwards, whenever the kings and petty princes, who held dominion in the various parts of Italy, were ambitious of perpetuating their names, they intrusted their object to the three arts, by which, not only was the fame widely diffused, of those who beneficently fostered them, but also of all those who devoted themselves to their culture.

Whenever rulers possessing an expanded mind succeed to a government, intellectual activity, and indeed all things, should be protected, and directed to noble political and social ends; then the spirits rise, minds are excited to exertion, hearts receive fresh courage; and the arts, science, and literature, if on the decline, spring with willing effort into new life, or if cultivated and duly appreciated, increase still more in beauty and excellence. Pericles was desirous that Athens should stand pre-eminent among the cities of the earth, and rebuilt the Temple of Minerva, erected a grand theatre for music, constructed magnificent vestibules, all which were works of such immensity, as seemingly to require very many years to accomplish them, but in five years all were completed; and in this manner he rescued the artists from obscurity, and by inciting them with favour, command, and reward, acquired both for them and himself immortal fame. Alexander ordered that Apelles alone should paint his likeness, Pirgotes sculpture, and Lysippus execute it in metal; and thus, by one command, he awoke activity and

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animation in the hearts of painters and sculptors, by raising the hope that they might one day attain similar distinction and glory.

Raffaello was also received and loved by Leo the Tenth, who committed to his care one of the most majestic temples of the universe, and loaded him with benefits; thus spurring on men disposed by nature to the arts, to embrace and pursue them with ardour, if they wished to reach so high a degree of reputation, and obtain esteem and admiration.

At this period all Greece and Italy were, by the care of their governments, in a state of high commercial prosperity, which gives to every nation new life, and renders them capable of the most arduous undertakings.

The love of emulation and renown are at the same time powerful incitements to talent, which acquires unusual vigour and inconceivable excellence. Then schools receive youth full of enthusiasm and spirit, who disdain to follow only in the beaten track, but are ambitious to excel even masters in the art, and to rival nature itself. Such were once the schools of Ægina, Corinth, and Sicyon; such subsequently those of Florence, with Michelangelo, Andrea del Sarto, Donatello; those of Rome, with Raffaele, and Giulio; the school of Lombardy, with Coreggio and Parmigian; and then the Bologna school, when its immortal restorers, Francia, Tibaldi, Primaticcio, Nicolino Abate, succeeded by the Carracci, Barbieri, Domenichino, Guido, Albano, Spadeo, Tiarini, Cignani, and an infinite number of others, added to the literary and scientific glory, that of being great and eminent in the Fine Arts.

The periodical assembling of their nation, to determine to whom belonged the honour of pre-eminence in the arts, must have inspired the Greeks with a noble emulation: it was a political institution of a sagacious people. What glory did not Œzion obtain at the Olympic games? The presiding judge, Posenidas, conferred on him his own daughter in marriage, as a testimony of signal honour. Corinth and Delphos had public contests in painting, at which Pandus established his superiority. In the Pythian games Timagoras was victor, and at Samos, for the painting of Ajax. These victories and triumphs,

which crowned with dignity those who pursued them, secured to the three arts lasting prosperity and dominion.

And have not the Italians also had the advantage of equal incitements? In almost all the principal cities, exhibitions, rewards, benefits are appointed for cultivators of the Fine Arts, and they find every where applause, distinction, honours. To what end were so many excellent academies established? For the communication of instruction, to inspire with emulation, and for the reward of merit, without which, latter they would almost cease to deserve the name of academies. It cannot, then, excite astonishment that Italy should be adorned with majestic edifices, and display, even in the smallest cities, statues and paintings that awake wonder in the mind of the beholder; it is not surprising that she should have contended with Greece, and that the artists of these two countries should, with equal ardour, have raised a temple of glory and immortality to the Fine Arts.

Although I am Italian, and rejoice in all that brings glory to Italy, I contemplate with pleasure the simultaneous artistic movement in all nations of the present day, in favour of the Fine Arts, which have ever been the delight, the enchantment of the best and most sensitive hearts. Throughout the world, by this intellectual movement, in all the forms of art, we observe a progression towards the accomplishment of that universal social fraternal fusion, which will constitute the highest possible degree of human perfectibility. But this impulse given to the Fine Arts, by exhibitions and rewards, should in every civilised nation have the noble end of universal perfection. In a future article we shall speak in this respect of *the true office of the Fine Arts*. In the mean time, let us bear in mind that "*La beauté dans les arts est l'expression des vertus d'une société*," and that by the arts the world has been brought from a state of rudeness to one of cultivation and civilisation; by them, cities become delightful and beautiful; they infuse courage into the soul of the warrior and hero, who trust by their means to live eternal; they spread every where the idea of excellence and beauty, order and virtue. And if after Greece, Italy has, by her discove-

ries, literature, and science, contributed to the civilisation of the world, it is one of her claims to universal gratitude, that she has, by her example in the Fine Arts, given an impulse to the emulation of all nations, and therefore promoted their fraternisation.

The hour is arrived, when the Beautiful is understood to be only the representative of Good; nor is this a privilege restricted to one or a few nations; but one which will diffuse itself over the face of the earth, like a ray of light proceeding from the omnipotent Creator at the august words—

"Let there be light."

But not to prolong our discussion upon generalities, we purpose taking as models the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the Fine Arts, that are found in the British empire, and thus, whilst giving, in a connected and continuous series of articles, our theoretical and æsthetical ideas upon the various schools of painting belonging to the different nations, we shall adduce some of the most beautiful examples in support of our opinions.

Commencing, therefore, with THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF GREAT BRITAIN, where, at immense expense, have been collected so many wonderful works, we arrest our steps first before the celebrated painting by Frate Sebastiano del Piombo, which represents

The Resurrection of Lazarus (No. 1*).

Immediately upon fixing our eyes upon this picture, we discover in the design the character of Michelangelo, and call to mind all the assistance he gave to Sebastiano, in order to surpass Raffaele and his school, whence issued so many famous painters, and amongst whom Giulio Romano shone with pre-eminent distinction.

It will not, we think, be displeasing to our readers if we dwell a little upon this splendid picture by Sebastiano, which, at the time it was painted, excited much discussion among his contemporaries, and has since been the subject of much dispute among ancient and modern critics. It is a painting which forms an epoch in the history of the art.

After that Sebastiano, called da Venezia, or del Piombo, had learnt the

* The numbers in parenthesis correspond to the numbers in the catalogue of the gallery.

principles of accurate and graceful painting from Giovanni Bellino, and subsequently acquired from Giorgione more freedom of style and colouring, he obtained, by his beautiful productions, considerable celebrity in Venice. His fame spread through all Italy, and reached the ears of Agostino Ghigi, at Rome. Agostino, then a very opulent banker, had much correspondence with Venice, and invited the renowned Sebastiano to Rome, where he painted various pieces in the same Sala Ghigi in which Baldassare da Siena had painted. After some time, he also executed, in *buon fresco*, a story of Polyphemus; in another part of the same Palazzo Ghigi, where was the picture of Galatea, by Raffaello.

These works seem to have given still greater importance to Sebastiano. This was an era when Michelangelo saw, in the school of the young Raffaello, a powerful rival of his own. Thus, two opposite opinions prevailed in Rome, especially among the friends of these two great artists, and also among painters in general.

Sebastiano was somewhat proud, and strove to gain equal admiration with Raffaello; Sanzio, however, declaring that Raffaello excelled him in force of colouring.

Sebastiano, consequently, was not of the party which admired Sanzio, but bestowed his praise exclusively on Michelangelo. The latter did not, perhaps, merit Pliny's eulogy of the famous Greek painter, Protogenes, that is, of being *erga æmulos benignus*. Michelangelo was jealous of Raffaello, and for this reason was more anxious to secure Sebastiano to his own party; he praised him, gained his affections, seized every occasion of being useful to him, thinking that if he could improve him in the art of design and invention, Sebastiano, who had in his first Lombardo-Venetian school acquired a brilliant style of colouring, would become a painter of such perfection, as to diminish, and, perhaps, surpass the celebrity of the young Raffaello.

Buonarotti really became the devoted friend of Sebastiano, and frequently made designs for his colouring; so successful was he, that Sebastiano's reputation increased daily. Michelangelo proclaimed the praises of his favourite; thus in a certain manner commending

the works which often he himself had invented or designed, and always directed. One of Sebastiano's works at that period, and by which he obtained considerable reputation, was the picture for Viterbo, representing the Saviour dead; but the design is said to be entirely by the hand of Michelangelo Buonarotti.

In the mean time, Cardinal Giulio de Medici, then bishop of Narbonne, wished to send some beautiful paintings to France, and at his command Raffaello executed the grand picture of the *Transfiguration*, which, however, remained at Rome, where it is the admiration of the artistic world. Sebastiano then painted with similar dimensions, the *Resurrection of Lazarus*. When this work was completed,—the invention, composition, design, and direction of which were almost wholly Michelangelo's, (he is said to have done with his own hand a great part of the figure of Lazarus)—the magnificent picture was exhibited to the public, as if with a view that it might be compared with the *Transfiguration*. Although the palm remained with Raffaello, at whose death this painting was displayed in the church beside his funeral bier, as eulogium and immortal triumph, the picture by Sebastiano, nevertheless, excited high admiration. Thus, whether on account of this beautiful picture particularly, or for the sake of others executed under the direction of Michelangelo (who afterwards praised them), Sebastiano subsequently to the death of Raffaello, was proclaimed by many the first painter in Rome, and in those days preferred to Giulio Romano. All critics will not perhaps concur in this opinion, because Giulio manifested more genius, greater power of invention, and more purity of style; but this is not the place for the discussion of this point. Our sole desire was to show how important in the history of the art is this celebrated picture—a picture in which the schools of Lombardy, Florence, and Venice have contributed to produce a combination of purity, grandeur, and boldness, whence has sprung truly wonderful beauty.

The invention is poetical, the composition skilful, the design correct, the anatomical study tremendous, the chiar-oscuro bold, the colouring strong, and the touch free.

This picture, which from Narbonne passed at the time "*de la regence*" into the hands of the Duke of Orleans, and was subsequently added to the Angerstein Gallery, must produce on the mind of the beholder an extraordinary impression, because, we repeat, it is a magnificent work; because it is so important as an historic monument of the Fine Arts; and, finally, because it is a proof that when artists are too highly flattered, they sometimes resign themselves to idleness. Thus it was with Sebastiano del Piombo, when he enjoyed a rich pension from the Pope, in consequence of the same he obtained principally by this picture of *The Resurrection of Lazarus*. He became idle; he commenced several works without ever completing them, either because his genius deserted him too soon, or because, indeed, he thought only of living in opulence, and found great delight in that vicious habit (of which the Italians are too often, sometimes almost without reason, accused), the pleasure of the "*dolce far niente*."

Such, however, was the case with Sebastiano, after the completion of his grand picture of *The Resurrection of Lazarus*. The chapel in the church of *Santa Maria del Popolo*, which the Ghigi family had for so many years given uselessly into the hands of Sebastiano, was painted and finished in 1554, by Salviati. This manifests that riches and ease are beneficial to some, and furnish them with the means of advance, as was the case with superior genius, such as Raffaele's; whilst, on the other hand, with some they produce pernicious effects; since, instead of employing them to promote the enlargement of their mind and to facilitate their progress, they rest in idle repose beneath the laurels already gathered. Sebastiano in depressed circumstance was active, always working and ambitious of excelling Raffaele; but when he found himself in the possession of riches, then working became difficult and laborious. Nevertheless, there are some admirable portraits which after this time he finished "*con amore*;" among them those reputed most famous are—A. Francesco degli Albizzi; Giulio Gonzaga; Pietro Aretino; Pope Adrian IV; Caterina de Medici; himself; and Cardinal Ippolito de Medici, his friend

and Mæcenæ. These two last (No. 20) are valuable ornaments to the National Gallery, as for a long time previously they were ranked among the gems of the Borghese Gallery.

In the foregoing portion of these remarks upon the pictures of the National Gallery, we have cited the example of Sebastiano del Piombo, for the reason that his picture (No. 1) has a character so completely historical and classic, and that he, having been an artist, and, after growing rich, ceasing to work, is not unconnected with the grand and frequently agitated question, whether wealth or poverty contributes with more favourable results to the development of genius and the arts.

We will conclude the present article with some brief considerations of our own and others upon this subject, leaving to social economists, whom the question more deeply interests, to discuss it with greater diffuseness of detail. We do not wish to terrify our readers with a long, wearisome, *ex cathedra* dissertation upon social economy; we will merely affirm, with many others, that poverty—free and disengaged from a multitude of cares—has frequently risen rapidly to celebrity, while wealth has often beheld its hopes completely smothered under the weight of its gold. Gioja remarks the multitudes of different opinions among great men upon this subject. For instance, Juvenal and Horace have expressed opposite sentiments in reference to the influence of poverty upon the development of talent. Juvenal* regards it as a force which discourages and depresses. Horace, on the contrary, believes it to be a useful stimulus to activity.†

Alfieri was of opinion that, in a man endowed with true genius, poverty is no obstacle, but rather a stimulus, and cites, in confirmation, the example of Dante. D'Alembert, also, asserts it can be

* "*Haud facile emergunt quorum virtutibus obstat Res angusta domi.*"

† "*Paupertas impulit audax, Ut versus facerem—sed, quod non desit, habentem, Quæ poterunt unquam satis expurgare cicuta, Ni melius dormire putem, quam scribere versus.*"

proved by experience that the class of poor students is that which most distinguishes itself in the universities. But we recollect an anecdote illustrative of this subject. A rich nobleman, who possessed an active intelligent mind, devoted himself to painting. He expected that, being rich and noble, he should in a very short period of study be able to acquire skill, and attain to eminence and glory in the art; just as if, for the sake, perhaps, of some pious *forefather*, Heaven would pour down wisdom upon the heads of descendants, in like manner as it often showers upon them, as soon as they quit their mother's breast, riches and heraldic diplomas of nobility. It happened that this wealthy *dilettante* showed one of his paintings to the Raffaele of France, Poussin. This great man looked at the picture, and after bestowing some praises, said, "My lord, all you need is a little *poverty*; then you would study a little more."

The observation was very judicious, and quite in conformity with the account which states that, on the same principle as the Romans placed the temple of Honour in close neighbourhood to that of Virtue (because Honour and Virtue should go hand in hand), the Gaditani consecrated one and the same altar to Poverty and the Arts, thus signifying that they were both worthy of religious reverence; the Arts, because they assisted poverty; and poverty, because it stimulated the arts; and, lastly, that they were worthy of simultaneous worship, since, when allied together, as they often are, they regard not Fortune, but only seek to propitiate Fame. Lysippus closed his life, stripped of all fortune, because he desired to be clad solely with glory. Myron died in such poverty that no one would acknowledge himself his heir. But the Greek nation and eternity inherited the fame of these celebrated artists, and transmitted their names with benedictions from age to succeeding age.

Tysicrates, pupil of Lysippus, though stupendously accomplished in the art was but a bad disciple of the virtue of his master. He was so greedy of gain, that he engaged himself to the barbarian Kings Xerxes and Darius. He had abundance of money, but brought upon himself the execration of his fel-

low-countrymen, and the vituperation of their posterity for ages after.

We are far, however, from intending to express a desire that artists should be badly compensated; but we cannot withhold our admiration, when we see artists, who meet with but very scanty reward, still struggling with redoubled efforts to rise to glory. The love of glory is a powerful stimulus, a very strong impulse in the arts. The Caracci, poor and in difficulty, without gain or reward, says Lanzi, founded the school which produced Guido, and Albano, and Domenichino, and Guercino, and many other celebrated masters of the Bolognese school. "*Le désir de la gloire produisit l'école de Bologne*, said, afterwards, M. de Stendhal, in his work entitled "*Promenade dans Rome*."

This love of glory and of country fired the greatest of the ancient artists, but was wholly separate from the idea of gain. Pausias, painter of the famous picture of the Hecatomb, adopted Siccyon as his country, made a gift to it of his works, and paid many debts of the state. Nicias, the Athenian, was a painter who neglected both food and rest, in his eager pursuit of glory. Ælian in his works, says, "*Nicias, the painter, was so absorbed by the love of painting, that he frequently forgot to eat, making himself pale by his devotion to the art.*"* For his famous picture of Avernus (suggested by Homer's description), Nicias refused *sixty talents*, declaring that, for such a painting, that price was small; but subsequently he presented it to the city, and said that he was sufficiently paid in that his country accepted the gift.

Michelangelo Buonarotti forgot the *gold* and *favours* of the Medici, when his country was struggling for liberty he fought for her, and became an exile; Callot contemned both the threats and the offers of the King of France, and refused to paint the taking of his native Nancy.

We could continue, without end, examples of the noblest contempt in artists of even immoderate gain, as well as of the lofty sentiment of disinterested love

* Nicias pictor tanto tenebatur pingendi studio, ut sæpe numero cibum capere oblivisceretur, arti impallescens.—Ælian, l. 3. c. 31.

for glory and for country. But to those who contend that it is good for artists to be absolutely poor, we wish to direct a few remarks. Poverty, although it certainly does operate as an incitement, may often chain a man down with absolute want, may deprive him of time, and consequently increase his dependence upon others, according to the sublime idea of Homer—“Who loses his liberty, loses half his soul.” Alfieri himself, although an eulogiser of poverty, says, speaking of himself, “*Il nascere agiato mi fece libero e puro, ne mi lasciò servire che al vero.*” But the task would be too long to discuss all the variety of opinions on this point: it seems to us that

Horace’s “*aurea mediocritas*” is by far the best state for an artist.

Such are some of the sentiments and reflections which, in respect of artistic merit, historical recollections, and philosophic discussions, were suggested by the contemplation of this admirable picture in the National Gallery—

“THE RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS.”

This picture brought the painter a fortune,—gave him a soft bed of roses, on which he reposed and cared not to augment his glory. Truly, La Fontaine was right, when he said,—

“AUCUN CHEMIN DE FLEURS NE CONDUIT A LA GLOIRE!”

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

ETRUSCAN ANTIQUITIES,

Being in continuation of critical notices upon recent additions, from “THE TIMES” journal.

Among the votes of Parliament relating to the British Museum in the present year, is one for 6570*l.*, part of which has been expended in the purchase of a collection of Etruscan monumental sculptures, found by Signor D’Anastasi in Tuscany, the ancient Etruria. They are at present placed in the grand central and in the Phigalian saloon, and are well worthy of attention, as they enable us more distinctly to trace, by being placed in conjunction with others within that edifice, step by step, the improvements in the art of sculpture, which, perhaps, having had its origin in China, appears gradually, in proceeding towards the west, to have been improving in its march, till it attained the zenith of its perfection in the classic climes of Greece and Italy. The origin of the people to whom these early works of humanity are ascribed, has been matter of question among both the ancients and moderns; it is doubtful whether they were Pelasgians from Greece, or Lydians from Asia, or a race indigenous to Italy. Herodotus says they came from Lydia, oppressed by an exuberance of

population, and were called Tyrennians, from Atys, their leader; Cicero, Strabo, and Plutarch assert the same; Count de Caylus gives them an Egyptian origin, and Dempster and Bochart suppose that the original nucleus was increased in numbers by emigrations of Pelasgic colonies from Thessaly and Arcadia; Maffai and Monboddo hold the same opinion; Humboldt thinks they were a connecting link between the Iberian and Celtic race, and later authors have attributed their origin entirely to the latter. The language which they spoke, it is certain, was different from that of any of the nations mentioned. It has been attempted to explain the inscriptions on these tombs by the aid of the Greek, the Latin, and the Hebrew, but it has failed; and lately by the Celtic; how far that has succeeded is doubtful. Niebuhr asserts that their language had no affinity with any known form of speech, and that this is true is proved by its continuing to be spoken for many centuries after their subjection by the Romans; and it may be gathered from Lucretius that books continued to be read

and written in it, and Aulus Gellius says it was familiar in the Augustan age. Their literature presents the singular phenomenon of an alphabet almost entirely deciphered, and a language unintelligible; we think that whatever attempts may be made to understand it will fail without the discovery of bilingual inscriptions, as are on the Rosetta stone; the attempts that have been made without such help to read the inscriptions of Persepolis and the arrow-headed language of the bricks of Babylon, have been entirely unsuccessful.

The Etruscans, in their most prosperous period, inhabited Etruria Proper, and the countries about the Po; the Rhætian and other Alpine tribes were of the same origin as those who occupied the territory of Venetia before the building of Petavium. Niebur, in his history of Rome, says, the name "Tuscan" and "Etruscan" was foreign to them, as also that of Tyrennian, and that they called themselves Rosillani. Till the introduction of Christianity they continued to instruct the Roman youth in the science of divination, and haruspices of Rome were of their race. The works of their hands still remain the astonishment of posterity; the walls of their cities were formed of Cyclopean masonry, and perhaps the largest stone ever hewn by human labour is the lintel of the Theatre of Fiesule.

The artists of antiquity availed themselves of every thing capable of modelling, carving, or casting, and accordingly several of the Etruscan monuments now placed in the Museum, are made of clay baked; sometimes different materials were intermixed in the composition for the drapery of ornaments, which was called Polychromic sculpture, and those composed of a variety of marbles Polithica. In the Neapolitan Museum are some statues of the same material as those found in the tombs, the size of life. Whence the Etruscans derived the origin of their sculpture; and that they had all sorts, Dempster, Gori, and the Academy of Cortona, have proved, Pliny also mentioning a statue at Bolsena of 50 feet in height, is difficult to determine; the greater part have but little allusion to Grecian story, and their style is entirely different. Strabo has a passage, in which he notices the resemblance between the
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works of the Egyptians and the Etruscans or Tyrrhenians; but that is no reason to suppose that there was any communication of first principles between the two people. Lanzi says a distinction must be made between the Etruscan style and the work of Etruscan artists: the style was peculiar, and in use till a late period; it was called "Tuscanicus" by the Latins, and all works in the manner of that school "Opera Tuscanica;" many of the subjects in the Etruscan sculpture seem to have been executed when there was no art in Greece, although the above author has endeavoured to prove that they were copied from Grecian models, and there is a celebrated gem in existence in the imperial collection at Vienna, which represents the seven chiefs who conducted the expedition against Thebes, a remarkable circumstance in Grecian story, a representation of which, equally early, is not found among the Greeks themselves. The signs of Etruscan art are, in some of the specimens, the forms undefined—the hair and drapery arranged with studied regularity and stiffness, and an attempt at effect in the execution. It may be remarked in the figures of these tombs, that there is an overcharged and forward action of parts: the fingers are uplifted, the legs and arms are placed in affected positions; there is nothing of that repose so visible in the Egyptian figures, nor the boldness of the Ægina marbles, but in all the class an absence of expression, grace, and character. It is singular, that when the art improved in Greece, they still kept the same defects; Winkleman is of opinion, that the hierarchy, who were governors as well as priests, were against improvement and innovation, and followed only the ancient models, as was the custom of the Egyptians, whose school remained the same from the days of Pharaoh to the Roman era. That the Etruscans had practice to improve them, is evident from the quantity of their works that have reached our times. Pliny says, that on its final reduction as a Roman province, 280 years before the Christian era, as many as 2000 statues were taken from Volsinium alone. There is one observation, however, to be made on the style of the Etruscan sculptures—that, however deficient they may be in beauty,

in their proportions they are just; they neither offend the eye by their extraordinary leanness, nor, as in the Chinese, by their excessive obesity; the same exactness is found in the proportions of the small as in the larger figures, which is not the case in those of Selenuntum or Egina, or always of Greece and Italy; that they possessed a decided taste for the arts it is only necessary to observe the differences that are made in the improvement of their designs, and the means they found in that early age of rendering the most stubborn materials subservient to their use.

Amour propre is born with man. In regarding the sculptures of the different nations of antiquity, the philosopher may amuse himself in contemplating its effects. The exclusive conceit of China conceives that the origin of sculpture is the finality of its perfection, and boasts that within the bounds of the celestial empire it has neither retrograded nor advanced in a period of 3000 years; the faithful disciple of Bramah regards with equal admiration the hideous proportions of his seven-armed statue, and thinks it cannot be surpassed; the Egyptian, confident in the excellence of his original conceptions, and in the immensity of their execution, copied no one, and sought not to improve—he thought his works would last to eternity; the subtle Greek flattered himself he could with impunity rob the Egyptian—he counted on his contempt, or his indolence, and he supposed his robbery of imitation would not be discovered, notwithstanding the coarseness of the veil he threw over it, and he destroyed his earlier works to conceal his ignorance, which accounts why so few of the earlier Grecian statues have been found, Pausanias only mentioning a few, superstitiously preserved as early gods. The Romans were equally ungrateful, but they dared not act the same with the Greeks, whose wit would have exposed the theft. The Etruscans, if they imitated the Egyptians, as was the opinion of M. Buonarrotti, made no attempt to conceal it, yet much of the style of their painting and sculpture is original; it is true it never reached perfection, nor can the date of any particular monument be given, because no history of the nation remains. The

tomb of Potsenna, as is said by Strabo, may have owed its origin to Egyptian commerce, but the variety displayed in all their earlier monuments is a proof of genius in the people which, had not conquest and the sacerdotal nature of their government prevented, might have been found in its ultimate development to have equalled that of any nation of antiquity.

The tombs whence these figures and monuments were brought were in general excavated in the rock, and in a line of road immediately leading to a city, as was the custom of all the ancients, and the outside, where it would admit being adorned, adorned with sculptured ornaments; they were of that kind called *Ταφός*, and not like the Celtic tumulus mound; in some of them it was the custom for the priests to practise the art of divination. The interior of the chambers were so formed, that the ceilings were made to represent beams of wood, and the walls of those belonging to families or individuals of distinction were entirely covered with paintings; these were divided into compartments, and the subjects represented were rarely of a sombre or funereal description; in many of them groups of figures are represented as dancing with female musicians playing on flutes. The dress of the men is commonly a cloak, thrown over the arms and shoulders, without sandals, or any other covering; the women have light tunics and mantles floating in the air, both of which are bordered; all the figures are crowned with myrtle; the men wear a necklace of blue beads, and in the back ground of the picture is generally seen a table covered with painted vases, which contain the wine destined for these votaries of Bacchus; in others there are representations of chariot races: a number of cars, with three horses to each, appear ready to start, and only wait because the steeds of all are not prepared. In some, wrestling matches are depicted, over which a figure on horseback presides armed with a lance. It is evident that the subjects on the walls of these tombs are a true representation of the funereal ceremonies of the Etruscans, and that they contemplated death but as a gate through which mortality must pass to obtain a perpetual enjoy-

[THE COURT

ment The chests when opened were frequently found to contain, beside the bones of the deceased, many favourite articles appertaining to their lives, such as female ornaments of gold, parts of the armour of a warrior, besides mirrors, cestuses, dice, table utensils, and pieces of money of ancient fabric, as also vases of glass and terra cotta, some beautifully painted, with many other articles possessed in life. The chest on the right hand from the entrance of the grand saloon of the Museum was found in a chamber excavated in the rock on the road from Tuscanella to Corneto, the ancient Tarquinia. The bas-relief in front represents the head of Medusa, having on each side a dolphin. A figure of a boy, probably the son of the deceased, stands beside; he is naked, excepting a sash around the loins; the cover is the recumbent effigy of an aged matron. On the cover of the adjoining one is sculptured the statue of a priest of Bacchus, which is shown by the *pre-fericulum* he holds in his hand, and the ivy chaplet round his temples, as also by the sacred utensils hanging from the wall on his side; the chest belonging to it presents in front a combat of three warriors, scarcely blocked out; within it were the remains of the body and some other articles. The next chest has a male figure on the top, and an inscription, probably bearing the name of the departed, engraved on the upper cornice of the principal side: the bas-relief on this represents two marine monsters opposite each other, and between a disc intended for a Gorgon: the marine figures are finished, but the other is only sketched out. This is strange, but probably can be accounted for, that it was the custom to prepare the receptacle during life, and, not being completed, it was thought sacrilegious to touch it after death; round the neck of this figure is a circular ornament, surrounded with a riband in spirals, which it is difficult more accurately to define; it has also a ring in the hand, which it was also the custom for women to hold. There is an inscription, which, according to the theory of Lanzi, may be translated, "*Vibius Sithicus or Sextus Velthurius, Medosæ natus Tanaquilis filiæ, vixit, annos, quinquaginta.*" The next cover represents a warrior, as may be judged from the bas-relief of a military car,

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guided by himself; behind is a genius with expanded wings, followed by three figures bearing palms in procession, and a fourth who has in his arms an instrument resembling the crooked Etruscan trumpet; there is a long inscription upon this coffin, the whole of which, according to the above antiquary, is unintelligible, excepting the name "*Arsio Velio,*" and the age, 61. The adjoining chest to this has a bas-relief of a bearded head, covered with the Phrygian bonnet, the point of which falls over the forehead; beside are two marine monsters mounted by boys, symbolical of the passage of the soul over the ocean to the Elysian fields. The statue on the cover is that of a young female, which has evidently been painted red, as also the ornaments of a golden colour, a practice which seems to have been general among the ancients; on the head is a diadem, and there can be no doubt but the countenance is a portrait of the deceased, who must have been handsome; the dress is in an unfinished state, as is the case with almost all the others. In the Phigalian saloon is a chest, by far the most magnificent of the whole collection; it is of larger dimensions than any of the others, and is sculptured on all the sides, which is unusual, and would seem to prove that it was intended for some superior personage. At the head is represented a combat of gladiators in honour of the deceased; the bas-reliefs on the other side of the monument display the barbarous sacrifice of human victims, men, women, and children, who are hacked to death before the altar, amidst the despair of their relatives and friends; the whole is masterly executed, the grouping of the figures is excellent; the attempt at flight of some, and the useless resistance of others, are boldly delineated, and but that the finish is not equal, we think that this sculpture is not surpassed by any of the splendid specimens of Grecian art around; this beautiful work has unfortunately been much injured, and only a few letters remain of an inscription which probably contained the name of the deceased. The next sarcophagus has no bas-relief of any kind, the cover is a figure of a priestess of Bacchus lying supinely on the chest; she is dressed in the pomp of her sacred calling, and ornaments of gold decorate her person. A

The British Museum.

fawn, sacred to the god, is lying beside her; in her right hand is a vase with handles, and a thyrsus in the left. The style of this figure varies from that of all the others.

The next chest is of *terra cotta*; the statue which forms the lid of it represents a young female dressed as the old matron before described, but it is to be remarked of the figure the singular position of the legs; the left is bent under the other, and is seen at the back of the statue; the whole is coarsely finished, except the face, which is more carefully formed. The adjoining one is also a sarcophagus of *terra cotta*, and has on it two figures of dolphins in relief; the cover is a young woman, whose head is encircled by a garland, reposing with the right hand under the neck, while the other is extended, on the little finger of which is a ring; the leg is in the same

awkward position as the one before mentioned.

The last we have to describe is a magnificent tomb, which bears in front two winged genii, sculptured; in the hand of one is a torch; the other bears military trappings, and in the centre are ornaments of leaves; at the sides are heads of animals, in various forms, and at the back are other genii and ornaments. The cover is of a cubical form, terminating at the cornice with tiles and artificial masks, surrounded with festoons; in the middle of the ridge of the roof are two serpents tied in a knot. At the extremities are sphynxes with expanded wings. The whole is sculptured in peperino stone, which is carefully covered over with a coating of lime stucco, and coloured in red, black, white, and green; on the front is an inscription, and the same is delineated in colours on the lid.

AUTUMN.

I cannot love the autumn time,
It weighs upon my heart;
I love the early season's prime,
When e'en, in this uncertain clime,
At bidding of the April shower,
The lovely blossoms rise;
When verdant tendrils wreath the bower,
And e'en my Emma's bright blue eyes
Are dimm'd beneath the brighter skies.

I cannot love the withering wood!
It weighs upon my heart;
When foul decay o'er all doth brood,
My tongue revolts to call it good:
The leaves that fall so sadly down
And strew the narrow path;
Their bright green changed to russet-brown,
What melancholy gloom it hath
To tell us of the winter's wrath!

I cannot love the glittering frost!
It weighs upon my heart;
'Neath which my ling'ring flowers are lost;
Nor the chill breeze in which they're tost;

The Deserted Home.

Nor like I in my garden's round
To mark the drooping stems,
Where late my eager fingers found
Blossoms like brilliant coloured gems
Decking each stalk like diadems.

Yet have I heard the young and gay
Prefer the dying year;
As if they thought of their decay,
And deem'd it wise perchance, its sway
To flatter, that in future days
When life is on the wane,
Time may repay their former praise,
And bind so lightly on its chain,
It scarce shall press enough to pain.

I shrink to mark the stealthy pace
Of dull death creeping on!
The shroud which wraps creation's face—
The gloom to which blue skies give place—
The rushing gust which sweeps along,
So suddenly and chill:
Precursor of the tempest strong,
Which soon will howl upon the hill,
And turn to ice the crystal rill.

Pass on then, Autumn, with thy signs
Of sharper ills to come.
When winter's here, my soul resigns
The summer joys, nor more repines;
'Tis but the portal there I hate,
Which opes upon the night:
But once stept through that gloomy gate,
I onward cast a prophet's sight,
And see afar the future light.

THE DESERTED HOME.

In summer time, and in the even tide,
I wander'd to that dear deserted home
Where rarely now doth foot of stranger come.
Its ruin'd portals still were open'd wide,
But Echo only to my voice replied;
And as I paced its melancholy hall,
The gentle breeze of night swept by, and sigh'd
Amid the clustering ivy's verdant pall.
The broken wind, hard at the dreamy call,
Gave mournful sounds, responsive to my woe;
And there were murmurings from the waterfall,
And whisperings from the cypress, sweet and low.

KING EDWARD THE THIRD AND THE COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

AN HISTORICAL TALE.

BY M. ALEXANDER DUMAS.

CHAP. I.—THE VOW OF THE HERON.

ON the 25th of September, 1338, at a quarter to five o'clock in the afternoon, the great hall of the palace at Westminster was illuminated by only four torches, stuck in iron sockets cramped to the masonry work at the angles of the wall, whose feeble and flickering glare failed to dispel the fast gathering obscurity caused by the increasing diminution of daylight at that period of the year. Scanty, however, as the light was, it sufficed to aid the servitors of the royal residence in their preparations for supper; and amidst the dreary gloom they busily occupied themselves in covering with the daintiest meats and most delicious wines of that period, a long table, raised in three different stages, that each order of guests might sit thereat in the place assigned to him, according to his birth or rank. When the preparations were finished, the seneschal, gravely entering by a side door, slowly made the tour of the served table, to assure himself that every thing was in its proper place. His inspection being ended, he addressed a varlet, who awaited his orders near the great entrance, saying, with the conscious dignity of his important functions,—"All is well, *cornez l'eau*."*

Thereupon the varlet raised to his lips a small ivory horn hanging to his belt, and winding three prolonged notes, the door was quickly thrown open to admit fifty other varlets who entered in single file, each bearing a torch; and separating into two bands, they extended themselves the entire length of the hall, arranging themselves against the wall. They were speedily followed by fifty pages, carrying basons and ewers of silver, who placed themselves along the same line, in front of the varlets. Next appeared two

heralds, holding up the emblazoned tapestry which curtained the lowermost portal, and, standing erect on each side of the entrance, they cried with a loud voice, "Place for my Lord the King, and my Lady the Queen of England!"

At the same instant King Edward the Third appeared, hand in hand with his wife, Philippa of Hainault,* followed by a train of the most renowned knights and ladies of the English Court which at this epoch was one of the most distinguished throughout the world for nobility, valour, and beauty. On the threshold of the hall the King and Queen separated, passing on either side of the table, until they gained the highest extremity. In this movement they were followed by all their guests, who, having taken the places severally allotted to them, each turned round towards the page attached to his service, who poured water from the ewer into a bason, and held it for the knights and ladies to wash therein. This preparatory ceremony over, the guests seated themselves on the benches surrounding the table. The pages proceeded to replace the silver lavatories upon the magnificent cupboards whence they had taken them, and having done so, returned to await, erect and motionless, their masters' commands.

Edward was so entirely absorbed in thought that the first service was carried away ere he perceived, by a vacant place next him on his left, that a guest was absent from his royal festival. After an interval, however, of silence—a silence none dared interrupt—his glance, whether wandering at hazard or seeking some object whereon to fix itself, ran over the long file of knights and dames—radiant with gold and jewels, as the flashing glare of fifty torches cast their fiery rays upon them—stopped for an instant, with an indefinable expression of amorous desire upon the form of the

* In those days *cornez l'eau* was to give the signal for dinner, it being the custom for guests to wash hands before placing themselves at table.

* The subject of our portrait for November 1.

King Edward the Third.

lovely Alice de Grafton, who was seated between her father, the Earl of Derby, and his knight, Peter de Montague, upon whom, in recompense for his good and loyal services, the King had lately bestowed the earldom of Salisbury, and at length ended by fixing itself with surprise upon that seat so nigh his own, that all present, had they dared, would have eagerly disputed the honour of filling, but which nevertheless still remained empty.

The sight of this, doubtless, diverted the current of thought to which Edward's mind had hitherto yielded, for he cast an interrogating look over the whole assembly. None present ventured, however, to reply. Perceiving, therefore, that a direct question was necessary to obtain a precise explanation, he turned towards a youthful and noble-looking Knight, native of Hainault, who was busily carving before the Queen.

"Messire Walter de Manny," said he to him, "know you, perchance, what weighty matter robs us to-day of the presence of our guest and cousin, the Count Robert d'Artois? Can it be that he has regained the favour of our uncle, King Philip of France, and could it hap that in his haste to quit our island, he has forgotten to pay us his visit of adieu?"

"I presume, sire," replied Walter de Manny, "Monseigneur the Count Robert could not so readily have forgotten that King Edward has had the generosity to give him an asylum, which, through dread of King Philip, the Earls of Auvergne and Flanders had refused him."

"Nevertheless, I have not done what I ought, Walter. Count Robert is of royal lineage, since he descends from King Louis VIII.; though that is the least in my regard why I should receive and protect him. The merit of hospitality, moreover, is less great on my part than it had been on that of the Princes whom you have just named. England is, by the grace of heaven, an island more difficult to conquer than are the mountains of Auvergne and the marshes of Flanders, and may brave with impunity the wrath of our suzerain, King Philip. But no matter; I would not the less know what hath become of our guest. Have you learned tidings of him, Salisbury?"

"Pardon, sire," replied the Earl, "but you question me on a matter con-
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cerning which I cannot make fitting answer. This somewhat since have my eyes been so dazzled with the splendour of one sole countenance, my ears so attentive to the melody of one voice alone, that had Count Robert, grandson of a King though he be, passed before my view, and himself told me whither he was going, I probably neither should have seen nor heard him. But tarry an instant, sire; for here is a certain young bachelor stooping over my shoulder, who, perchance, has something to tell me on this subject."

As he spoke, William de Montague, nephew to Salisbury, behind whom he was standing, leaned forward and whispered a few words in the Earl's ear.

"Well?" said the King.

"I was not deceived," continued Salisbury; "William has met with him this morning."

"Where?" asked the King, addressing himself direct to the young bachelor.

"Upon the banks of the Thames, sire; he went towards Greenwich, and, doubtless, rode a-hunting, for he carried on his glove the prettiest muscadine falcon ever unhooded for a lark-flight."

"At what hour?" inquired the King.

"Towards three of the clock, sire."

"And what were you doing thus early along the Thames' banks?" asked the lovely Alice, with her gentle voice.

"Musing," replied the youth, sighing deeply.

"Ay, ay," laughingly retorted Salisbury; "our William, it seems, is not happy in his loves, for this somewhat since have I noted in him all the symptoms of a hopeless passion."

"Good uncle!" exclaimed William, reddening.

"Truly!" cried Alice, with naïve curiosity; "if 'tis so, I would fain become your confidante."

"Pity, rather than jeer me, lady," murmured William, in a voice just audible, at the same time retreating backwards a step or two, and carrying his hand to his eyes, to conceal the large tears which trembled on their lids.

"Poor boy!" said Alice; "but, of a verity, this seems serious matter to him."

"Matter most serious," replied the Earl of Salisbury, with apparent gravity; "yet our William is a discreet bachelor, and I forewarn you that you

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will not know his secret until you shall have become his aunt."

Alice, in her turn, blushed crimson.

"Then all is explained," remarked the King; "the chase has carried him as far as Gravesend, and we shall not see him before to-morrow's breakfast hour."

"I think your Highness errs," said Count John of Hainault; "for I hear, in the ante-chamber, what seems the noise of voices, which, perchance, may announce his return."

"He will be right heartily welcomed by us," replied the King.

At the same instant the huge double doors of the banquet hall were flung open, and Count Robert, magnificently attired, entered, followed by two minstrels, playing on viols, behind whom walked two young and noble damsels, carrying, upon a silver dish, a roasted heron, which, in order the more easily to be recognised, had been served up with its long beak and claws; lastly, in rear of the damsels, came a *jongleur*, tumbling and grimacing, who, at the same time, accompanied the minstrels, by beating a species of tambourine.

Robert d'Artois began slowly to make the round of the table, followed by this singular train, and stopping before the King, who gazed at him with astonishment, he made a sign to the two damsels to set down the heron before him.

Edward bounded, rather than rose from his seat, and turning towards Robert d'Artois, contemplated him with eyes flashing rage; but finding that his look could not daunt that of the Count:

"What means our guest by this?" exclaimed he, in a voice trembling with passion? Is it thus they repay hospitality in France?—and is a miserable heron, whose flesh my dogs and falcons scorn to taste, royal game fitting to be served before us?"

"Listen, sire," said the Count Robert, in a voice as calm as it was firm. "It came into my head, when my falcon struck down yon quarry this morning, that the heron was the most cowardly of birds, since it fears its own shadow; so that, on beholding it move near him in the sunshine, he shrieks and plains as though he ran in mortal danger. Then, thought I that 'twere meet the most cowardly of birds should be served before the most cowardly of Kings!—"

Edward's hand grasped his dagger.

"The most cowardly of kings!" continued Robert, without appearing to remark that gesture. "Who is it but Edward of England, heir, in right of his mother Isabella, to the kingdom of France, and who, notwithstanding, lacks courage to retake it from Philip of Valois, who has filched it from him?"

An appalling silence succeeded to these words. Each guest had risen from his seat, knowing the violence of the King, and all eyes were fixed upon those two great men, one of whom had addressed the other in words of such deadly import. The anticipations of all present, however, were deceived. The countenance of Edward resumed by degrees the semblance of tranquillity. Twice or thrice he tossed his head, as though to banish from his cheeks the flush which had mantled upon them. Then, slowly placing his hand upon Robert's shoulder,—

"You are right, Count," said he, in an under-tone; "I had forgotten that I was grandson of Charles IV. of France. You have made me remember it—thanks; and albeit, the motive which urges you may be rather your hatred for Philip, who has banished you, than your gratitude for us, who have sheltered you in our kingdom, I am not the less obliged to you for the remembrance; for now that, thanks to you, it minds me that I was the veritable King of France, rest assured I shall not forget it; and, as a proof, hear the vow I am about to make. Be seated, my noble lords, and lose not a word of it, I entreat of you."

All obeyed. Edward and Robert alone remained standing. Then the King, extending his right hand over the table,—

"I swear," said he, "by this heron, flesh of the coward and the dastard, and which has been served before me in token that he is the most dastard and cowardly of birds,—that ere six months I will cross the sea with an army, and that I will set foot upon the soil of France, whether it hap that I enter by Hainault, Guienne, or Normandy. I swear that I will give battle to King Philip wheresoever I may encounter him, even though the men who are in attendance upon me, or my army, number only one against ten. Lastly, I swear, that ere six years from this very day, I will be encamped in sight of the steeple of the noble church of St. Denis, wherein lie

buried the bones of my ancestor; and this I swear, despite the oath of vassalage taken by me before King Philip at Amiens, and who ensnared me into this, child as I then was. Ah! Count Robert, you long for battles and *melées*. I herewith promise you that never did Achilles, Paris, Hector, nor Alexander of Macedon, who conquered many kingdoms, commit upon the march ravages like unto those which I will in France, unless, however, it please Heaven, our Lord and Saviour, and the blessed Virgin Mary to make me die under the pain and before the accomplishment of my vow. I have said my say. Now, take away the heron, Count, and come you and sit beside me."

"Not yet, sire; not yet," replied Robert. "The heron must make circuit of the table. There may be here, full likely, some noble knight who will hold himself in honour bound to join his vow to that of the King."

So saying, he ordered the young damsels again to take up the silver dish, and he resumed his progress round the hall, followed by them, as well as the minstrels who played on the viol, whilst the damsels sang the couplets of Guilbert de Berneville; and thus, playing and singing, they reached the place where the Earl of Salisbury sat, who was placed, as we have said, beside the beautiful Alice de Grafton. Here paused Robert of Artois, making a sign to the young damsels to set down the heron before the Knight. They obeyed.

"Noble Knight," said Robert, "you have heard what King Edward has spoken. In the name of OUR LORD, the King of the world, I adjure you to vow upon our heron."

"You have done well," said Salisbury, "to adjure me by the holy name of the Saviour; for had you done it in the Virgin's name, I should have refused you, knowing now no longer whether she be in heaven or upon earth, so greatly is the lady who holds me in serfdom noble, wise, and beautiful. Never hath she yet told me she loves me, nor yet hath she accorded me aught, for never yet have I dared require proof of her love. But to-day I supplicate her to grant me a boon—'tis to place her finger over one of my eyes."

"On my life," said Alice, tenderly, "a lady who is so respectfully entreated by her Knight, knows not how to give

answer in refusal. You have asked one of my fingers, Earl,—I would be prodigal towards you,—there is my whole hand."

Salisbury seized it, and kissed it several times with transport; then he placed it upon his face, in such manner that it wholly covered the right eye. Alice smiled,—comprehending nothing of this action, which Salisbury having perceived,

"Think you this eye well closed?" he asked.

"Certainly," she replied.

"Well!" continued Salisbury, "I swear never again to see daylight with that eye, save upon the soil of France; I swear that till that same hour neither wind, nor grief nor wound shall force me to open it, and that until that moment I will combat with closed eye in lists, tourney, or battle. My vow is made, come what, come may. In turn, ladye, will you not make one?"

"So be it, my Lord," replied Alice, blushing deeply. "I swear that the day on which you return to London, after having touched the soil of France, I will give you my heart and my person, with the same frankness wherewith I have this day given you my hand; and in gage of that which I promise at this present hour, here is my scarf, to aid you in the accomplishment of your vow."

Salisbury bent his knee to the ground, and Alice bound her waist-scarf round his brow, amidst the applausive shouts of the whole table. Then Robert caused the heron to be removed from before the Earl, and continued his march in the same order as before, followed by his minstrels, the young damsels, and the *jongleur*. The train now stopped behind John of Hainault."

"Noble Sire of Beaumont, said Robert d'Artois, "as uncle of the King of England and as one of the bravest Knights of Christendom, will you not also make a vow upon my heron, to achieve some great enterprise against the kingdom of France?"

"So be it, brother," replied John of Hainault, "for, like you, I am a banished man, and that for having lent succour to Queen Isabella, when she re-conquered her kingdom of England. I swear, then, that if the King will accept me for his Marshal, and pass through my Earldom of Hainault, I will conduct his army into the territories of France, the which I would do for none other man living. But if

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ever the King of France, my sole and veritable suzerain, recall me and take off my ban, I beg my nephew Edward to free me from my gage, which I shall then forthwith demand of him."

"'Tis but justice," said Edward, making a sign with his head, "for I know that, by land and heart, you are more French than English. Swear, then, in all calmness; for, by my crown, the case so falling out, I will release you from your vow. Count Robert, pass the heron to Walter de Manny."

"Not so, sire, not so, if it so please you," said the young Knight; "for you know that one may not enter upon two vows at once, and I have already made one:—'tis that of avenging my father, who, you remember well, was assassinated in Guienne, and I have to seek out his murderer and his grave, in order to slay the former upon the latter. But rest assured, sire, the King of France will lose nothing thereby."

"We believe you, messire, and are as well content with a promise from you as an oath from another."

Meanwhile Robert d'Artois had approached the Queen, and causing the heron to be placed before her, he bent his knee to the ground and awaited in silence. The Queen turned round laughingly:—

"What would you of us, Count?" said she; "what come you to ask of me? You know that a woman may not vow, since she is under restraint of a master. Shame be then to her who, in like circumstance, forgets her duty, so far as not to wait for permission of her lord!"

"Boldly make your vow, my lady," exclaimed Edward, "and I swear to you that on my part there shall always be aid, and never hindrance for its accomplishment."

"So be it!" said the Queen; "I have never yet told you I believed myself *enceinte*, fearing lest I deceived myself. But know, my dear and royal lord, that, but an instant ago, I was certain of the future destiny that awaited our royal house. Now, then, listen to me; for, since you have given me authority to swear, I swear by our Lord, born of the Virgin, and who died upon the cross, that I will be delivered nowhere save on the soil of France; and if you have not the courage to conduct me thither when my time draweth nigh, I swear further to stab

myself with this knife, to the end that I may keep my oath at the expense of my infant's life, and the salvation of my soul. Ponder, sire, whether you are rich enough of lineage to lose, at once, your wife and first-born offspring."

"None shall vow more," exclaimed Edward, in a hasty and agitated voice. Enough of oaths like these, and may Heaven pardon us them."

"No matter," said Robert d'Artois, rising up; "I hope that there are, thanks to my heron, more pledged words than may be required at this hour, to make King Philip eternally repent for having driven me out of France."

At this moment the door of the hall opened, and a herald, approaching Edward, announced to him that a messenger had just arrived, on the part of Jacob Von Artaveld of Flanders.

CHAP. II.

EDWARD reflected 'an instant ere he gave answer; then, turning towards the Knights who had just made their vows, he said, laughingly—

"Gentlemen, from the presence of this new ally, it seems that I have sown timely and in goodly ground, for my project flowereth true to its term, and I can now predict the side on which we are to enter France. Sire de Beaumont, you shall be our marshal."

"Dear Lord," replied John of Hainault, "peradventure 'twere better to remit the care of deciding a question of lineage to the nobility alone; all these villeins are but too much interested in fomenting wars amongst puissant men. When royalty and nobility battle against each other, the people share the spoil and wolves the carcasses of the high champions. Have not these accursed Flemings, profiting by our strife with the empire, taken the opportunity of withdrawing themselves beyond our control? and now they demean themselves, as though the Earldom of Flanders were a machine, as easily and with as much accuracy directed as a manufactory for the brewing of hops, or making of Holland cloth."

"Fair uncle," replied the good-humoured Edward, "you are too much interested in the question, in your quality of neighbour, for us to rely wholly on you for the opinion in which we ought to hold the good people of Ypres,

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Bruges, and Ghent; seeing, moreover, that though they have profited by your broils with the empire, to withdraw themselves from your domination, have not you the neighbouring lords, during the interregnum, escaped from the imperial sway, and rebuilt the castles they burned for you?—the which, if I err not, well nigh places you, in relation to Louis V., of Bavaria, and Frederick III., in the same predicament in which the commons of Flanders stand towards Louis de Cressy. Credit me, Beaumont, ill befitting 'twere for us to take part with a man who has permitted himself to be led astray by the phantasies of some dodden-pated abbot of Vezelay, whose whole soul is engrossed in enriching himself at the expense of the people, while he possesses not one grain of sense for the administration of public affairs. Remember you that *Morality** played before us with great applause, some ten years back, by the barber-guild of Chester? No, for if I recollect me rightly, you had then returned to Flanders with your followers after that violent affray fell out on the feast of Trinity, 1327, between your Hainaulters and the burgher English of our good city of York. Marry, but that same *Morality*, though I was then only in my fifteenth year, served me as a goodly lesson. Would you that I relate it to you?"

At these words, all eyes were turned with earnest curiosity towards Edward.

"Well! the disport represented—a man and woman of poor estate just despoiled by the King's officers, because they could not pay some tax; their chattels were all gone, save an old coffer on which they sat, weeping and wailing, because they were so reduced to beggary. The King's officers, having remembered that they had still left behind them, in this wretched hovel, even this old coffer, hid them quickly back again, and the afflicted cottagers were seen supplicating that this trunk might be spared them, wherein, when they had any, they might put bread and victual. The officers, who would hear nothing, despite their tears and prayers, compelled them to arise. Scarcely, however, had they grasped the coffer ere the lid opened, and thereout came three

devils, who carried away the King's officers. That same *Morality* has dwelt in my memory, fair uncle, and now give I ever wrong to those who, after having stripped poor vassals of their all, would still carry off the coffer whereon they weep. Say to the envoy of our friend, Von Artaveld," continued the King, turning to address the herald awaiting his reply, "that we will receive him at noon to-morrow. As for you, uncle de Hainault, and you, my cousin Robert d'Artois, hold yourselves in readiness, half an hour hence, to accompany us. We have a short excursion of some fourteen miles to make to-night. Come, Walter," added the King, rising, "we have a word to say to thee."

So saying, Edward took Walter de Manny's arm and went forth, calm and smiling from that hall, under which roof had just been enacted one of those scenes which, in the space of a few brief moments, decided the fate of a kingdom and the lives of thousands.

The King, followed by only two torch-bearers, then entered a corridor leading to his private apartments.

"My dear Knight," said Edward, slackening his pace as soon as they had gained a turn of the passage, that the torch-bearers might not overhear his words, "we have it in our mind to render you an ill service."

"What may it be sire," asked Walter, perceiving, at once, by the King's tone of voice, that a jest, and not a menace, was intended.

"We have a mind—*diable!*—we shall repent us of it, perchance; but no matter—we would make you King of England."

"Me?" exclaimed de Manny.

"Appease yourself," continued Edward, leaning familiarly on his favourite's arm; "it shall only be for an hour."

"Ah! you embolden me, sire," said Manny. "And now, so please you, explain yourself, or rather command; for you know my devotion to you is that of soul and body."

"Yes, yes; wherefore 'tis we address ourselves to thee, and none other. Listen!—much it doubts me what this Artaveld of Flanders means towards us; and as I hold him in my grasp, I should be nothing loth to strike the better bargain possible. But to that end, and for

* The theatrical representations of this period were so called.

the better dispatch, is it the more urgent that I myself do this mine own business. Our first intention was to have sent thee to him, and to have given his envoy audience. But we have changed our plan—'tis thou who shalt receive the ambassador, and we ourselves will go to Flanders."

"How, my liege?—would you expose yourself to peril by crossing the sea, alone, and unattended?—confide your royal person to those rebel burghers who have expatriated their Lords?"

"What have I to fear? They know me not; I will provide myself with full credentials ere departure, and thanks to my title of ambassador, my person will then be more sacred and inviolable than with my title of King. 'Tis said, moreover, this Artaveld is crafty: I would watch him close and narrowly, and know what value I can set upon his word. So, 'tis a settled matter, Walter," added the King, as he placed his hand upon the key of the door; "to-morrow, at noon, prepare to play thy part."

"Have you then no further need of me to-night, dear sire? shall I enter with you, or retire?"

"Retire, Walter," replied the King, allowing his voice to fall into a low and melancholy accent; "there bides a man in this chamber, to whom I must needs speak without witness, for none other than I may hear that which he hath to tell me; and were I to make my best loved friend a third in such an interview, we dare not answer for his life. Leave me, Walter, leave me—and beseech of Heaven's mercy never to send thee like night to that which I am about to pass."

"And meanwhile your court"—

"Jests and feasts,—'tis its occupation. It sees our brow wrinkle, our locks grow bleached apace, and wondereth that Kings become old so quickly. What wouldst thou? Its laughter rings too loudly to hear them who sigh in silence!"

"Sire, some danger lieth hidden at bottom of this mystery. I will not quit your side."

"None, I swear it."

"Nevertheless, I overheard you tell the Sire de Beaumont and my Lord Robert d'Artois to hold themselves ready to accompany you."

"We go to visit my mother."

"But," continued Walter, in turn lowering his voice as he approached the King's person, "if it be a visit like unto that we paid her in the castle of Nottingham, when we penetrated by a subterranean way into her very bedchamber, and there arrested Roger Mortimer, her favourite?"

"No, no," said Edward, with a slight gesture of impatience, excited by the remembrance of his mother's transgression. "No, Walter, the Queen hath abandoned her errors, and repents of her sins; errors and sins that I have made her expiate too rudely, perhaps, for a son; since, from that period, and it is now ten long years ago, I have kept her prisoner in the tower of Reading Castle. As for a new lover, I think there be not need to fear it: the punishment of Mortimer, whom I caused to be drawn upon a hurdle through the streets of London, and whose traitorous heart I had torn quivering from his living body, hath, of a surety, proved that the title of favourite is purchased dearly, and is, at times, a post full dangerous to fulfil. This night's visit, then, is, pur ly and simply, that of a submissive and respectful, and I will almost say, repentant son; for there are moments during which I doubt me much that all the deeds that have been alleged against this woman, who is my mother, may be proved to those even who appear least doubtful of them. So then, sleep tranquilly, my good Walter;—dream of tourney, battle, and *bel amour*, as is fitting for a brave and well-favoured Knight, and leave me to brood over treason, adultery, and murder;—such are the dreams of a King."

* Walter felt that he could not discreetly insist longer; he, consequently, took his leave of Edward, who ordered his two torch-bearers to light him to his quarters.

Edward gazed upon the young Knight as he withdrew and left him standing in the gloom; then, when the lights had wholly disappeared from his eyesight, the latter, sighing heavily, drew his hand across his brow to remove the moisture which bedewed it, opened the door and entered.

In the apartment, two of the royal guards kept watch over a prisoner. Edward walked direct to the latter, con-

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templated with a feeling of horror his pallid countenance, appearing paler still by the ray of a single lamp which, placed upon a table, lighted the vaulted chamber: then, addressing him in a low and almost trembling voice—

“Art thou the Knight de Mautravers?” asked he.

“Aye, verily, sire,” replied the Knight, “doth not my liege recognise me?”

“Even so—I remind me to have seen you some twice or thrice enter the apartments of my royal mother during our journey through France.” Then, addressing himself to the men-at-arms:—“Leave me alone with this man.”

The two guards withdrew.

When the soldiers had closed the door, Edward again fixed for a few instants a look full of mingled curiosity and horror upon the Knight; then, allowing himself to sink rather than seat himself upon a fauteuil—

“Then, ’twas you,” he murmured, in a hollow voice, “who assassinated my father?”

“You have promised me safety of life and limb,” rejoined the Knight, “if I returned to England; I have put trust in your royal word, and quitted Germany, where I had nought to fear; now, behold me within your palace disarmed, in your hands, and having only for defence, against the most potent King of Christendom, the oath which he hath sworn to me.”

“Rest assured,” said Edward, “all odious and horrible in my sight though you be, it shall not be said that you will have trusted vainly to my word, and you shall depart from this palace as free as though you were not stained with the blood of a King, and that King were not my father; but that on one condition—you know it.”

“I am ready to fulfil it.”

“You will hide naught from me?”

“Nought.”

“You will render me all the proofs you have, whosoever may be the persons they may compromise?”

“I will render them to you.”

“’Tis well,” said the King, stifling a sigh; then, after a moment’s pause, leaning his elbows upon the table which stood before him, and letting his head

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fall between both hands:—“You may begin,” said he, “I listen.”

“Your Highness doubtless knows already a portion of the matter I am about to reveal.”

“You are mistaken,” replied Edward, without changing his attitude; “a King knows nothing, for he is surrounded by those interested to conceal the truth from him; hence have I chosen a man who has every thing to hope for by telling to me.”

“And I can so much the better tell it you, seeing that well-nigh twenty-seven years have passed since I entered the service of the Queen, your royal mother. At first I was placed as page in attendance upon her, and afterwards became her secretary; and I served her ever faithful in both stations.”

“Yes,” muttered Edward, in a tone so hollow as scarcely to be articulate; “yes, I know that you have faithfully—aye, too faithfully served her, as page, as secretary, and still more as executioner.”

“From what period must I begin, sire?”

“From the day on which you entered her house.”

“’Twas in 1312, one year before your birth, and four after leavetaking of her sire, the King of France, who accompanied her as far as Boulogne, commending her to the royal hands of your father. England received her as a guardian angel, and every heart throughout the island cherished a hope that, young and beauteous as she was, her influence would speedily destroy, or, at least, counterbalance that of the minister Gaveston, who was—pardon me, sire, the mention of matters like to these—more than the King’s favourite!”

“Yes, yes, I know it,” said Edward, hastily;—pass over that.”

“All were deceived; Gaveston’s ascendant prevailed even above the Queen’s. Then sank the last hope of noble, gentle, and yeoman; and the barons, seeing that they could obtain nought from the King your father, save by force, took up arms against him, nor laid them down again until he had delivered up to them Gaveston who passed from their hands into those of the executioner. ’Twas some time after that execution that you were born,

sire. 'Twas thought that, through favour of the son which she had given him, the Queen would have regained some influence over her husband. This hope, like the former, vanished in its turn. Hugh Spenser had already succeeded Gaveston in your father's amity. You must have beheld that young man, sire, and well know how inordinate was his arrogance. Ere long he kept no measure with the Queen, despoiling the Earldom of Cornouailles, which had been given her as an appanage for her personal expenditure; and your mother, moved to desperation, bade me write to King Charles the Fair, her brother, that she was nothing more than a hired servant in her husband's palace. About this time great dissensions arose between France and England touching Guienne. The Queen offered to her husband to cross the sea, and be the mediatrix between him and the King her brother, to which they readily consented. The Queen found your uncle already apprised by the letter which she had sent to him; she related to him all things of which he was yet ignorant; thereupon he no longer restrained himself within any kind of limit, and, seeking a pretext for war, summoned King Edward II. to come and pay him homage in person, as his lord suzerain. Spenser saw at once that he was utterly lost;—lost, if he accompanied Edward and fell into the hands of the French King—lost if he remained in England during the King's journey, which would deliver him up defenceless to the Barons. He thereupon proposed an expedient to the King, devised for his salvation, and which, however, proved the cause of his downfall: it was that of ceding to you, my Lord, the sovereignty of Guienne, and to send you to take the oath in the place of the King, your father."

"Ah!" interrupted Edward, "therefore was it that he committed such fault, the good policy of which I never yet comprehended. Go on, for I see that thou speakest truly."

"I have need of this encouragement, my Lord; for I have arrived at a period—" Mautravers faltered.

"Aye, I know what thou wouldst say:—thou wouldst speak of Roger de Mortimer. I found him in attendance on my mother on my arrival at Paris,

and, boy that I was, I perceived the intimacy existing between him and the Queen. Now, tell me, for 'tis you alone who can, did that intimacy take birth at Paris, or dated is it from England?"

"From England, and 'twas the veritable cause of Roger's exile."

"'Tis well," said the King; "I listen."

"You were not alone in the perception of this intimacy, my Lord, for the Bishop of Exeter, who had conducted you to the Queen, advertised, on his return to London, King Edward of what was passing: the King instantly wrote, commanding the Queen's return, and addressed you a letter direct, inviting you to quit your mother and return to England."

"I never received such letter," interrupted Edward, "and this is the first mention of it which has reached my ears; from my father alone could I have learned that circumstance, and the Queen never permitted me to visit him in his prison."

"That letter was abstracted by Mortimer."

"The wretch!" muttered Edward.

"The Queen replied by a manifesto, in which she affirmed that she would not return to England until Hugh Spenser should be banished from the councils and presence of the King."

"Who digested that manifesto?"

"I know not; it was dictated to me by Mortimer, but in the presence of the Queen and the Earl of Kent. It produced at London the effect which might have been expected: the discontented barons rallied round the Queen and you."

"Me! me!—well knew they that I was but a poor child, ignorant of what was passing, whose name served but for a tool; and may Almighty wrath light on me instantly if ever I conspired against my father!"

"In the meanwhile, and as King Charles the Fair prepared the aid of men and money which he had promised to his sister, there arrived at his court Thibault de Chatillon, Bishop of Saintes. He was the bearer of letters from John XXII., who then occupied the papal chair of Avignon. They had been written doubtless at the instigation of Hugh

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Spenser, for they enjoined King Charles, under pain of excommunication, to send back his sister and nephew to England. Henceforward your uncle not only refused to support your party against the church, but further, he bound himself formally to the Bishop of Saintes to place the Queen and your Highness in the hands of your father's favourite. But of this the Queen had timely warning."

"By Count Robert d'Artois! was it not so? Aye, I know it. When, banished in his turn, he came to ask my hospitality, that was the service rendered us, and held by him in highest value."

"He told you truly, sire. The Queen terrified, knew not of whom to ask the succour which her brother refused her; then it was Count Robert d'Artois, who counselled her to flee towards the empire, told her that she would find there great numbers of brave and loyal Lords, and among others Count William of Hainault, and the Sire de Beaumont, his brother. The Queen hearkened to this advice, set forth that same night, and directed her steps towards Hainault."

"Yes, I remember our arrival at the castle of the Lord Eustache d'Ambreticourt, and how nobly we were received by him: the which, occasion presenting itself, I will render him back. 'Twas in his house that I saw, on the same evening, and for the first time, my uncle John of Hainault, who came to offer his services to the Queen, and conducted us to the court of his brother William, whereat I met his daughter PHILIPPA, who some while after was destined to become my wife. Let us pass rapidly over all these details; for I remind me how we put forth from the haven of Dordrecht, how a storm assailed us which cast the vessel out of her course, and drove us, on Friday, 26th September, 1326, into the port of Harwich. The Barons shortly joined us there; and well I remember me, the first who came was Earl Henry of Lancaster, the Wryneck; yes, yes, I know all now, from our triumphant entry into Bristol unto the arresting of my father, who was taken, if my memory serve me well, at Neath Abbey, in the principality of Wales, by that same Henry of Lancaster. I am ignorant alone whether it be true, as hath been said, that he was conducted to my mother."

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"No, my liege; he was taken direct to the castle of Kenilworth, which belonged to him, whilst preparations were made for your coronation."

"Oh! of all that I then knew nothing; no, by my honour, they left me in utter ignorance of all. They told me that my father was at liberty; that, through fatigue and disgust, it was that he had renounced the throne of England; yet, notwithstanding, I swore not to accept of it so long as he should live: then they brought me his abdication in my favour; I recognised the hand which had traced it—I yielded to it as to a command: I knew not that he had twice swooned whilst writing it. Yes, again I say, on my soul! was I ignorant of all,—all, even of the decision of the parliament which declared my poor father incapable of reigning, and which was read to him, they have since told me, in his prison, by that audacious William Tressel. They tore the crown from his head to place it on mine; and told me that he gave it up freely and voluntarily as to his well-beloved son, whilst, perhaps, he was cursing me as a traitorous usurper. *Sang-Dieu!*—you, who remained so long near him, didst ever hear him say such things? I adjure you to answer me as you would answer to your Maker!"

"Never, sire, never; on the contrary, he looked upon it as a happy event that the parliament, having deposed him, it had elected you in his stead."

"'Tis well; and those are words which lighten my heaviness of heart. Go on."

"You were not yet of age, sire: a council of regency was named; the Queen presided over it, and the council governed under her direction."

"Aye, 'twas then that they sent me to war against the Scots, who led me from mountain to mountain without being able to o'ertake them; and on my return, they told me that my father was dead. Now, I know nought else of what happened during my absence. Of all and every detail preceding that death am I ignorant: tell me, then, all, for you must know all, since 'twas you and Gournay who brought my father to Kenilworth, whom you quitted not again until his last hour."

Mautravers for an instant hesitated to reply. The King looked at him, and

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seeing that he grew paler momentarily, and that the heavy sweat-drops trickled from his brow—

"Come, come," continued he, urgently, "speak; you know well that you have nought to fear, since I have passed my word. Gournay, moreover, has paid for you and for himself."

"Gournay?" exclaimed Mautravers, hesitating.

"Aye, even so! Know you not that I had him arrested at Marseilles, and that I would not even wait until he could reach England, to hang him up like a murderer and a dog."

"No, sire, I knew not that," muttered Mautravers, leaning for support against the wall.

"But nothing found they amongst his writings, and then I bethought me 'twas you who had kept the orders: the notion of such crimes takes birth only in the brains of those who would profit by their execution."

"So thereof have I, sire, and have kept the deed as a last means of safety, or of vengeance."

"You have them then about you?"

"Yes, sire."

"And you will render them?"

"This instant."

"'Tis well. Remember you that I proffered your pardon on condition that you should tell me all; compose yourself, then, and tell me all."

"Scarcely had you set forth with your army, sire," continued Mautravers, with a still trembling voice but calmer demeanour, "than we were chosen, Gournay and I, to go and conduct your royal father to Kenilworth. We there found awaiting us an order to transfer him to Corfe; he remained, however, only a few days in that castle, when he was transferred to Bristol, and from Bristol to Berkeley, in the county of Gloucester. Arrived there, he was placed in the custody of the chatelain; but nevertheless, we kept near him, in order to fulfil the instructions that were given us."

"And these instructions, what were they?" inquired Edward, his voice, in turn, losing its firmness.

"To determine, by maltreatment, whether we could make him wearisome of existence, so that in the end the prisoner might slay himself."

"Was that order written?" cried the King, eagerly.

"No, 'twas a verbal order."

"Beware of advancing matters like these to me, if you lack means of proof, Mautravers!"

"You have demanded from me the whole truth—I give it."

"And—who then—" Edward hesitated,—“who then gave you that order?"

"Roger Mortimer."

"Ah!" ejaculated Edward, as he drew his breath with a long and heavy gasp.

"But the King bore all with so much mildness and patience, that oftentimes did our courage well nigh fail us."

"Unhappy father!" murmured Edward.

"At length 'twas known that your highness was about to return; our persecutions had brought resignation upon the prisoner in lieu of driving him to despair: 'twas seen that such means of destruction had failed; and one morning we received, bearing the seal of the Bishop of Hereford, the order—"

"Oh! that one,—you have it!" cried Edward.

"It is here, my Lord."

So saying, Mautravers presented a parchment to the King to which still hung the bishop's seal; Edward took it, unfolded it slowly and with trembling hands.

"But wherefore obeyed you a bishop's command?" asked Edward, "when the King was absent and the Queen regent? Were they all Kings then in government save myself? and had each usurped the right of giving death, when he alone, who had the right of pardon, was no longer present?"

"Read, sire," said Mautravers, coldly.

Edward cast his eyes over the parchment; one line only was written thereon, but that brief sentence sufficed him to recognise the hand which had traced it.

"The Queen's characters!" he exclaimed, in a voice of horror.

"Yes, the Queen's handwriting," continued Mautravers; and certain were they that I should know it, since, after my page-service, I had been her secretary."

"But—but," rejoined Edward, essaying to read the order, "I see nothing

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therein which may have given you authority for a murder; on the contrary, the prohibition is formal, as it seemeth to me: *Edwardum occidere nolite timere bonum est*; the which would say: *Beware of killing Edward, it is well to fear.*"

"Ay, because your filial love hath supposed the comma which determineth the sense of the phrase after the word *nolite*; but the comma is wanting, and as we well knew the secret desires of the regent and her favourite, we thought, both of us, that it should have been placed after *timere*, and then the sentence runs precise: *Fear not to kill Edward, 'tis a good deed.*"

"Oh!" groaned the King between his set teeth, as the large drops of agony coursed down his cheeks—"Oh! on dispatching a like order, well comprehended they that the crime would be chargeable upon the interpretation; infamous, nevertheless, is it that royal lives are thus sported with at such a game of quibbles. Of a verity, 'tis a theologian's sentence. Oh, Lord, our Saviour and Redeemer, knowest thou that which passeth in thy church?"

"For us, sire, the order was formal: we obeyed it."

"But how, and after what manner? for myself, I arrived on the morrow after my father's death. The body was exposed upon its open bier of state; I had it clad in regal vestments, and sought over the entire corpse for trace of violence, suspicious of some family crime; I found none—absolutely nought. Yet once more,—you have your pardon,—and 'tis I only who risk a death of grief at hearing such recital;—so then, tell all, I will it; behold me—I am calm, I am fortified."

Speaking thus, Edward turned towards Mautravers, whilst his countenance assumed a look of tranquillity, and his eyes fixed themselves upon those of the murderer. The latter essayed to obey him; but at the first word his courage failed him.

"Spare me these details, sire, in the name of Heaven! I render you back your royal word; you have nothing promised me—let me be led to the scaffold."

"I have told thee that it wills me to know all," replied Edward, "when I
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ought to put you to the rack to force your speech! Urge me not too far, credit me, towards such a means;—I am already but too prone to use it."

"Then, turn aside your eyes from me, my Lord; you bear so great likeness to your royal father, that I truly bethink me, when you look on and interrogate me thus, that 'tis he who looks and questions me, and that his spectre rises from the earth to demand vengeance."

Edward turned aside his head, and, suffering his forehead to sink between his hands, said, in a hollow tone—

"Be it so—speak now."

"On the morning of the 21st of September," continued Mautravers, "we entered his chamber, as was our custom; but whether 'twere presentiment on his part, or whether the emotion visible upon our countenances betrayed the actions we were about to commit, the King uttered a shriek on beholding us; then, springing out of bed, he cast himself upon his knees, and clasping his hands, 'You will not slay me,' said he, 'before first according me a priest?' We thereupon secured the door."

"Without granting him a priest, wretches!" interrupted Edward; "without according to a King, who had the right to command it, and who prayed for that which is accorded to the vilest criminal! Oh! but that was not in your instructions! and in your order they bade you slay the body—not the soul."

"A priest would have discovered all, my Lord,—for the King would not have failed to tell him that he was confessing him under fear of death, and that we were there to assassinate him. You will readily see that the order to put him to death without shrift was contained in the order for his destruction."

"Oh!" ejaculated Edward, raising his hand towards heaven; "Oh! my Creator, hast thou ever condemned a son to hear horrors like to these, committed by a mother, and related by his father's murderer? End! end! for my courage fails! my strength is wasted!"

"We made him no reply; we seized hold upon him, and threw him on the bed; and whilst, aided by a table flung upon him, I held him down with a pillow over his face, Gournay—I swear to you 'twas Gournay, sire,—Gournay con-

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sumed his entrails with a red-hot iron, inserted through a horn."

Edward uttered a piercing cry, sprang upon his feet, and confronted Mautravers:

"Let me look at thee, wretch, that I may assure myself thou art indeed a man! Yes, lo! upon my life, a human visage, a human body, a human appearance! Oh! demon, half tiger, half serpent, who hath thus permitted thee to take the semblance of man, who is the image of divinity itself?"

"The idea of a crime struck us not, my Lord."

"Silence!" cried Edward, placing his hand upon his mouth, "silence! upon your head, I will not know when came it! Listen—I have promised thee thy life—I give it thee; so is my word fulfilled, take good heed to that; but—henceforward, at the slightest word which shall escape thy lips, at the slightest indiscretion on thy part touching the amours of the Queen and Roger,—at the slightest accusation of implicating my mother in that impious assassination, I swear to thee, by my royal word,—which I know how to keep, as thou seest,—that the new crime shall be atoned for after the manner in which the ancients took reparation. Thus, then, from this hour forth, forget;—let the past be for you nothing more save a fevered dream, that has vanished with the delirium which caused it. He who lays claim to the throne of France, in right of his mother, should have a mother who may be indeed suspected of a woman's weakness, but not of a demon's crime."

"I swear to you to keep the secret, sire. Have you further commands for me at the present?"

"Hold yourself in readiness to accompany me to Reading Castle, where the Queen stays."

"The Queen! Your mother, sire?"

"Ay. Are you not accustomed to her service? Is she not accustomed to give you orders? I have found you a new occupation within her dwelling?"

"I am at your mercy, my liege; do with me whatsoever you will."

"Your task will be an easy one; it will be confined to never permitting my mother to pass the castle gate, of which you shall, henceforth, be custodian."

At these words Edward quitted the

chamber, making a sign to Mautravers to follow him. At the palace portal he found Count John of Hainault, and Count Robert d'Artois, awaiting him. Both were astounded at the frightful pallor which overspread the King's features; but as he walked with a firm step, and got into his saddle unassisted, they dared not question him, and contented themselves, whilst accompanying him, by keeping some half a steed's length in his rear; Mautravers and his two guards followed after at some distance. The little troop silently proceeded along the banks of the Thames, which they crossed at Windsor, and after some two hours ride, they descried the tall towers of Reading Castle. It was in a chamber of this fortress that, ever since the execution of Roger Mortimer, Isabella of France, Edward the Second's widow, had been imprisoned. Twice a year, and at stated periods, the King went to visit her. Her terror, consequently, was great when the door of her apartment opened, and they announced the presence of her son at a period at which he had been unaccustomed to present himself before her.

The Queen rose up, trembling from head to foot, and was desirous of throwing herself at Edward's feet; but, midway, her strength failed her, and she was compelled to cling for support to a fauteuil; at the same moment the King appeared, accompanied by John of Hainault and Count Robert d'Artois.

He advanced slowly towards his mother, who held out her hand to him; but Edward, without taking it, made her a low obeisance. The Queen mastering herself by an effort, and with a forced smile, said:—

"My dear Lord, to what good and filial thought owe I the happiness of your visit, at a time when I so little expected it?"

"To the desire that I have to repair my wrongs towards you, madame," said Edward, in a low voice, and without raising his eyes; "I have suspected you of full many errors, faults, and even crimes. Public rumour accused you too, madame, and often there are, unhappily, no other proofs against Kings than such. But this very day, even, have I acquired the conviction of your innocence."

The Queen started.

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"Yes, madame," continued Edward, "the full and entire conviction, and I have brought with me your old Knight, John of Hainault, sire de Beaumont, and your old friend, Count Robert d'Artois, to the end that they may be present at the honourable amende that I make for my wrong done toward you."

The Queen cast a haggard look at the two Knights, who, silent and confounded, witnessed the scene; then, at length, her eyes reverted to her son, who continued in the same tone, and with eyes still fixed on the ground.

"Dating from this hour henceforward, the Castle of Reading is no longer a prison but a royal residence. You will have, madame, as formerly, pages, ladies of honour and a secretary; you shall be treated as befits the widow of Edward the Second, and the mother of Edward the Third; as, in fine, she ought to be treated, who, by her august kin to the late King Charles the Fair, gives me claims incontestible to the crown of France."

"Is it a dream," said the Queen, "and may I trust in so much happiness?"

"No, madame, 'tis a reality, and as a last proof, here comes the chatelain, to whom I remit the sacred guardianship of your person. Enter, Knight," said Edward.

Mautravers appeared; the Queen uttered a shriek, and covered her eyes with her hands as though she had seen a spectre.

"What ails you, madame?" said Edward; "I thought to do you a pleasure in restoring to you an old servitor; this man—has he not been by turns your page and secretary? was he not the confidant of all your thoughts? and shall he not, to those who would still doubt, answer for your innocence, even as your very self?"

"Oh! oh! kind Heaven!—" exclaimed Isabella, "if you will that I should die, kill me on the instant, sire."

"I!—think of compassing your death, madame! on the contrary, I would have you live, and that long; the proof is contained in this order, which I leave in the hands of the chatelain Mautravers. Read."

The Queen lowered her eyes to the

parchment, sealed with the seal-royal, which her son presented to her, and read half audibly:—*Isabellam occidere nolite; timere bonum est.* At the last word she uttered a shriek, and fell fainting upon the fauteuil.

The two Knights advanced to Isabella's assistance. Edward approached Mautravers.

"Knight," said he to him, "behold your instructions. This time, you perceive, they are positive. *Do not kill Isabella; it is well to fear.* Let us depart, my lords," continued Edward; we must needs reach London ere day-break. I reckon upon you to proclaim my mother's innocence."

So saying, he quitted the chamber, followed by John of Hainault and Robert d'Artois, leaving the Queen, who seemed about to regain her senses, alone with her former secretary.

The reader, perhaps, will be somewhat astonished at this return of King Edward's clemency, so especially strange at a moment in which he had just acquired proof of the crime of which his father had been the victim; but policy had borne the sway over conviction in his mind, and he well understood that at the moment he was about to reclaim the throne of France through right of his mother, it was necessary to treat her, who had transmitted him such claims, as a Queen, and not as a prisoner.

CHAP. III.

ON the morrow after the day, or rather night, during which the events just related took place, three embassies left London, the first repairing to Valenciennes, the second to Liege, and the third to Ghent.

At the head of the first was Peter William, of Montague, Earl of Salisbury, and John of Hainault—sire of Beaumont. Its destination was the court of William of Hainault, father-in-law to King Edward the Third.

The second was composed of Messire Henry, Bishop of Lincoln, and William de Clinton, Earl of Huntingdon; it was addressed to Adolphe de Lamarck, Bishop of Liege.

The two last named Ambassadors had in their train a crowd of knights, pages, and varlets; worthily, in fact, representing the power and magnificence of their mo-

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narch ; for the followers of each amounted to more than fifty persons.

As for the third, it bore no comparison with the rich and imposing appearance of the others, as if all the outlay had been lavished in preference upon them. It was composed of two chiefs and one varlet ; and from the plainness of their attire, its leader seemed to belong to the middle class of society. This embassy, it is true, was dispatched only to the beer-brewer, Jacob von Artaveld ; and perhaps the King of England feared lest by sending a richer and more numerous cavalcade he might wound his pride. Nevertheless, simple and unostentatious as it was, it is with the progress of this that we are for the present to make better acquaintance, first casting a glance at the two principals composing it, who, at that moment, were slowly traversing the streets of London.

The taller of the two was clad in a species of murray-coloured robe, whose raised hood wholly concealed his features ; this garment, bordered with fur, had long hanging sleeves, with openings to allow the wearer's fore-arm passing through. This dress surmounted a tunic of green cloth, similar to that manufactured in Wales, which, too coarse and thick to be worn by men of high rank, was yet too fine for the ordinary clothing of the commonalty. Leather boots or poulaines resting within plain iron stirrups, having peaked toes, of moderate length, projected some half a foot beyond the hem of this levite, as such garment was termed. As for the bay steed, which served the Ambassadors for a hackney, a hasty observer would not, probably, have ranked either him or his master as of high breeding. A good judge would have readily seen, from the animal's curved neck, small well-shaped head, powerful haunches, and fine tapering legs, along which the salient and multiplied network of veins crossed one another, that he belonged to that pure Norman race which the knights of the period so highly valued, from the unison of vigour with slenderness of form ; such an one would have also seen how obedient he was to his own master, who, with skilful hand, restrained his more ardent efforts and kept him at a walking pace—a speed so far from his wont, that ere a quarter of an hour's journey the sweat ran trickling down his flanks, and flakes of foam

were tossed right and left each time he impatiently raised his head.

As for the second personage, he bore not the slightest resemblance to the character, exterior or otherwise, of his companion ; he was a meagre-looking, small-boned, fair complexioned man, with eyes, whose colour it would have been difficult to define, had there not been visible that cast of arch cunning often met with amongst such of the lower orders whom political or other accident has raised above the condition in which they were born, without, however, permitting them to obtain that aristocratic dignity which, always affecting to despise, they are yet ever anxious to reach. His hair falling in dingy white locks, was cut neither after the fashion of the nobles, nor that of the commonalty ; and as for his beard, although he had long since arrived at an age to boast of such manly appendage, it was so thin and straggling, that it were hard to say what guise he intended it to assume, or whether indeed from the scantiness of its growth he had not deemed shaving to be altogether a labour of supererogation. His attire consisted of a riding coat, of thick grey cloth, without belt or girdle, with falling hood ; his head was protected by a woollen bonnet of the same colour, with a sort of green ornamental edging, and his feet were encased in round-toed half boots laced over the ankles like buskins. The roadster upon which he was mounted seemed to have been especially chosen for its docility and meekness, both in pace and temper—it was, moreover, a mare, the which, at the first glance, shewed that the rider was not of noble degree, for it was well-known that a gentleman would in those days have thought himself dishonoured by backing an animal of such a sex.

Having left the city gates some hundred paces, more or less, behind them, the taller of these horsemen, perceiving no other wayfarers save a few peasants or passengers at a distance, let fall the hood which he had held around his features as long as he was traversing the streets of London, and disclosed the features of a handsome-looking young man, of the age of five or six and twenty. His hair was of brownish hue, his eyes blue, and beard reddish and short. His head-dress consisted of a black velvet cap, the front rim

of which projected slightly in the form nearly of a modern hunting cap. Although he did not appear to be of more advanced age than his companion, he had, nevertheless, lost the first bloom of youth, and his pale lofty forehead was furrowed by a deep wrinkle, which visibly declared that more than one grave thought had already bowed down his head. At this moment, however, like a prisoner who had just regained his liberty, he seemed to have shaken off for a while all care and serious thought of business; for, with an air of frankness and good humour, he approached his companion, and so accommodated his horse's pace that they might ride together, side by side.

"By St. George, brother traveller!" said the young man with the velvet bonnet first breaking silence, "when one has a long journey like the present, methinks, better counsel apart, the sooner one makes acquaintance the better; 'tis so much dullness lost and friendship gained. Moreover, I presume that you would not have found it amiss, when you came as ambassador from Ghent to London, to have had such a good companion as myself at your elbow, to have put you in the way of the customs of that goodly capital,—one who could have told you the names of the most influential nobles at Court, and whispered in your ear beforehand a hint or two touching certain peculiarities and faults of the Sovereign to whose audience you were commended,—the which I would have willingly done for you, had my good fortune brought me earlier into your companionship. Do therefore for me the like who am now your travelling mate and querist; and first begin with your name and calling, for I presume that you exercise ordinarily some other than that of ambassador?"

"Give you free consent that I make anon the like questions?" with a somewhat forbidding manner, inquired the man in the grey bonnet with the green edging.

"Willingly," replied the other; "confidence ought to be reciprocal."

"Woll, then, my name is Gerard Denis. I am chief of the weavers of the city of Ghent, and albeit, I am proud of my station. I am forced, from time to time, to let the shuttle-thread rest, to aid Jacquemart* in a good turn in the hand-

ling of public affairs, which do not go on the worse in Flanders than in other countries for their being administered by the heads of the corporation, the which being of the people, know at least what the people want. And now 'tis your turn to speak, for I have told you, I ween, that which you would know."

"My name," replied the young Knight, "is Walter; my family, although rich and of decent extraction, would have been all the better had not my mother unjustly lost a heavy suit, which stripped me of the finest part of my inheritance. I came into the world upon the self-same day as King Edward. I was nourished with milk from the same breast that gave him suck, on which account hath he ever held me in close affection. As for the place I hold at Court, I know not well how to qualify it: I accompany the King every where,—in the chase, with the army, and in council; and, when he wills to judge of a matter as though he would scan it with his own eyes, he invariably charges me to consider it for him. Wherefore, mark you, he now sendeth me to Jacob Artaveld, whom he holds as his friend, and for whom, moreover, he entertains especial consideration."

"Ill befits it me to question the choice made by a Prince so wise and powerful as is the King of England, and that before you," replied Gerard Denis, bowing his body slightly; "but, I trow, he has chosen full young a messenger. When one would fain snare an old fox, 'twere poor craft of venerie to hie one to the chase with young beagles."

"A good argument where mutual deception is sought,—when politics, and not commerce, is the staple of the bargain," answered, bluntly, he who called himself Walter; "but when one goes to treat, frankly and honestly, touching an exchange of merchandise, 'tis a matter quickly understood 'twixt gentlemen."

"'Twixt gentlemen?" repeated Gerard Denis.

"Aye,—Jacob Von Artaveld; is he not of noble family?" asked Walter, carelessly.

Gerard burst into a fit of laughter.

"Yes, yes; of family so noble that the Count of Valois, father of the King of France, desirous of sending him on his travels whilst yet a youth, to the end that nought might be lacking to his education, carried him to Rhodes, and on his

* A familiar name for Jacques d'Artavelle, used by his countrymen. His Flemish name was Jacob Von Artaveld.

return thence the King Louis Hutin found the springald so lithe of limb that he bestowed upon him a post at his Court; aye, credit me, made him valet of his fruitery,—to such end that, seeing the high function by him occupied, 'twas not long ere he struck hands in a notable marriage, espousing a rich mead-brewer's daughter."

"But," replied Walter, "he must have had high personal meed to have acquired the power he now enjoys."

"Aye, aye," said Gerard, with his eternal smile, which only changed its expression according to circumstance, "he has a strong voice, and can cry long and lustily against the nobles; the which is a great merit, as you say, amongst folk who have driven away their liege lord."

"He is royally rich, 'tis said."

"No difficult task to amass treasures, when, like an eastern despot, one levies the rents, tonnage, wine dues, and all the revenues of a prince, without rendering other account of them save that which well suiteth him, and when one is so feared that there is not a burgher who dares refuse to lend you, whatsoever may be the sum required; albeit he knows right surely he will never get back an *esterlin*."

"You say that Jacquemart is feared? For myself, I thought him beloved."

"Wherefore, then, should he for ever constantly at his heels, some three or four score 'men-at-arms, guarding him like a Roman emperor; one who never suffers steel nor iron to approach his person? True, 'tis currently said that they serve not to defend him, but to attack others, and that there are two or three among them who are so cognizant of his deepest secrets that, when they meet an enemy of Jacquemart, the brewer has only to make a sign, and his enemy straightway disappears, howsoever great or wealthy he may be. Hark ye! shall I tell you further?" continued Gerard Denis, slapping Walter on the thigh with familiar confidence, who, during a few moments, appeared scarcely to have listened to what his companion was saying—"Twill not last much longer; there are in Ghent men equal in worth to Jacquemart, and who would thruddle up as well—aye, and even better than he, with Edward of England, all the treaties, whether of politics or commerce, which

should meet the views of so great a king. But what, in the name of Sathanas, gaze ye at thus fixedly, and what muse ye on with such a John-a-dreams air?"

"I listen to you, Master Gerard, and lose not a word of what you utter," replied Walter, with an absent manner, either it might be that he thought a too sustained attention might check the communicativeness of his interlocutor, or that he had learned as much as he desired to know, or whether, in fine, he was really preoccupied with the object which had attracted his gaze;—"and the whiles listening to you, as I do, am watching that magnificent heron which has just risen up from yon marsh, and thinking how, had I one of my falcons on my wrist, I would pleasure you by a goodly cast. Eh! but by my honour, we shall have it, nevertheless; for, hist you, yonder, yonder, soars a hawk flown in chase of our friend with the long bill. Haw! haw!" shouted Walter, as though the noble bird had been within earshot of his voice. "And see, Master Gerard, see the heron has descried his friend. Ah! doubling coward!" cried the young Knight, "thou must fain fly now; if thy adversary be of noble breed, thou art but a lost quarry!"

And whilst the young man thus spoke, the heron, seeing the danger that menaced him, uttered a long plaintive cry, heard by our travellers notwithstanding the distance, and began to mount as though he would lose himself in the clouds. The falcon, who, on his part, perceived the intention of his quarry, employed for the attack the same manœuvre which his prey had adopted in defence, so that whilst the heron ascended vertically he traced in his flight a diagonal line which tended towards a point at which they would come in contact.

"Bravely flown!" exclaimed Walter, who felt all that vivid interest where-with such a contest never failed to inspire the gentles of those days; "well attacked, well defended. Haw! haw! Robert, man, dost recognize that hawk?"

"No, my Lord," replied the varlet, as eagerly attentive as his master to the combat about to be entered upon; "but though I wot not of its owner, I will answer, from his flight, that he is of highest breed."

"And that without fear of gainsay, Robert. On my life, he has the spring of a gerfalcon, and in an instant will have the jumble. Ah! but thou hast ill took thy measure, my noble bird, and fear hath had better wings than courage."

And, in fact, he spoke truly, for the heron had so well calculated his powers, that at the moment at which the falcon reached him, he kept himself uppermost. The hunter-bird still continued his flight, passing some few feet beneath, but without attacking him. The heron profited instantly by this advantage, and, changing the direction of his sweep, he essayed to gain space and effect his escape by distance instead of height.

"Lo ye now!" cried Robert, confounded, "can we have mistaken the breed of yon haggard, my Lord? See, see, upon my salvation, how she holds her flight in turn as the heron her's."

"Eh, no!" returned Walter, who seemed to have staked his credit in ventry upon the falcon's success, "mark you not how he springs a fresh flight? Eh! look, look; he's back again. Ha! ha!"

Walter was not deceived: borne upon the full rapidity of his sweeping pinions, the falcon had allowed his enemy to gain distance, and now that he found himself at his height, he returned upon his trace, still describing an ascending line. The heron uttered fresh cries of distress, and renewed his *manège*, striving to remount perpendicularly, as he had on the first flight. Ere the lapse of a moment from the commencement of this second struggle, the two birds appeared on the eve of disappearing amongst the clouds; the heron appeared no bigger than a swallow, and the falcon nothing more than a dark speck.

"Which hath the uppermost? which hath the uppermost?" cried Walter, "for on mine honour they are that high I can no longer distinguish aught."

"Nor I, my Lord."

"Well flown! and mind you the heron answereth us," said the young Knight, clapping his hands; for though their sight no longer served them, they could still hear the sharp shrill cry of the pursued quarry. "Look, Master Gerard, look steadily, for you are about to see them descend more quickly than they mounted."—

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Scarcely had Walter spoken, ere the two birds reappeared, and soon was it easily perceptible that the falcon had the uppermost: the heron, attacked by powerful blows of his sharp beak, answered them only by his cries; at length, refolding his wings, he let himself drop like a stone, at some five hundred paces in advance of our travellers, still pursued by his adversary who had stooped almost simultaneously with him.

Walter instantly put his horse to the gallop in the direction he had seen the birds disappear, and clearing hedge and ditch, quickly gained the spot where the victorious falcon was already gnawing with his beak the brain of the conquered quarry.

At the first glance, the young Knight recognised the falcon as one belonging to the lovely Alice de Grafton. Then, as neither falconer nor hunter had yet come up, he leaped from his saddle, slipped an emerald ring of great price round the heron's beak, and, calling the falcon by its name, who perched itself instantly upon his wrist, he remounted his horse, rejoined his fellow-travellers, and set forth on his way; thus augmenting the embassy by a new and interesting companion. Scarcely, however, had the Knight rode a quarter of a league, ere he heard some one shouting behind, and, turning round, he descried a young man approaching at full gallop; he recognised him immediately as William de Montague, nephew of the Earl of Salisbury, and drew bridle to await his coming up.

"Sir Knight," shouted the young bachelor, at the farthest distance off whence he thought it possible to be heard by the party in advance, "the falcon of the Lady Alice is neither to be bought nor sold; be pleased therefore to render her to me in exchange for this ring, which she sends you back, or, by my life, I shall right well know how to take it from you!"

"Fair Sir Page," rejoined Walter, coolly, "thou wilt say to thy mistress, that having set forth upon a journey, and having forgotten my falcon, the which being, as thou knowest well, inseparable companion of every noble lord in his travel, I borrow her's, and leave this ring in gage that I shall render it back to her. Now, should the fair Alice deem not the bauble sufficient pledge, go thou thyself

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o my mews, and take therefrom the finest brace of gerfalcons thou findest on the perch and offer them.'

To the great astonishment of Gerard Denis, who had heard the young bachelor's menace, he saw the latter change colour and tremble at the first words addressed to him by Walter, and when he had finished speaking, this so lately truculent messenger bowed his head respectfully and hastened to obey, without even daring to make answer.

"Come," said Walter, without appearing to remark the stupefaction of his comrade, "forward, Master Gerard; we have lost some little time, 'tis true, but have seen a goodly chase, and I have caught a noble bird."

At these words he approached the falcon with his lips, who coquettishly bent her neck, as though she were accustomed to be thus caressed, and then giving his horse the rein, rode onwards.

"No longer doubt I," murmured the youthful bachelor, as he turned his horse's head in the direction of the spot at which Alice awaited him, and looking mournfully at the magnificent ring with which he was to present her,—"no longer doubt, he loves her."

As for Walter, such was the reverie into which this adventure had plunged him, that he rode as far as the hostel in which they were to pass the night without addressing a single word to Master Gerard Denis.

CHAP. IV.

THE two travellers rose at break of day, apparently according to custom, the one as a soldier, the other as a man in the middle class. Preparations for their departure were completed with almost military celerity, and ere the sun had long tinged the horizon, they were far onwards on their route. At some quarter of a league from the hostel, the highway branched into two roads, the one leading to Harwich, the other to Yarmouth. Walter had already turned his horse's head in the direction of the latter, when his companion, reining in his beast, said—

"With your leave, *messire*, we'll take the road to Harwich; I have some needful business to settle there."

"I should have thought," returned the young Knight, "that we might have

found readier means of transport at Yarmouth."

"But less sure," replied Denis.

"'Tis possible; as, however, the line thence was more direct to make the port of l'Ecluse, I thought you would prefer sailing therefrom, as I do."

"The most direct line, *messire*, is that which leads whither one would go, and if we have a mind to arrive safe and sound at Ghent, we must set sail for Newport, and not for l'Ecluse."

"Wherefore?"

"Because there happens to be in sight of that latter city a certain isle of Cadsand, the which is held by *messire* Guy, of Flanders—bastard brother of Count Louis de Cressy, our ex-Lord, the Duke de Hallewyn, and *messire* Jean de Rhodes, who are commanders and Sovereigns of the place, and who would, perchance, demand for our two persons a heavier ransom than either a master weaver or a young Knight would find it convenient to pay."

"Bah!" exclaimed Walter, hinging, and urging his horse along the road which his prudent companion had already taken. "I am certain that Jacquemart Von Artaveld and King Edward the Third would not suffer their ambassadors to die in prison for the sake of a ransom, though that ransom should be fixed for each at ten thousand golden crowns."

"I know not what King Edward might do for *messire* Walter," replied the weaver; "but of this I am sure, that, rich as Jacquemart may be, he hath laid by no purse to provide for the chance of his friend master Gerard Denis being taken prisoner, even by the Saracens, who are full worse miscreants still than the Lords of Flanders; permit me, therefore, to answer to myself for mine own safety. There is no friendship of king, son, nor brother, that defends a man's breast so vigilantly as the buckler borne on his left arm, and the sword in his right hand. I have neither sword nor buckler, 'tis true, and should not be a little embarrassed to put to use either one or t'other, seeing that I have more frequently handled the staff and shuttle, than targe or dagger; yet have I prudence and cunning weapons, offensive and defensive, that do better service than many others, more especially when directed by a head,

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unceasingly pre-occupying itself with sparing the body which has the honour of carrying it all misadventure whatsoever, a care with which it has, it must be owned, very craftily been busied to this time present."

"But," rejoined Walter, "in seeking to avoid the garrison of Cadsand, shall we not expose ourselves to risk of falling in with some of those pirates,—Bretons, Normands, Picards, Spaniards, or Genoese, who are ever sailing in the pay of King Philip along the coast of France, and think you that Hugues Quieret, Nicholas Behuchet, or Barbevaire, would accept of lesser composition upon our heads than *Messire* Guy of Flanders, the Lord of Hallewyn, or John of Rhodes?"

"Oh! as for those same water-sharks, they swim rather in quest of merchandise than merchants, and 'tis less the sheep than the wool they seek for. In event of falling foul of such, we will leave our cargo in their hands, and there's an end."

"Hast thou a merchant vessel bidding your orders in the port of Harwich?"

"No, by ill-luck—I have naught save a small galley, scarce bigger than a barge, which, on setting forth from Flanders, I freighted on my own venture, and whose hold, nevertheless, will contain not less than three hundred sacks of wool;—had I but guessed to have found a merchandise so readily and of so good a market, I would have brought a larger bark."

"But I thought," said Walter, "that King Edward had laid embargo upon the wools of England, and that he had forbidden, under sufficiently heavy penalties, its export from this kingdom."

"Aye!—and wherefore mark you! is our's the better speculation. For no sooner knew I that Jacob purposed sending an ambassador to King Edward, than I sought of him the preference; for methought me that in my quality of envoy from the good cities of Flanders, they would think me more occupied with politics than commerce, and that there would be consequent facility of making a good hit. I was not out in my calculations, and if I reach Ghent without hindrance, my voyage will not turn out bootless."

But if King Edward, instead of sending an envoy to treat directly with Jacob Von Artaveld, had, agreeably to your requirement, taken off at once the prohibi-

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tion raised against the exportation of wool, it seemeth me that your speculation might have been less lucrative, since you have made, as it appears to me, your purchases ere going to London, therefore trafficking in prohibited goods, you would have paid right dearly for the bargain."

"'Tis plain, my young errant," replied Gerard Denis, with his cunning smile, "that your brain turns more upon chivalry than commerce, since it appears that had you been in my place you would have been sorely put out even in so small a matter."

"You speak truly; but I would not the less know what you would have done in like case."

"Such falling out! I should have hastened homewards in order to retard publication and hurry sale; and as I should have been at one and the same time carrier of the decree and the wool, I would have kept my budget fast until my sacks should have been opened, and 'twould not have been long first," continued Gerard, with a sigh, "for three-fourths of our looms are shut up, not, thanks be to Heaven, for lack of teeth, but want of food to put between them."

"There is a demand, then, in Flanders for the wools of England?"

"Demand—aye, that's the word. Hark ye," continued Gerard, with a confidential manner, as he drew near to Walter and lowered his voice to a whisper, although they were alone upon the highway; "'twere a fair venture, an' it likes thee to try it."

"Ay, truly! I ask nothing better than to finish my commercial education, and the more so that you have, it seemeth me, the air of one well skilled in such craft to give me speedy instruction therein."

"What reckon you to do at Yarmouth?"

"What, but to take a ship of the King's navy, as by my powers am I authorised."

"Is that same authority restricted to one port alone?"

"It hath extent to all the ports of England."

"Good! take thy ship at Harwich in lieu of that at Yarmouth; it boots not that it have the bulk of either *The Edward* or *The Christopher*, which are, they tell me, the two bravest barks ever laid

down upon a scantling, but of an honest clip, and with a hold able to contain two men's fortunes ; and when you have gotten such, we will stuff her paunch with the best wool of Wales, and lashing our little galley astern—the which 'twere silly to lose, we will make for vonder land, and once touched there, we'll share our gains like brothers. Tho' you lack money, it matters not, seeing that I have credit."

"A brave thought, yours," said Walter."

"Is't not?" cried Gerard, his eyes sparkling with delight.

"But only one thing thwarting—my conscience, seest thou, suffers not that I put it into execution."

"And wherefore I pray ye?" inquired Gerard.

"Because 'twas I who gave King Edward counsel not to suffer a single hale of wool to leave the English ports."

Gerard started with astonishment.

"Let not, however, that which I have just said surprise you, my brave companion," continued Walter, laughing in his turn ; "you have bought your two hundred hags ;—good ! take them along with ye ; but credit it me for one who proffereth friendly counsel—let your speculation tarry thus far. As to myself, you have guessed truly ; I busy myself more with chivalry than commerce, and as those same two occupations are incompatible, my choice is made betwixt them : I desire to remain a knight. So, Robert, hand me hither *La Prude*." And so saying Walter extended his hand to grasp the falcon of the fair Alice, and crossing to the side of the road opposite to that Gerard was pursuing, he suffered the master weaver to continue his solitary way, utterly astounded at the manner in which a proposition so promising in a lucrative point of view, as it seemed to him, had been received, and which, had he been in Walter's place, he would have turned to such great advantage.

Leaving them now to pursue their solitary road towards the sea-coast, we will, for the better understanding of the incidents about to be narrated, and a due appreciation of certain new personages whom we are about to bring upon the stage, cast a cursory glance at the position of Flanders at this period—the privileged seat of those three great cities of the western commerce of the middle

ages : Ypres, Bruges, and Ghent. The interregnum subsequent upon the death of Conrad, executed at Naples in the year 1628, by order of Charles of Anjou, brother of Saint Louis, by bringing a continuous series of elective commotions upon Germany, had, by degrees, permitted the Lords, as we have said, to withdraw themselves from the jurisdiction of the empire. The cities, in their turn, instructed by the example which had just been given them, took their own measures also to emancipate themselves from feudal tyranny. Mayence, Strasbourg, Worms, Spire, Basle, and all the cities of the Rhine, as far as Moselle, entered into a treaty offensive and defensive, which had for its end the freeing themselves from the tyranny of their Lords, some of whom had taken up arms against the empire, and others against France : and that which excited them more especially to stand forward in their own defence, was a love of property, with which they had been inspired by the immense riches which commerce gathered into their public marts. At that remote period, when the passage to the Cape of Good Hope had not yet been discovered by Bartholomew Dias, nor attempted by Vasco de Gama, the whole transport was effected by means of caravans.

These caravans set forth from India, from a point at which all the productions of its ocean shores were collected, ascending the coasts of the Persian Gulf, they made for Rhodes or Suez, their two great depôts, whence they took shipping for Venice, where the merchandise was first exposed for sale, in the magnificent bazaars of that "Queen of the waters." Thence they were afterwards re-embarked for other ports along the Mediterranean, by the aid of her thousand ships—then again, a second time, caravans were employed to convey this full tide of commerce towards the ocean, which, in turn, afforded the means of support to all the countries situate to the north and west of Venice. These new caravans traversed a line crossing the independent territories of the Tyrol and Wurtemberg, coasting the Rhine as far as Basle, passing the river above Strasbourg, skirting the archbishopric of Treves, Luxembourg, and Brabant, and finally arresting their steps in Flanders ; after having stocked, upon their road, the markets of

[THE COURT

Constance, Stuttgart, Nuremberg, Augsburg, Frankfort, and Cologne, cities abounding in hostleries, constructed like the caravansaries of the west. Thus, therefore, had Bruges, Ypres, and Ghent become the wealthy succursals of Venice, and from their magazines were scattered, throughout Burgundy, France, and England, the spiceries of Borneo, the stuffs of Caehmere, the pearls of Goa, and the diamonds of Guzarat. Italy is said to have reserved to itself a monopoly of the terrible poisons of the Celebes. In exchange, the Anseatic cities received the leathers of France and the wools of England, which they fabricated almost exclusively, and which the reposed caravans carried back in turn to the very heart of India, whence they had first set out.

It may be readily conceived that those wealthy burghers, who were able to vie in luxury with the Lords of Germany, England, and France, submitted with no small difficulty to the exactions of their Dukes and Earls. Thus were their Lords perpetually at war with them, when not engaged in waging hostilities against France.

It was under Philip the Fair, about the year 1297, that these collisions had begun to assume a serious character. The Earl of Flanders had caused a declaration to be made to the King of France, that he had ceased to be his vassal, and that he no longer recognised him as his Sovereign.

Philip immediately dispatched the Archbishop of Rheims and the Bishop of Senlis to issue an interdict against the Earl of Flanders; the latter appealed to the Pope, who convoked the affair before him; but Philip wrote to the Sovereign Pontiff that the affairs of his kingdom concerned the Court of Peers, and not the Holy Chair. He collected, therefore, an army, and marched towards Flanders, sowing in Italy the seeds of that wide religious discord which caused the death of Boniface the Eighth, and brought about the removal of the papal seat to the city of Avignon.

During his military progress, Philip the Fair learned that the King of the Romans was coming to the succour of the Flemings; he sent immediately to him Gaucher de Chatillon, his constable, who, by dint of money, ensured his retreat; at the same time, Albert of Aus-

tria received from him a considerable sum to retain Rodolph in Germany. Philip, relieved from the spiritual power of Boniface VIII., and from the temporal power of the Emperor, marched to encounter his enemies. The campaign opened with a succession of victories: Lille capitulated, Bethune was carried by assault, Douay and Courtray surrendered, and the Earl of Flanders was beaten in the neighbourhood of Furnes; but, whilst marching upon Ghent, the King of France found the runaways rallied by Edward I. of England, who had crossed the sea to lend them aid. Neither of the Sovereigns being willing to risk a battle, a two years' truce was signed at Tournay, and by that truce Philip remained master of Lille, Bethune, Courtray, Douay, and Bruges. At the expiration of the truce, Philip IV. sent his brother, Charles of Valois, to recommence the interrupted war; and the city of Ghent having opened its gates, the Earl of Flanders and his two sons, followed by a great number of lords, came forth as suppliants, and proceeded to throw themselves at the feet of the King. Philip sent the Earl of Flanders and his two sons to prison, the Earl to Compiègne, and Robert and William, the first to Chinon, and the second into Auvergne. This measure taken, he himself set out for Ghent, diminished the imposts, granted new privileges to the cities, and when he thought he had gained the affection of the people, declared that the Earl having merited by his felony the confiscation of his territories, he reunited them to France.

This was not, however, what the Flemings wanted: they had hoped for something better than a change of masters. They waited patiently, therefore, the departure of the King, and when he had fairly quitted the country they revolted. The weaver, Peter Leroy, and the butcher, Breget, were the principal heads of this sedition, which meeting, on all hands, a sympathy of interest, extended from one end of Flanders to the other, so rapidly, indeed, that before the news of the first movement could reach Paris, Peter Leroy had retaken Bruges; Ghent, Dam, and Ardemburg were carried, and William de Juliers, the Earl's nephew, having arrived to second the efforts of the brave Flemings, was elected their general. His first ex-

King Edward the Third

exploits were the taking of Furnes, Bergues, Vindal, Cassel, Courtray, Oudenarde and Ypres. Philip sent against them an army commanded by the Constable, Raoul de Clermont de Nesle, and by Robert Count D'Artois, father of him of whom we have spoken as a banished man at the court of the English King. This army expended its strength against the strongly fortified camp of William de Juliers, leaving slain in its ditches the Constable, who refused to surrender, Robert D'Artois, who was found pierced by two and thirty wounds, two marshals of France, six earls, sixty barons, twelve hundred gentlemen, and ten thousand soldiers.

The year following Philip himself entered Flanders to revenge this defeat, which had put the whole of the French nobility into mourning; and after having taken Orchies, the King went to encamp at Mons-en-Puelle, between Lille and Douay. Two days afterwards, at the moment that Louis was about to place himself at table, a wide uproar suddenly arose throughout the army; the King rushed to the door of his tent, and found himself face to face with William de Juliers, who had penetrated into the camp at the head of thirty thousand Flemings. The King would have perished if Charles of Valois, his brother, had not flung himself round the neck of William de Juliers. Whilst they were struggling, locked in each other's embrace, Philip snatched his helmet, sword, and gauntlets, and without other armour, leapt upon his horse, assembled all his cavalry, rode over the bodies of the Flemish infantry, crushing to death six thousand men, and putting the rest to the route; then, desirous of profiting by the advantage this victory gave him, he sat down to besiege Lille. Scarcely had he effected a lodgment before the place, ere John of Namur, who had collected together sixty thousand men, dispatched a herald to him to demand an honourable peace, or to defy him to battle. Philip, astonished at the presumption wherewith the rebellion had recovered its check and recruited itself with new strength, granted the peace demanded; the conventions were, that Philip should give Robert de Bethune his liberty, and restore to him his Earldom at Flanders, but on the condition

that he should only retain five walled cities, which walls the King should himself cause to be demolished if it were judged necessary; that Robert should keep faith and do homage, and pay at specified terms a sum of two hundred thousand livres, besides restoring to France Lille, Douai, Orchies, Bethune, and all other cities situated on that side of the Lys. This treaty was more or less kept until 1328, the period at which Louis de Cressy, expelled by his subjects, sought refuge at the court of Philip of Valois. Three Kings had successively occupied the throne of France during that pacific interval—Louis X., Philip V., and Charles IV.

Philip of Valois, who had succeeded to the last-named, marched in his turn against the Flemings, and found them entrenched upon the hill of Cassel, and commanded by a fish-merchant, named Colin Zannec. Their new general had caused a cock to be affixed to the barrier of his camp, with these lines appended:—

“ Quand ce coc chanté aura,
Le roi trouvé * conquéra.”

Whilst Philip sought some means by which he might make Zannec's cock crow, the latter, on three days successively, penetrated into his camp, disguised as a vendor of fish, and observed that the King remained long at table, and slept after dinner, an example which was followed by his whole army; this put it into his head to surprise the camp. Consequently, on the 23rd of August, at two o'clock in the afternoon, whilst all were sleeping, Zannec led on his troops in silence; the throats of the sentinels were cut ere they could give the alarm. The Flemings spread themselves amongst the tents, and Zannec was marching straight towards that of Philip, followed by a hundred determined fellows, when the King's confessor, who was the only person awake, occupying himself with *reading the scriptures*, heard the noise, and gave an alarm. Philip ordered his trumpet to

* Philip, of Valois was nicknamed the *foundling King*, ‘*le roi trouvé*’, because he had been elected by the barons after the death of Charles the Fair, who left neither brother nor son, but only Edward of England, his nephew by female, and Philip of Valois, his cousin by male descent.

and the Countess of Salisbury.

sound to horse: the troops awoke at the summons, armed themselves, fell upon the Flemings, and killed eighteen thousand five hundred of them, if we may believe the letter which the King wrote with his own hand to the Abbey of St. Denis. Zannec, unwilling to survive the defeat, slew himself. This battle left Flanders at the mercy of the conqueror, who dismantled Ypres, Bruges, and Courtray, after having seized and caused to be drowned three hundred of their inhabitants. Thus was Flanders reconquered for Louis de Cressy, who, not daring, however, to reside in any one of his capitals, continued to dwell in France, where he regulated the affairs of his Realm.

It was during the absence of his lord, that the power of Jacob Artaveld increased so largely that he might well have been considered sovereign master of all Flanders. He it was, in fact, as we have seen, and not Louis de Cressy, who had sent an envoy to King Edward, with a view of obtaining the exportation of the wools of England, which constituted the principal commerce of the Anseatic cities; and we have related how Edward, calculating with all the rapidity of his genius, the immense advantage that he might draw from the ancient hatred which existed between Philip of Valois and Flanders, had not disdained to treat, as between power and power, with the brewer Von Artaveld.

(To be continued in our next.)

T I M E.

Hark I from yon old church tower,
Again the bell tolleth—
Onward thus, hour by hour,
Time ever rolleth.
Like to a silent sea
Flowing unceasingly,
With a velocity
That nought controlleth.
Mighty the freight that floats
On that dark ocean—
What eye can count the boats
In constant motion!
Each to eternity
Beareth man's destiny:
From all life's changes free,
And life's emotion.
Still, though Time speed away
By God's decrecing,
It doth but lead the way
To brighter being—
To more enduring joy,
That no dark fears destroy,
Cares, that on earth annoy,
Far away fleeing.
Let us then strive to cope
With its endeavour,
Though it blight many a hope,
Many a tie sever.
When the grave's sleep is o'er,
It will have reached the shore,
Whence it shall ebb no more,
But rest for ever.

J. B.

LA DAGUERREOTYPE.

[Both Chambers have unanimously voted a pension of 400*l.* sterling per annum to M^r. DAGUERRE and his Heirs, for his admirable invention of "The Daguerreotype."]

At length we have seen with our own eyes, and touched with our own hands, this wonderful invention of Daguerre. His name is popular throughout Europe—he is universally acknowledged a skilful painter, but this art did not suffice him; he laboured to produce something beyond painting—this something was the DIORAMA. By this all-powerful art he enabled us to enter into the interior of pictures, which before we only saw on the surface. By his magic skill we have penetrated into old churches and ruins—we have climbed the mountain, descended the valley, traversed the great rivers and the ocean. The enchanter has led us without fatigue within the most remarkable cities. This clever, ingenious man plays with all the multiplied effects of light and shade, which he commands, one and the other, as if he were their sovereign ruler.

To such sights the public have crowded, amazed, lost in admiration. Painters have said among themselves, "What a loss it is for Daguerre to continue thus to create pictures, *finer* than painting." Daguerre replied but by a smile to these reproaches and praise—he alone knew at what perfection he laboured to arrive.

At last, from persevering study in the sanctuary of his diorama, where he produced so many *chefs-d'œuvre*—such perfect combination of light and colour—from his facility to command *the sun*, a willing and obedient slave, to cast his rays pale, or vigorous, when and as he pleased,—the inventor of the diorama has arrived at the most extraordinary results. What our short-sighted view considered a merely clever exhibition, Daguerre has, by a severe and complete study, brought to its highest point of perfection. You must recollect the two celebrated pictures of the diorama, "La Vallée de Goldau," and "La Messe de Minuit," in the church of St. Etienne du Mont. In both these pictures you recollect the light thus acts:—You see a

valley serene and calm, as in a fine Swiss landscape, beneath a soft and tranquil sun, the humble "chalet" is seen on the declivity of the hill—the verdant meadow spread its fine carpet, even to the borders of the wandering stream—all breathes life and peace in this sweet corner of the world—the rustling trees, the browsing goat, the bird singing, the shepherd at his labour, when, suddenly, what a frightful revolution! The summit of the mountain trembles—the green fields are replaced by scattered earth. Succour! succour! The storm rages—the chalet is swallowed up—the stream becomes a torrent—the trees, torn up by the roots, cast afar their branches and their ruin! You witness this awful destruction—you exclaim, "What an earthquake!—what a tempest!" The author of this destruction is he who just now spread around you so many fresh and smiling scenes. This terrible picture of universal devastation is the same soft landscape upon which your delighted eye so lately reposed. By a combination of light, shade, and colour, the chalet is suddenly become rock—the meadow newly ploughed—the stream a torrent—the tree a ruin—the living man a corpse.

The vulgar admired these incredible transformations without ever considering *how wrought*. Daguerre alone contemplated and conceived their marvellous extent. It was the same at "La Messe de Minuit." You entered the ancient church—it was empty; not even an old woman at the foot of the altar—not a priest in the sanctuary—not a boy in the choir. Light alone filled the Gothic arches—it spread, it reached the depths of the sacred edifice; by degrees the light diminished; you saw advancing along the aisle the early pious; a little longer, and the crowd pressed in on all sides, until the church was full. All ready—the tapers lighted, the priests in their stalls, women devoutly kneeling before their favourite shrines, men in the attitude of

The Daguerreotype.

deep respect, the preacher in the pulpit delivering the sacred word. The service over, the prostrate crowd arise and quit the church; the priests enter the vestry; the preacher descends from the pulpit. The sexton closes the gate of the temple; the dawning of a new day bursts upon the marble pavement, and again the church is empty. Yet it is always the same church, the same picture; nothing has changed. Let me now show you to what a mysterious conclusion these persevering efforts conducted Daguerre. By dint of study, this celebrated painter became a scientific chemist; doubtless he observed that such and such shades, vigorous in full day, gradually disappeared as the day closed in; he knew, what we are all aware of, the action of sun and light upon colour, and proposed to himself, with that persevering ardour which ever accompanies genius, the solution of the following problem:—To find a colour which the sun, nay more, which light can influence, so as to withdraw *one part*, and leave the other *fixed immovably*. To force the light to act upon this given shade, as would the divine burin of some invisible Morghen, and throw upon this copper-plate dark and smooth, *both life and form*. To force the sun, the eye of the world, to be no more than an ingenious work man under the orders of a Master! Surely here is the most strange, the most difficult and incredible problem the age has produced! For its *difficulty* we will not say; for its utility, the inventor of steam is only second to Daguerre. By what trials, attempts, researches, and chances of various kinds the author of the Daguerreotype has arrived at the magic results we are about to tell, is still his secret. He will later explain his wonderful invention, now that France, liberal and disinterested as ever, gives to Europe this noble present!

Daguerre has composed a certain black varnish; this varnish spreads itself over a copper-plate; the plate is exposed to a full light, and instantly, whatever may be the shade cast on this plate, the heavens, the earth, running waters, the cathedral lost in the clouds, stones, pavement, nay, the imperceptible grain of sand which floats upon the surface,—all these objects, great or small, which are

F—OCTOBER, 1839.

equally before the sun, *become engraved and PRESERVE* their various impressions in this camera-obscura. The drawing of our most celebrated masters never achieved *such a drawing*. If the mass is admirable, the detail is infinite! To conceive that it is the *sun itself* which is here employed, as the all-powerful agent of a new art which produces these incomparable labours! It is no longer man's inexact eye which sees in the distance light and shade. It is no longer his trembling uncertain hand which reproduces on moveable paper the changing scene of this world, which Chaos envelops. It is no longer requisite to pass hours and days before the same view, either of earth or heaven. The miracle operates of itself in an instant! Quick as thought, rapid as the ray darting upon the arid mountain or on the budding flower. We have a fine passage in the Bible, God said, "Let there be light, and light there was." You can say to the towers of Notre-Dame, "Place yourselves there;" the towers obey. Thus have they obeyed Daguerre, who one bright day transported them to his home, from the gigantic foundation-stone upon which they are built, to their thin, light spires, borne into the clouds, and which were never seen before but by Daguerre and—the sun. What we say is strange, is passing strange; but is there any thing so doubtful as certain truths? Napoleon, that man of vast comprehension, would never believe that a light vapour within a tube of iron could lift the world. When the steam-boat sailed before him, he called it a "child's toy." However sceptical we may be, we *must believe* in the Daguerreotype, for no human eye can plunge into these floods of light, or penetrate these profound obscurities. Yes, we have seen reproduced the finest monuments of Paris, which, by this art, may well become an "eternal city." We have seen the Louvre, the Institute, the Tuileries, the Pont Neuf, Notre-Dame de Paris; we have seen the Pavement de la Greve, the Seine, the clouds which cast their mantle over Sainte Genevieve, and the same divine perfection in each of these *chefs-d'œuvre*.

Art has nothing to contend with this new rival. Note well. There is no question here of some vulgar mechanical

The Daguerreotype.

invention, which reproduces at best masses without shade or detail, and with no other result than slight advantage of lessening, by some hours, manual labour; no, we endeavour to describe the most delicate, the most elegant, the most difficult reproduction of the works of God, and the scientific labour of man; and note well again, that this reproduction is far from being one and uniform, as may be supposed; on the contrary, not one of these pictures, executed after the same process, resembles the preceding picture. The hour of the day, the tinge of the sky, the limpid air, genial spring, austere winter, the autumnal tints, the reflection of the transparent stream, all these, and all the various changes of the atmosphere, are marvellously reproduced, in the marvellous pictures of the Daguerreotype, as if the fabled genii of the air attended their birth. From a collection of these pictures we saw Paris reproduced by a warm ray of the sun; the sun shone upon its noble walls, and vigorously advanced them from the fantastic shade. We saw Paris reproduced under a veil of clouds, when the rain descended gloomily drop by drop, the sky dull, and lowering as if covered with a crape. This art of reproducing the external world, will add likewise an immense merit to the truth of minute detail, from the incredible fidelity of light itself. You will be enabled at the first *coup-d'œil* to recognise the drawing reproduced from a pale Parisian sun, from that executed by an ardent Italian sky; you will say, "here is a landscape taken from the frozen vallies of Switzerland; here is another, under the desert aspect of Sahara:" you distinguish the steeple of Florence from the towers of Notre-Dame, and this from the simple observation of the sky under which they rise. Marvellous discovery! which identifies not alone the place, but identifies its sun.

Remark that man remains always master of the light he wishes to act upon; a second, more or less, devoted to this, does much. Keep to the minutæ, instead of to the mass; in two minutes you have a drawing, all veiled in poetic confusion, such as Martin delights in, through which the eye guesses more than it really sees. Do you desire,

on the contrary, as the architect, to make the monument appear in relief, free from any surrounding object which may lessen its noble effect. The sun obeys; your monument stands forth, and isolated as the column in the Place Vendôme, you obtain, by the same admirable process, all the various effects you desire to create from the earliest dawn to twilight's close. The work, once accomplished by the sun, or light, the sun and light have no more influence upon it. This slight varnish, upon which the least ray had full empire awhile ago, you can now expose in vain to the great light of day. It is durable—imperishable as an engraving upon steel. Is it possible to command more imperiously? 'Tis saying to the light, "Thou goest no farther." We have all, doubtless, seen the effect of a camera-obscura. In the ordinary camera-obscura are reflected external objects with perfect accuracy, but it produces nothing of itself. It is a mirror upon which no object rests; imagine then that this mirror has preserved the impression, indelibly, of all the objects which are there reflected, and you have an idea, nearly complete, of the Daguerreotype—equally extraordinary. The moon, pale reflection of the sun, from which she is distant millions of leagues—the moon, with moving, uncertain light, acts also upon this colour. We have seen this changing star reflected in the mirror of Daguerre to the unmingled admiration of the illustrious Arago, who was not aware of the power of his favourite star. Submit to the solar microscope the wing of a fly, the Daguerreotype, as powerful as the microscope, reproduces the wing in all its countless dimensions. You think we borrow from a fairy tale.

From this recital, will it be necessary to tell you all the endless applications of this marvellous discovery, which, in all probability, will be the honour of the age. The Daguerreotype is destined to reproduce the finest views from nature and from art, as printing produces the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the human mind. It is a matchless engraving. It is an obedient pencil to fond remembrance. It is the faithful memorial of the finest monuments and paintings in the universe. The spontaneous, incessant, indefatigable reproducer of those *chefs-d'œuvre* immortalised by genius and

The Daguerreotype.

by time. The Daguerreotype will be the indispensable companion of the traveller ignorant of the art of painting; of the artist who has not time to paint. It is destined, at a small expense, to circulate in our country the finest works of art, of which we have only had hitherto costly and unfaithful copies.

We shall shortly have only to send our boy to the Musée, and bid him in three hours bring back a picture of Raphael and of Murillo; we write to Rome for the cupola of St. Peter; by the next courier the cupola arrives. At Antwerp, you admire the house of Rubens—you can send your architect a faithful drawing—he will find, one by one, the ornaments become *lace from stone*, by the chisel of the sculptor; you can take yourself a copy of the portrait by Ingres of the fine head of the noble writer who is an honour to the European press. You cease to regret that there had never been an engraving. By the aid of this beautiful mirror it will be unnecessary to travel over desert lands, as Coombes; or traverse, as Count Demidoff, the plains of Southern Russia with an army of savans and of artists. If, an humble individual, we are forced to roam abroad, la Daguerreotype will give us enjoyments full of home, and keep alive the tender feelings of our youth and manhood. We can have the grandfather's easy chair, our infant's cradle, the old man's tomb, the neat beloved retreat of "the bosom friend dearer than all."

Daguerre rests not here—he hopes shortly to succeed in obtaining *the portrait* without the previous portrait of Ingres. He is in the course of inventing a machine by which the subject remains perfectly immovable; for such is the inimitable accuracy and power of this ardent reproducer, the Daguerreotype. You have at once the *coup d'œil*, the frown, the lightest curl of the hair. Take the magnifying glass; do you perceive on this even sand *a something* darker than the rest? It is a bird which passes in the sky.

We live at a singular epoch—steam has increased five-fold the number of our labourers. The rail-roads double that fugitive capital called life—gas replaces the sun—innumerable are the experiments to travel through the air.

It is but a short time since the invention of the Diagraphé-Gavard—obedient to its command the ceilings of the palace at Versailles descend upon the paper, guided by the hand of an inexperienced child. The other day, another man of genius—the same who discovered the means to reproduce en-relief, all the ancient and modern medals, Mr. Colas, invented a wheel, by which he reproduced, with admirable fidelity, La Venus de Milo; and here is Daguerre, with a simple composition spread over a copper-plate, who replaces painting and engraving! Onwards ye men of genius! may equal success ever crown your toils.

Who will be surprised if one of these days we have machines, which will repeat to us the comedies of Molière, and make verses like the great Corneille.

B. S.

[The *Athenæum*, in speaking of this extraordinary process, says, "That one great obstacle presenting itself to the use of M. Daguerre's photogenic process, is in the difficulty of preserving the pictures when completed, because they are of so delicate a nature, and so easily injured, that the slightest touch effaces them; even M. Daguerre himself has always found it necessary to protect them with a plate of glass, which is both inconvenient and troublesome; and it has, in consequence, been suggested, that if a varnish could be discovered, which easily might be applied to the surface of the plates after the completion of the pictures, and which, while it protected them from injury, should not impair their delicacy, it would considerably add to the value and usefulness of the process; we are happy, therefore, to hear, that M. Dumas has discovered that a liquid, composed of one part of dextrine and five parts of water forms a varnish of the desired nature. It is said to be well adapted for the purpose, and further possesses the advantage of being easily removed from the surface of the picture, by immersing the whole in boiling water. Time, however, will be required to ascertain whether this varnish has any action on the peculiar mercurial compound of which the image is formed."]]

Monthly Critic.

The Rhine, Legends, Traditions, and History, from Cologne to Mainz. By J. SNOWE, Esq. 2 Vols. Westley.

THE present work is at the same time the most complete and considerable ever offered on the subject of the Rhine.

The plan is excellent. The towns and cities on the banks of the Rhine are historically and topographically described, and when clear ideas are afforded to his readers of the realities pertaining to each, he then proceeds to detail the romantic legends and wild traditions which German imaginativeness has interwoven with their names. Many works have, it is true, been published on the subject of the Rhinish legends, but none on so useful and so highly entertaining a plan as the present; we can therefore safely recommend it as a delightful and instructive companion for a tour up the mighty Teuton stream.

The reader will be surprised at the prodigious mass of tradition and anecdote to be found in these volumes, comprising upwards of a thousand pages of letter-press, with numerous illustrations. The industry of the author is undeniable, and though the principal bulk of the work is composed of the wildest fiction, yet, beneath that attractive veil, may be discovered curious traits of Teutonic mythology and the ancient customs of the German people. The old tales of the Lurley, the Nonnenworth, the Mouse Tower, and other exhausted subjects, form but a small portion of the book, compared with matter that is fresh and new to the public.

The poetry we do not particularly admire; it is carelessly written, and is overburdened with words. This is a fault more apparent in the intermediate portions than in the tales, which, though not very terse in diction, are related with grace and sprightliness.

The story of the Knight of the Swan* is prettily told, but as we have given

Dumas' splendid version of it (combined with another of these legends) very lately in our pages, we cannot make the legend of Celeres our extract.

The following is one of the most elegant of the mine legends:—

Dagobert, pressed on all sides, at length consented. The courtiers surrounded the mouth of the pit; the countless multitude crowded around them, covering with a dense mass of human life the circumjacent plain.

"Now," said Dagobert, "begin. Who goes first? Fifty gold pieces is his guerdon who descends into that shaft and returns alive."

Only one adventurer, however, offered himself for the feat; and he was not a miner, but a noble-looking youth, wholly unknown to all present. On the day preceding he had mingled with the crowd; and in the course of the journey had continued to keep close to the beautiful Beatrix, who seemed the sun of his existence—the light of his eyes—his hope, his joy, his love, his all.

"I will," he exclaimed; "but not for your guerdon. I go in honour of that lovely ladye. God prosper my undertaking!"

Beatrix blushed a rosy red; while Dagobert, half-smiling, half-frowning, beckoned him to enter the bucket. He entered it accordingly, and it descended without impediment into the darksome depths of the mine.

"My Lord Bishop," said the King to the Chancellor, "methinks we have broken the spell. The youth is now below some half-hour. 'Twere better he came back to tell us of his success."

"Truly, sire," replied the churchman; "truly, we may —"

"But, see! my father," exclaimed Beatrix, who had watched the whole proceeding with intense interest, but who had been silent until then,— "but see! see! The winch revolves of itself—the rope coils up without hands—the basket is ascending—and lo! behold it!"

"This is most strange, my Lord Bishop," observed Dagobert.

"Magic, sire! magic!" was all the frightened ecclesiastic could answer,— "magic, sire! magic!"

"Alas! alas! 'tis empty!" were the words of Beatrix, as she fell to the earth overpowered by her feelings. "Alas! alas! he is no more."

The courtly throng gathered around the
[THE COURT

* The Knight of the Swan was the part sustained by the Hon. M. Jerningham (the descendant (armorially) of a swan) at the late tournament at Eglington.

prostrate, senseless maiden, and sought to restore her by every means which ingenuity could suggest; but their efforts were ineffectual to that purpose, and she still lay inanimate as a corpse, close by the mouth of the mine. Dagobert was overwhelmed with grief, and rendered almost wild with apprehension for his fair daughter's recovery. He stooped over her—he kissed her cold lips—he chafed her temples—he clapped her hands—he applied, in short, every restorative which was considered efficacious, himself; but he only laboured in vain. As he was thus engaged, however, he became aware of a tumult in the surrounding throng; and in a minute more a little deformed being, pushing his way through the crowd, elbowing men and women, right and left, without apology and without ceremony, stood beside the maiden. At the same moment, Beatrix awoke from her trance, to the inexpressible delight of her sire, and the great pleasure of the surrounding concourse.

"Who be you?" asked Dagobert of the intrusive stranger. "What brings ye here?"

"I am here for your daughter," replied the dwarf,—*"for your daughter Beatrix."*

"Seize him," shouted the King in a towering passion,—*"seize him, and bind him."*

A hundred hands were on the diminutive creature in a moment; and in another moment he stood pinioned before the enraged monarch and his fair daughter.

"Now fling him into yon pit," cried Dagobert. "He'll soon find the bottom. Off with him."

The diminutive deformity laughed aloud; it was a wild, shrill, unearthly cacaphony. He said nothing, however; but looked with an unflinching eye on Dagobert and Beatrix.

"Pardon him, my father," interposed the tender-hearted maiden,—*"for my sake pardon him, and speak him free."*

Dagobert shook his head, as unwilling to grant her petition; and the dwarf again laughed in the same horrid manner as before.

"Nay, sire," said the gentle girl, "all unused as I am to supplicate you for favours, will you refuse me this; this, mayhap, the only one I shall ever ask of you?"

She sighed deeply as she spake, for the remembrance of the lost youth hung heavily upon her heart. The object of her solicitude kept his little, keen, coal-black eye fixed intently on her face, as she thus pleaded for mercy to be extended to him.

"Well! well!" said the monarch; "be it so. But, hark ye, fellow —"

"I am free!" shouted the dwarf, bursting his bonds as easily as though they were twined of sand; "I am free! I am free!"

He was at the princess's feet before any one was able to prevent him.

"Thanks to thee, most royal maiden!"

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he exclaimed. "Thanks! thanks! You shall never repent your intercession for the Prince of the Gnome people, who dwells in the depths of the earth. Farewell for the present. We'll meet again."

With these words he rose, and snatching from the neck of the fair Beatrix a massive golden chain, to which was affixed a miniature of her mother, he tumbled into the bucket like a mass of lead, and sank, swift as lightning, into the depths of the earth.

"We'll meet again! we'll meet again!" floated upwards from the recesses of the cavern, in dying cadences, most sweet to hear. "We'll meet again! Farewell!"

Ere Dagobert and his courtiers had time to recover themselves, the bucket once more ascended without the aid of human hands. As it came to the surface, however, it was perceived to be full; and, on reaching the light, the form of the daring youth who had descended some hours or two before, was visible in it. But he seemed all unconscious of his condition; for a deep sleep, or a trance, had taken possession of his faculties. He was lifted from the bucket, in which it was discovered that he had been most carefully fastened; and he was then laid on the earth. The courtiers thronged around him; Dagobert and his daughter bent over him, each actuated by far different feelings. On his neck he wore the chain which had been just reft from the Princess by the Gnome King: the miniature was in his bosom. This Beatrix noticed; but as it seemed wholly unperceived of her sire and the surrounding crowd, she said nothing about it.

"Let him be taken to my tent," spake Dagobert, "and call my own leech to him. Daughter, will you look to his accommodation, while I take order about the troublesome business of this mine? 'Tis a brave boy!"

Beatrix gladly assented; and the tranced youth was, accordingly, transferred to the tent of the monarch. The leech came: but he only shook his head and looked grave. The priest came: and he tried to remove the chain from the neck of the young man; but his efforts were ineffectual. Right glad was the Princess to perceive that the only signs of life besides the fact of breathing which her patient manifested, were visible in the energetic resistance he made to the removal of this ornament. At the coming of night Dagobert returned to his tent; and Beatrix sought her own couch.

But the gentle Beatrix could not sleep; for her heart was now the home of a thousand tumultuous emotions, all unknown before to her innocence and youth. She loved: and the inanimate youth of the morning was the object of this her first idolatry. Thinking alone of the eventful occurrences of the day, she lay awake the night; speculating on the past; dreaming

family for the future—"Chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies." As she thus communed with herself, she became aware of the presence of an unbidden guest in her chamber: beside her bed's head stood the Gnome King.

"Hail to thee, fairest of maidens!" said the tiny creature, now blazing with all the brilliants of the mineral world—he appeared in full regular panoply. "I come to render you my thanks for the salvation you accorded me this morning, and to offer you my services."

The Princess knew not what to reply; she trembled all over like an aspen-tree in the breeze of evening.

"Listen to me!" pursued the royal dwarf. I'll tell you my story. I am a King of the Gnome people, who dwell in the depths of the earth. In a dispute which I had with another of our sovereigns, he overcame me; and I was adjudged by the supreme power to be his vassal until such time as I should find an object which both men and spirits prize higher than gold, or silver, or precious stones. After a long search I was unsuccessful; and then I grew to hate men as much as I hated my enemy and master. That was the reason why I interrupted the working of your father's mine, which is in my kingdom. This morning I slept for an hour—a fatal thing for a Gnome, as, in consequence, he loses his supernatural power for a season; and that was the cause why Dagobert's minions succeeded in seizing on me. Your word was my restoration. I recovered again the strength I had lost when a gentle maiden interceded for me—such is our law. I now come to requite you for the favour. Ask what you will."

"Save the youth!" replied the blushing Beatrix; "restore him to life, and I will bless you for ever!"

"It is even as I desired," spake the Gnome, in soliloquy with himself. Then addressing the Princess, he said, "Maiden, it may not be, I grieve to say, unless —"

"What!" interrupted the agitated Beatrix, who, until now, had not known the full extent of her love,—“what! say it!”

"Attend to my words," observed the dwarf, "and you shall learn."

She bowed her head in silent acquiescence.

"It may not be," proceeded he, "because it is not in my power to disenchant him. I cast a fearful curse on the first victim who fell into my hands. He is the one! No might on the earth, or under the earth, may relieve him, or remove that curse: no means exist but one,—and that — nay, why should I tell you, gentle maiden? Name something else that I may grant ye."

"Nay, tell me! tell me! an you love

me!" cried the Princess, "oh, tell me, I implore you!"

"Well, then," said the dwarf, "in that state he is doomed to continue until some maiden who loves him shall prove that she loves him better than life itself, by offering herself up as a sacrifice for his restoration."

"I do!—I will!" exclaimed the maiden, blushing to the brow at her involuntary confession.

"Good," replied the Gnome King, "good. Just what I expected. Are you ready?"

She hesitated a moment to answer this grave question. There is a great difference between saying and doing, even in the minds of the most resolute; and it always takes some time to carry a resolution, however fixed, into full effect. But it was only for a moment that the maiden hesitated.

"I am ready," she replied, "when you will."

"Good," said the Gnome King again. "Now, listen! It is a fact not known to you, nor to other mortals, that when two souls link themselves together in the sweet bonds of love, two flowers spring up on the earth, the symbols of their union. These we spirits of earth and air term 'soul-flowers'; and whoso possesses them possesses a transcendent power. I know where be the flowers that have just budded into existence for you. Here they are."

He produced two little flowers; they were like early violets or young snowdrops, which had just broken the bud. The maiden gazed on them with a feeling of delight she had never known before.

"Take you this one," pursued the royal Gnome; "hold it to your bosom: and, if you love truly, before your heart hath beat seven times, it will be a heap of ashes!"

She did so. At the seventh stroke, the flower became an impalpable white powder—pure vegetable ashes.

For the result of the experiment of the soul-flowers, we must refer our readers to the volumes themselves, assuring them that the tale is well worth pursuing to its termination. In fact, it is a very pretty drama, and might be acted without needing much alteration.

The story of the Emperor Henry IV. is valuable, being furnished from German chronicles. Our author gives extracts from the Emperor's own letters, but he does not record the still more extraordinary German historical tradition relative to the death and penitence of his cruel son, Henry V. It is to be found in Mezerai, from the German chronicles.

There is a delightful story of the Emperor Charlemagne and the robber; we however prefer selecting a further specimen from the historical anecdotes.

The translation of the couplet may be rendered—

Willigis! Willigis!
Think what thy scutcheon is.

The Legend of the Miserabelchen is profane, and will not suit English taste. It should have been omitted.

We have found greater novelty in the second than in the first volume, for which reason we have given it the preference; but the first contains a rich assortment of *diablerie*. There is scarcely indeed, a ghost or fiendish legend of Europe or Asia but what has a representative in these volumes.

The numerous embellishments are sketches of the principal castles and churches on the Rhine, two on a page, done on zinc, by Butler, and, as references to the tales and traditions, are useful and pleasing. There are likewise some wood-cut vignettes of inferior order of art, and, with the exception of those which represent scenery or architecture, of little value.

The work is elegantly bound, with gold embossed purple leather backs; and we feel disposed to praise the labours of Messrs. Moyes and Barclay, the printers.

Two Ways of Dying for a Husband.

1. *Tortesa the Usurer.* 2. *Bianca Visconti.* By N. P. WILLIS, Esq.

AUTHORS of genius are now turning their attention to the long neglected stage; and we are pleased to see one of the most distinguished of the American literati aiding in the task of renewing the dramatic glories of the mother tongue.

"Tortesa the Usurer" is a play of the old mixed class, such as the "Merchant of Venice," combining tragic interest with a happy termination. These are the plays of life. Life is not sorted into separate bales of black and white yarn, ready cut and picked, one to be used for tragedy, the other for comedy; nay, we have not even years full of laughter and years full of tears. Without people have a tendency constantly to cry or laugh, life is a mingled skein,

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where sorrow and joy alternately blend their shades and colours, and such dramas are the finest, because the truest to nature, which sparkle with smiles and sadden to tears, and again clear up according to the prompting of the feelings arising from passing events.

Tortesa is not the old tottering usurer of the stage, bent down with the weight of his money bags; no, a swaggering sort of a gallant from the *juste milieu* of the Florentines. His bargain with Count Falcone for the noble Isabella, strongly reminds us of the curious story in Froissart, of the rich Flemish capitalist who marries his nameless daughter, Marie, to the Duke of Gueldres, his debtor. We may suppose him to be an unrefined but dashing man, about the middle age of life, such a character as our own mercantile and manufacturing classes can furnish representatives for by the thousand.

Wallack has performed Tortesa with great success, both at London and New York. It is certainly a part that Wallack excels in representing; a character, blustering, daring, and a humourist, but alive to generous feeling when the right chord is touched; no very easy character to draw, by the way, without caricature or coarseness, unless the author possess considerable genius. This drama, it is well known, has already received the meed of public approbation both in England and America. The story is, therefore, familiar to the public. The mutability of human feeling and purpose, often so apparent in life, are the chief charms of this drama; and the interesting, but natural change of feeling and disposition in Tortesa, as he becomes familiar with persons of a more refined intellect and education, is finely developed, and is the chief charm of this very original piece. The manner in which this person conducts himself in the commencement of the play is consistent with what is seen in our levelling politicians every hour; an intense envy and ardent desire to rival the nobility being the main-spring of their activity.

Tortesa. You know Falcone's palace,
And lands, here, by Fiesole? I bought
them
For so much money of his creditors,
And gave them to him, in a plain, round
bargain,

For his proud daughter! What think you of that?

Zippa. What else but that you loved her?

Tortesa. As I love
The thing I give my money for—no more!

Zippa. You mean to love her?

Tortesa. 'Twas not in the bargain!

Zippa. Why, what a monster do you make yourself!

Have you no heart?

Tortesa. A loving one for you!

Nay, never frown! I marry this lord's daughter

To please a *devil* that inhabits me!

But there's an *angel* in me—not so strong—
And this last loves you!

Zippa. Thanks for your weak 'angel!'

I'd sooner 'twere the 'devil!'

Tortesa. Both were yours!

But for the burning fever that I have
To pluck at their proud blood.

Zippa. Why, this poor lady
Cannot have harm'd you!

Tortesa. Forty thousand times!

She's noble born—there's one wrong in her
eradle!

She's proud—why, that make's every pulse
an insult—

Sixty a minute! She's profuse in smiles
On those who are, to me, as stars to glow-
worms—

So I'm disparaged! I have pass'd her by,
Summer and winter, and she ne'er looked
on me!

Her youth has been one tissue of contempt!
Her lovers, and her tutors, and her heart,
Taught her to scorn the low-born—that am I
Would you have more?

We think the scene where generous
feelings are first wakened in the breast of
Tortesa by the news that Isabella has
died on her bridal morning, is better
done than the contest of generosity
between him and Angelo. It is more
true to the human heart.

This scene commences with the bridal
party waiting for the appearance of the
bride.

Tortesa. Pshaw! what is't?

I'm not a girl! Out with your news at once!
Are my ships lost?

Secretary, (hesitatingly.) The lady Isa-
bella—

Tortesa. What! run away?

Secretary. Alas, good sir! she's dead!

Tortesa. Bah! just as dead as I! Why,
thou dull blockhead!

Cannot a lady faint, but there must be
A trumpeter like thee to make a tale on't?

Secretary. Pardon me, Signor, but—

Tortesa. Who sent you hither!

Secretary. My lord the Count.

Tortesa, (turning quickly aside.) He put
it in the bond,

That if by any humour of my own,
Or accident that sprang not from himself,
Or from his daughter's will, the match
were marr'd,

His tenure stood intact. If she were dead—
I don't believe she is—but if she were,
By one of those strange chances that do
happen—

If she were dead, I say, the silly fish
That swims with safety among hungry sharks
To run upon the pin-hook of a boy,
Might teach me wisdom!

*(The Secretary comes forward, narrating
eagerly to the company.)*

Now, what says this jackdaw?

Secretary. She had refused to let her
bridesmaids in—

Lady. And died alone?

Secretary. A trusty serving maid
Was with her, and none else. She dropp'd
away,

The girl said, in a kind of weary sleep.

First Lord. Was no one told of it?

Secretary. The girl watched by her,
And thought she slept still; till, the music
sounding,
She shook her by the sleeve, but got no
answer;

And so the truth broke on her!

Tortesa, (aside.) (Oh indeed!

The plot is something shallow!)

Second Lord. Might we go

And see her as she lies?

Secretary. The holy father,
Who should have married her, has check'd
all comers,

And staying for no shroud but bridal dress,
He bears her presently to lie in state
In the Falcone chapel.

Tortesa, (aside.) (Worse and worse—
They take me for a fool!)

First Lord. But why such haste?

Secretary. I know not.

All. Let us to the chapel!

*Tortesa, (drawing his sword, and stepping
between them and the door.)* Hold!

Let no one try to pass!

First Lord. What mean you, sir!

Tortesa. To keep you here till you have
got your story
Pat to the tongue—the truth on't and no
more!

Lady. Have you a doubt the bride is
dead, good Signor?

Tortesa. A palace, see you, has a tricky
air!

When I am told a tradesman's daughter's
dead,

I know the coffin holds an honest corse,
Sped, in sad earnest, to eternity.

But were I stranger in the streets to-day,
And heard that an ambitious usurer,
With lands and money having bought a lady
High-born and fair, she died before the bridal,

I would lay odds with him that told me of it
She'd rise again—before the resurrection.

So stand back all! If I'm to fill to-day
The pricking ears of Florence with a lie,
The bridal guests shall tell the tale so truly,
And mournfully, from eyesight of the corse,
That e'en the shrewdest listener shall believe,
And I myself have no misgiving of it.

Look! where they come!

(Door opens to funeral music, and the body of Isabella is borne in, preceded by a Monk and followed by Falcone and mourners. Tortesa confronts the Monk.)

What's this you bear away?

Monk. Follow the funeral, but stay it not.

Tortesa. If thereon lie the lady Isabella,
I ask to see her face before she pass!

Monk. Stand from the way, my son, it cannot be!

Tortesa. What right have you to take me for a stone?

See what you do! I stand a bridegroom here.

A moment since the joyous music playing
Which promised me a fair and blushing bride.

The flowers are fragrant, and the guests made welcome;

And while my heart beats at the opening door,

And eagerly I look to see her come,—

There enters in her stead a covered corse!

And when I ask to look upon her face—

One look, before my bride is gone for ever—

You find it in your hearts to say me nay!—
Shame! Shame!

Falcone, (fiercely.) Lead on!

Tortesa. My lord, by covenant—

By contract writ and sealed—by value rendered—

By her own promise—nay, by all, save taking,

This body's mine! I'll have it set down here
And wait my pleasure! See it done, my lord,

Or I will for you!

Monk (to the bearers.) Set the body down!

Tortesa, (takes the veil from the face.)

Come hither all! Nay, father, look not black!

If o'er the azure temper of this blade
There come no mist, when laid upon her lips,

I'll do a penance for irreverence,
And fill your sack with penitential gold!

Look well!

(Puts his sword blade to Isabella's lips, and after watching it with intense interest a moment, drops on his knees beside the bier.)

She's dead indeed! Lead on!

(The procession starts again to funeral music, and Tortesa follows last.)

SCENE II.—A Street in Florence. The funeral music dying away in the distance.

Enter Zippa, straining her eyes to look after it.)

Zippa. 'Tis Angelo that follows close behind,

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Laying his forehead almost on her bier!
His heart goes with her to the grave! Oh Heaven!

Will not Tortesa pluck out of his hand
The tassel of that pall?

(She hears a footstep.)

Stay, stay, he's here!

(Enter Tortesa, musing. Zippa stands aside.)

Tortesa. I've learned to-day a lord may be a Jew,

I've learned to-day that grief may kill a lady;
Which touches me the most I cannot say,

For I could fight Falcone for my loss,
Or weep, with all my soul, for Isabella.

There is noble poetry in the scene we have quoted, and a fine development of awakened character in Tortesa, when he first finds out he is a human being, and not a representative of sundry monies called capital. The last speech possesses true pathos, and startles the reader with all the magic power appertaining to authors who have the grand power of entering into the human heart, and painting what they find there. There is again true poetry, and poetry which progresses with the story too, otherwise we would not tolerate it in a drama.

Zippa. Question me not how,
But I have chanced to learn that Angelo,
To-night, will steal the body from its bier!

Tortesa. To-night! What! Angelo!

Nay, nay, good Zippa!

If he's enamoured of the corse, 'tis there—
And he may watch it till its shape decay,

And holy church will call it piety.
But he who steals from consecrated ground,

Dies, by the law of Florence. There's no end
To answer in't.

Zippa. You know not, Angelo!

You think not with what wild, delirious
passion

A painter thirsts to tear the veil from beauty.
He painted Isabella as a maid,

Coy as a lily turning from the sun.
Now she is dead, and, like a star that flew

Flashing and hiding thro' some fleecy rack,
But suddenly sits still in cloudless heavens,

She slumbers fearless in his steadfast gaze,
Fearless and unforbidding. Oh, to him

She is no more your bride! A statue fairer
Than ever rose enchanted from the stone,

Lies in that dim-lit chapel, clad like life.
Are you too slow to take my meaning yet?

He cannot loose the silken boddice there!
He cannot, there, upon the marble breast

Show the dark locks from the golden comb!

Some of our journalists have invidiously given Wallack the principal credit this drama has already acquired. But could Wallack have done without the

decided cast of character, the spirited dialogue, and the brilliant situations the poet has devised for him? If Wallack had improvised on the stage, and Willis had been but his property-man, more could not have been said. We mention this circumstance because we are convinced, that to the vile habit of players taking upon themselves the office of chief theatrical critics of plays in the nineteenth century, we may trace the degradation of our drama. We do not say this out of the slightest disrespect to Wallack; he is a man of original genius in his line,—there he seems to have gone hand in hand with his author, and he knows he could no more have made a stupid play successful, than Day or Buckle could have beaten Bloomsbury, if they had ridden his rivals. Indeed, it is not more absurd to take the merit from a racer and give it wholly to his jockey, than to deprecate the author to exalt the actor. But this comes of the drama being judged by theatrical, instead of literary critics; the former unduly exalt their own craft, and authors of genius leave them, in consequence, to write for themselves. Pass we now to the next drama, which has not yet been played.

The tragedy of “Bianca Visconti” is simple in construction, as the ancient Greek drama, and bears a strong interest concentrated on the principal female character. Bianca is the daughter of the last of the Viscontis, bedridden and insane, as he really was in history. Bianca has been legitimated after the manner of the middle ages, and by the Duke’s marriage with her mother after her birth. The situation of the story is best explained by the words of the author.

Sarpellione. A flag of truce comes presently from Milan
With terms of peace. The Duke would give his daughter
To save his capital.

Sforza. The Duke does well!

Sarpellione. You’ll wed her then!

Sforza. If fairly offered me,
Free of all other terms, save peace between us,
I’ll wed her freely.

Sarpellione. Then I pray you pardon!
You’re not the Sforza that should be the son
Of him who made the name!

Sforza. Bold words, ambassador!

But you are politic, and speak advisedly.
What bars my marriage with Duke Philip’s daughter?

Sarpellione. Brief—for this herald treads upon my heels—

Bianca was not born in wedlock!

Sforza. Well!

Sarpellione. She’s been betrothed to other suitors—

Sforza. Well!

Sarpellione. Is’t well that you can ne’er thro’ her inherit

The ducal crown? Is’t well to have a wife
Who has made up her mind to other husbands,

Who has been sold to every paltry prince
’Twixt Sicily and Venice?

Sforza. Is that all?

Sarpellione. No—nor the best of it.
There lives a son,

By the same mother, to the Duke of Milan.

Sforza, (seising him by the arm.) Said you a son?

We must say, we want to know some feasible reason why the Duke should disinherit this last male heir of his ancient line, for there is not even an insane caprice quoted in vindication of the probability; this is, we must think, a defect.

The brother of Bianca, brought up as her page, is thus introduced:—

Page. Would it please you
To hear my new song, Lady?

Bianca. No, good Giulio!
My spirits are too troubled now for music.
Get thee to bed! Yet stay! hast heard the news?

Page. Is’t from the camp?

Bianca. Ay—Sforza’s taken prisoner.

Page. I’m vex’d for that.

Bianca. Why vex’d?

Page. In four years more
I shall bear sword and lance. There’ll be no Sforza

To kill when I’m a man! Who took him, Lady?

Bianca. A blind boy, scarcely bigger than yourself;

And gave him, bound, to me. In brief, dear Giulio!

Not to perplex those winking eye-lids more,
The wars are done, and Sforza weds to-morrow

Your happy mistress!

Page. Sforza! We shall have
A bonfire then!

Bianca. Ay—twenty!

Page. And you’ll live
Here in the palace, and have masks and gambols

The year round, will you not?

Bianca. My pretty minion,
You know not yet what love is! Love’s a miser,

Literature, &c.

That plucks his treasure from the prying world

And grudges e'en the eye of daylight on it!
Another's look is theft—another's touch
Robs it of all its value. Love conceives
No paradise but such as Eden was,
With two hearts beating in it.

(Leaves the Page and walks thoughtfully away.)

Oh, I'll build

A home upon some green and flowery isle
In the lone lakes, where we will use our
empire

Only to keep away the gazing world.

The purple mountains and the glassy waters
Shall make a hush'd pavilion with the sky,
And we two in the midst will live alone,
Counting the hours by stars and waking
birds,

And jealous but of sleep!

There is beautiful conception in this character of Bianca, loving Sforza so intently as she does, while he, the mere soldier by trade, does not believe she does, or ever will love him. He pities her with the greatest *naïveté*, because she is forced (as he supposes) to give up some preference to wed him, and very kindly resolves that she will not be plagued by too much of his company.

Her brother Giulio would make a delightful part for some young actress. There is a charming scene where Sforza discovers him to be the Prince, and is tempted to kill him; the better nature of the blunt soldier, however, prevails, and that murder is contrived by Bianca. She overhears Sarpellone plotting the death of her beloved Sforza after this method.—

Sarpellone. Now collect thy senses,
And look around thee! On that rustic bank,
Close by the fountain, with his armour off,
He sleeps away the noon.

Brunorio. With face uncovered?

Sarpellone. Sometimes—but oftener with
his mantle drawn
Quite over him! But thou must strike so
well,

That, should he see thee, he will never tell
on't.

Brunorio. I'd rather he were covered.

Sarpellone. 'Tis most likely—

But mark the ground well. By this alley
here,

You'll creep on unperceived.

And the following is her resolution, at the end of a meditation on the discovery that she has a brother in her favourite page, whose rights will prevent her

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from bestowing the ducal crown of Milan on her Sforza.

Bianca. If Giulio were asleep beneath the mantle

To-morrow noon, and Sforza in his chamber—

What murder lies upon my soul for that?

I'll come again to-night, and see the place,
And think on't in the dark!

(Exit Bianca.)

Thus ends the fourth act.

The fifth act is replete with brilliant originality, and sweeps on with great power to the catastrophe at the fall of the curtain. Giulio still waits on Bianca as her page, after her insane father's death. Sforza seems to tempt her by parables, as in the following passage:—

Bianca. My Lord, you married me—
The priest said so—to share both joy and
sorrow.

For the last privilege I've shed sweet tears!—
If I'm not worthy—

Sforza. Nay—you are!—I thank you
For many proofs of gentle disposition,
Which, to say truth, I scarcely looked for
in you—

Knowing that policy, and not your choice,
United us!

Bianca. My Lord!

Sforza. I say, you're worthy,
For this, to see my heart—if you could do
so—

But there's a grief in't now which brings
you joy,

And so you'll pardon me.

*(Giulio comes in with a heap of flowers
which he throws down, and listens.)*

Bianca. That cannot be!

Sforza. Listen to this. I had a falcon
lately,

That I had train'd, till, in the sky above
him,

He was the monarch of all birds that flew;
I loved him next my heart, and had no joy,
But to unloose his feet, and see the eagle
Quail at his fiery swoop! I brought him
here!

Sitting one day upon my wrist, he heard
The nightingale you love sing in the tree,
While I applauded him. With jealous heart
My falcon sprang to kill him; and with fear
For your sweet bird, I struck him to my
feet;

And since that hour he droops. His heart
is broke,

And he'll ne'er soar again!

Page. Why, one such bird

Were worth a thousand nightingales.

Bianca, (aside.) (Poor boy!

He utters his own doom!) (To Sf.) My Lord, I have
A slight request, which you will not refuse me.

Please you, to-day sleep in your chamber. I Will give you reason for't.

Sforza. Be't as you will!

The noon creeps on apace, and in my dreams I may forget this heaviness. (Goes in.)

Bianca. Be stern,
Strong heart! and think on Sforza! Giulio!
Page. Madam!

Bianca, (aside.) (He's hot and weary now, and will drink freely

This opiate in his cup, and from his sound And sudden sleep he'll wake in Paradise.)

Giulio, I say! (She mixes an opiate.)

Page. Sweet Lady, pardon me!
I dream'd I was in Heaven, and feared to stir

Lest I should jar some music. Was't your voice

I heard sing, 'Giulio?'

Bianca, (aside.) (Oh, ye pitying angels, Let him not love me most, when I would kill him.)

Drink, Giulio!

Page. Is it sweet?

Bianca. The sweetest cup
You'll drink in this world!

Page. I can make it sweeter—

Bianca. And how?

Page. With your health in it!

Bianca. Drink it not.

Not my health! Drink what other health thou wilt!

Not mine—not mine!

Page. Then here's the noble falcon
That Sforza told us of! Would you not kill
The nightingale that broke his spirit,
Madam?

Bianca. Oh Giulio! Giulio! (Weeps.)

Page. Nay—I did not think
You loved your singing bird so well,
dear Lady!

Bianca, (aside.) (He'll break my heart!)

Page. Say truly, if the falcon
Must pine unless the nightingale were dead,
Would you not kill it.

Bianca. Tho' my life went with it—
I must do so!

Page. Why—so I think! And yet,
If I had fed the nightingale, and lov'd him;
And he were innocent, as, after all,
He is, you know—I should not like to kill
him,

Not with my own hands!

Bianca, (aside.) (Now, relentless
Heavens,
Must I be struck with daggers through and
through!

Speaks not a mocking demon with his lips?
I will not kill him!)

Page. Sforza has gone in—

May I sleep there, sweet lady, in his place?

Bianca. No—boy! thou shalt not!

Page. Then will you?

Bianca. Oh God!

I would I could and have no waking after!
Come hither, Giulio! nay—nay—stop not
there!

Come on a little, and I'll make thy pillow
Softer than ever mine will be again!

Tell me you love me ere you go to sleep!

Page. With all my soul, dear mistress!
(Drops asleep.)

Bianca. Now he sleeps!

This mantle for his pall—but stay—his

Looks not like Sforza under it. Fair
flowers,

(Heaps them at his feet, and spreads the
mantle over all.)

Your innocence to his! Exhale together,
Pure spirit and sweet fragrance! So—one
kiss!

Giulio! my brother!—Who comes there?
Wake, Giulio!

Or thou'lt be murdered! Nay—'twas but
the wind!

(Withdraws on tiptoe and crouches behind a
tree.)

This is a beautiful scene, with more
sweetness than horror in it. After the
murder of Giulio, the Duchess is seized
with an agony of remorse:—

Priest. She hath not taken food

Since the boy died!

Rossano. Nor slept?

Priest. Nor closed an eyelid!

Rossano. What does she?

Priest. Still, with breathless repetition,
Goes thro' the Page's murder—makes his
couch

As he lay down i' the garden—heaps again
The flowers upon him to eke out his length;
Then kisses him, and hides to see him kill'd!
'Twould break your heart to look on't.

Rossano. Is't the law

That she must crown him?

Priest. If, upon the death
Of any Duke of Milan, the succession
Fall to a daughter, she may rule alone,
Giving her husband neither voice nor power
If she so please. But if she delegate
The crown to him, or in extremity
Impose it, it is not legitimate,
Save he is crown'd by her own living hands
In presence of the Council.

The coronation, the climax of the
tragedy, is boldly and nobly conceived,
and the finishing *tableau* must be mag-
nificent. The insanity of Bianca is sup-
ported by probability; when we consider
the state of her father. The whole of her
character and conduct is imagined with
great genius, and the conflict in her mind

of agonizing passions is, we think, the true material which constitute tragedy.

The part of Pasquali, if represented, requires considerable condensation, as he advances the story very little; he assuredly occupies more of the time of the drama than rightfully belongs to him.

The dialogue of these dramas is very easy and colloquial. Beautiful poetry is occasionally uttered by Tortosa, Isabella, and Zippa, in the play; and by Bianca, Sforza, and Giulio, in the tragedy; yet nothing is forced in their intercourse—every thing seems to spring naturally out of passing events. On the contrary, Tommaso and Pasquali appear as the creatures of the foot-lamps, stage buffs, seen no where else, and they should, in consequence, be clipped down, in representation, as closely as possible.

There is always something very forced and odd in the names Willis gives his productions, which, if less brilliant in talent than they are, would be injured by their titles. A seeming connexion is, for instance, established between these dramas in their appellations, which leads to false constructions. The titles should have stood as we have been forced to quote them, for brevity sake, on our heading. Willis has now arrived at that grade of authorship which exonerates him from troubling himself to search for quaint titles.

Guide-Book along the Danube. By R. T. CLARIDGE, Esq. New Edition.

THIS new edition of one of the cleverest and most intellectual guide-books in our language deserves, as no doubt it will meet with, an extensive sale. The information it conveys relative to the east of Germany, the Danube, and Constantinople is fuller and more explicit than any thing on the subject to be found in print, and will induce many of our modern tourists to take those interesting routes. The important point of travelling, finance, is carefully discussed, and excellent tables are appended, with directions to the stations of steamers and other conveyances. The historical and topographical departments are written with great taste, considering the necessity for brevity. The picture of Constantinople, supplied as it is from the works of the latest travellers, forms a digest full of spirit and information. In follow-

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ing the same plan, there is, however, an example or two in which contradictory statements are introduced without due explanation. For instance, Smyrna is represented as "destitute of interest and amusement," and yet, in the same page, as "a very gay and animated place." Both statements may be true, according to the perceptions of two different describers; but the author should not have given them the semblance of continuous narrative, but have quoted them as contrary opinions. No person can write such a book as this wholly on his own information; but if the gems of information are collected from the works of various travellers, the rightful owners should in every instance be acknowledged, especially where their very words are used,—a good old custom, which we are sorry to see much on the decrease. The work, moreover, would be infinitely more valuable with references to the various authors who have furnished information at the foot of each page. The descriptions of the improvements and new buildings, both at Munich and Athens, are very interesting: one would wonder where King Ludwig obtains his funds. Notwithstanding some vagaries prompted by a poetic brain, he must be a great man, since, whatever he wills to do, he does.

The whole of the information given of the German route is original and clever, and we doubt not Claridge's work will itself very frequently make the tour of the Danube and other parts which he has so usefully described. If Mr. Claridge would, however, take our advice, we would strongly recommend his Guide-Book, though not heavy, to be printed on tough thin paper, as more convenient for actual use to travellers.

Arithmetical Perspective. By C. E. BERNARD.

ALL the world knows there is no royal road to the science of perspective. An artist, to proceed on sure grounds, requires considerable mathematical skill. The present treatise simplifies the process by expunging all lines not absolutely required for effect. Our author makes the following observation on the method laid down in this volume.

The idea of using calculation, instead of construction, for obtaining the perspective representation of object, is, I believe, altogether original.

In order fully to understand the following pages, no more mathematical skill is required, than some knowledge of proportion, and of the first elements of geometry; so that the work will, I trust, be open to all.

The diagrams are useful and well engraved. We think a volume in which the author has given himself such intense labour, in order to smooth the difficulties of a very rugged path of science, ought to meet with patronage at the hands of those for whose benefit it is intended.

Schiller's Lyrics. Translated by J. PYM
JOHNSON, Esq.

We like the present translation of *Der Kampf mit dem Drachen*.

The *naïveté* of Schiller's text is, indeed, at the conclusion, inimitable; and there is a fullness and rich roll in the couplets spoken by the Master of Rhodes scarcely attained in this or any other translation. Ein Gott bist Du dem Volke worden
Ein Fiend kommst Du zurück dem Orden.
Here we think *fiend*, though it means *enemy* or *foe* in German, should have been rendered simply *fiend* in English, because the idea of the poet is evidently to create an antithesis between the God of the people and the devil of the order. However, we will give the translation for the judgment of better German scholars than we pretend to be. It is very pleasantly rendered.

And speaks: "The dragon which this land
Laid waste, lies conquered by thy hand;—
The people deify thee now!

But to the Order thou'rt a foe:
And a worse reptile far was bred
Within thy heart, than this that's dead;
The serpent which the bosom fills
With poison, and the world with ills—
Is the rebellious will of man,

* Which scorns the yoke of discipline;
And ever since the world began,

The ruin of its peace hath been.
"Courage we meet in Paynim host,
Obedience is the Christian's loast;
For where the master from on high
Once walked in deep humility,
The fathers there, on holy ground,
This Order's bond did wisely found—
Of duties hardest to fulfil,
To curb our own rebellious will.

Vain glory in thy bosom burned,
Then haste thee quickly from my sight!
He who the Master's yoke hath spurned,
May never with his cross be dight."

Now forth the vast assemblage break,
A tempest seems the house to shake,
And all the brethren beg for grace.
The youth in silence bows his face,

Lays down his mantle with a tear,
Kisses the Master's hand severe,
And goes:—the latter's eyes pursue
The hero; he recalls him too—
"Come to my arms, my son," he cries,
"The harder victory's gained by thee.
Accept this cross—it is the prize
Of self-subdued humility."

We have compared Schiller's fine poem of *Der Taucher*, or the Goblet, with its translation in the present collection, line by line, and find it closely rendered. The two following verses have, we think, caught the spirit of the original.

"For under me lay, yet mountain-deep,
A purple darkness vast;
And though to the ear these horrors sleep,
My eye with terror was cast
On the snakes, salamanders, and dragons
beneath,

As they swarm'd in the grisly pool of death.

"Dark masses of hideous monsters there
In horrible mixture lay;—
The Hammer-fish, with its form of fear—
The Rock-fish—and prickly Ray—
And the ravenous Shark all grimly smiled,
Hyena of the ocean wild!"

Here Schiller's noble line

In perperner Finsterniss da—
literally,

In purple darkness there,
is, perhaps, injured by the interpolated word *vast*.

We think, in the next verse the simplicity of Schiller's thought

Von der menschlichen Hülfe so weit—
From human help so far,—

is hurt by the translation,

How far from all human ken!
for it is a slight misfortune to have none looking at us, and, very often, utter solitude is a pleasant thing; but it is rather an alarming state to be beyond all human aid.

We find some good passages in the Lay of the Bell. Every one who has seen (or just now chances to pass down Cheapside) a half-burnt house, must acknowledge how striking is the following assertion:—

In the empty window frames
Horror reigns.

The author is a German scholar: he has rendered the compound epithets, which may be considered so peculiarly Germanisms, with considerable taste; but there is a lack of euphony in his composition.

The Mabinogion. By Lady CHARLOTTE GUEST. Longman and Co.

THE translation of the Mabinogion, by Lady Charlotte Guest, has been long under our consideration, and we should before this have expressed our opinion of an undertaking every way so worthy public attention, had we not been fettered and restrained by the fact, that only the last number has reached our hands, although we are informed that the first volume was intended for us; and as there is doubtless a mass of curious matter relating to the state and preservation of this Welsh manuscript, we were unwilling to discuss it without receiving proper information regarding it.

The only whole portion of the number now in our hands, is the romance of Peredur, the Son of Evrawc, which is in the second volume. Peredur is a Paladin, familiar to those who have read the British romances and ballads on King Arthur, under the name of Sir Percival of Wales. These acts of Arthur and his Knights may be considered as the Celtic Iliad, while those of Charlemagne and his Paladins may be considered the Gothic Iliad, and it is a matter of great curiosity to watch the variations of customs and manners in the editions of these legends, given, as they are, according to the ideas of the various districts in our island.

The original Welsh or Celtic of Peredur, is printed in this really most beautiful copy of the Mabinogion, in type of great clearness and elegance, and it is illustrated exquisitely with wood-cuts, by Williams; as to the translation, we have not met with any thing so naively fascinating since the translation of Grimm's Tales from the German. Lady Charlotte has had the excellent taste not to disturb in any way the simplicity of the text, and thus has laid the whole antiquarian world under an immense obligation. Many are desirous of reading the historical and poetical treasures locked up in Celtic manuscripts, but the students of Celtic being few, such treasures are unapproachable, excepting by means of translation, performed with simplicity of design. How seldom do we find a lady of rank patriotic enough to devote herself to the elucidation of the antiquities of her country, shrouded too in a language little known to the literary; and what dis-

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tingtion and praise does a lady deserve, who has employed herself thus practically?

But it is time to give a specimen of the translation, and we select the following first notable exploit of Peredur at the Court of King Arthur.

Meanwhile Peredur journeyed on towards Arthur's Court. And before he reached it, another knight had been there, who gave a ring of thick gold at the door of the gate for holding his horse, and went into the hall where Arthur and his household, and Gwenhwyvar and her maidens, were assembled. And the page of the chamber was serving Gwenhwyvar with a golden goblet. Then the knight dashed the liquor that was therein upon her face, and upon her stomacher, and gave her a violent blow on the face, and said, "If any have the boldness to dispute this goblet with me, and to revenge the insult to Gwenhwyvar, let him follow me to the meadow, and there I will await him." So the knight took his horse, and rode to the meadow. And all the household hung down their heads, lest any of them should be requested to go and avenge the insult to Gwenhwyvar. For it seemed to them, that no one would have ventured on so daring an outrage, unless he possessed such powers, through magic or charms, that none could be able to take vengeance upon him. Then, behold Peredur entered the hall, upon the bony piebald horse, with the uncouth trappings upon it; and in this way he traversed the whole length of the hall. In the centre of the hall stood Kai. "Tell me, tall man," said Peredur, "is that Arthur, yonder?" "What wouldst thou with Arthur?" asked Kai. "My mother told me to go to Arthur, and receive the honour of knighthood." "By my faith," said he, "thou art all too meanly equipped with horse and with arms." Thereupon he was perceived by all the household, and they threw sticks at him. Then, behold, a dwarf came forward. He had already been a year at Arthur's Court, both he and a female dwarf. They had craved harbourage of Arthur, and had obtained it; and during the whole year, neither of them had spoken a single word to any one. When the dwarf beheld Peredur, "Haha!" said he, "the welcome of Heaven be unto thee, goodly Peredur, son of Evrawc, the chief of warriors, and flower of knighthood." "Truly," said Kai, "thou art ill-taught to remain a year mute at Arthur's Court, with choice of society; and now, before the face of Arthur and all his household, to call out and declare such a man as this the chief of warriors and the flower of knighthood." And he gave him such a box on the ear, that he fell senseless to the ground. Then exclaimed the female dwarf, "Haha! goodly Peredur,

son of Eyrawc the welcome of Heaven be unto the flower of knights and light of chivalry." "Of a truth, maiden," said Kai, "thou art ill-bred to remain mute for a year at the Court of Arthur, and then to speak as thou dost of such a man as this." And Kai kicked her with his foot, so that she fell to the ground senseless. "Tall man," said Peredur, "show me which is Arthur." "Hold thy peace," said Kai, "and go after the knight who went hence to the meadow, and take from him the goblet, and overthrow him, and possess thyself of his horse and arms, and then thou shalt receive the order of knighthood." "I will do so, tall man," said Peredur. So he turned his horse's head towards the meadow. And when he came there, the knight was riding up and down, proud of his strength, and valour, and noble mien. "Tell me," said the knight; "didst thou see any one coming after me from the court?" "The tall man that was there," said he, "desired me to come, and overthrow thee, and to take from thee the goblet, and thy horse and thy armour for myself." "Silence," said the knight; "go back to the court, and tell Arthur, from me, either to come himself, or to send some other to fight with me; and unless he do so quickly, I will not wait for him." "By my faith," said Peredur, "choose thou whether it shall be willingly or unwillingly, but I will have the horse, and the arms, and the goblet." And upon this the knight ran at him furiously, and struck him a violent blow with the shaft of his spear, between the neck and the shoulder. "Haha! lad," said Peredur, "my mother's servants were not used to play with me in this wise; therefore, thus will I play with thee." And thereupon he struck him with a sharp-pointed fork, and it hit him in the eye, and came out at the back of his neck, so that he instantly fell down lifeless.

"Verily," said Owain the son of Urien to Kai, "thou wert ill-advised when thou didst send that madman after the knight, for one of two things must befall him. He must either be overthrown or slain. If he is overthrown by the knight, he will be counted by him to be an honourable person of the court, and an eternal disgrace will it be to Arthur and his warriors. And if he is slain, the disgrace will be the same; and moreover, his sin will be upon him; therefore will I go to see what has befallen him." So Owain went to the meadow, and he found Peredur dragging the man about. "What art thou doing thus," said Owain. "This iron coat," said Peredur, "will never come from off him; not by my efforts, at any rate." And Owain unfastened his armour and his clothes. "Here, my good soul," said he, "is a horse and armour better than thine. Take them joyfully, and come with

me to Arthur, to receive the honour of knighthood, for thou dost merit it." "May I never show my face again if I go," said Peredur, "but take you the goblet to Gwenhwyvar, and tell Arthur, that wherever I am, I will be his vassal, and will do him what profit and service I am able. And say that I will not come to his court, until I have encountered the tall man that is there, to revenge the injury he did to the dwarf and dwarfess."

The original, we should suppose, from the following specimen of heraldry, to have been written after the Norman conquests, for the Celts did not then discuss blazonry in the following scientific manner.

And the knight had upon his shoulder a shield, ingrained with gold, with a fesse of azure blue upon it, and his whole armour was of the same hue.

If the Celts had armorial bearings they did not define them, according to the approved rules of art, and much we wished for "some skill in Welsh," to have compared this precious sentence with the original. We were exceedingly pleased with the chessmen Peredur found playing by themselves, and wish we could persuade ours to shout when they won a game.

And Peredur proceeded towards the castle, and the gate of the castle was open. And when he came to the hall, the door was open, and he entered. And he beheld a chess-board in the hall, and the chessmen were playing against each other, by themselves. And the side that he favoured lost the game, and thereupon the others set up a shout, as though they had been living men. And Peredur was wroth, and took the chessmen in his lap, and cast the chess-board into the lake. And when he had done thus, behold the black maiden came in, and she said to him, "The welcome of Heaven be not unto thee. Thou hadst rather do evil than good." What complaint hast thou against me, maiden?" said Peredur. "That thou hast occasioned unto the Empress the loss of her chess-board, which she would not have lost for all her empire."

The notes are extremely clever, and we wish we could indulge a hope that Lady Charlotte would turn her attention to the elucidation of Welsh history from the time of Edward I. to the accession of Henry VII. Translations from historical ballads and genuine Welsh chronicles, would cast a great light on the

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proceedings of Owen Glendourdy,* his brother-in-law, Davy Gam, and his Welsh band at Agincour, likewise the history of the Tudors before that line ascended the throne of England. The events concerning the Principality lie in the darkest shadow in our history; it would then be a noble task to set them in a better light, and do individual justice to the deeds of those Celtic heroes, whose names are scarcely mentioned in our historic pages.

There are curious specimens of the Celtic MSS. of Peredur ab Evraur from Jesus College, at Oxford, and one, belonging to Sir John Bosanquet, engraved in this number. The industry and talent of the fair translator cannot be too much praised for unlocking so extraordinary and singular a page of antiquity. The work ought to be in every philological library in Europe.

The East Indian Voyager, or Ten Minutes' Advice to the Outward Bound.

By EMMA ROBERTS.

WE hope, for their own benefit, that all outward-bound East Indian voyagers will bestow a great many more minutes than *ten* to the consideration of a book so well deserving long and minute attention as this very clever work. There is an excellent chapter, descriptive of a lady's outfit.

There are good and bad of all sorts, so there are good Ayahs, faithful and honest creatures and bad ones; and we have known many worthy of the confidence given them by their mistresses. We are disposed to think that the authoress has been particularly unfortunate in the evidence given her of this class of domestic rewards.

The following extract is calculated to make a proper impression on the minds of those who have a distant prospect of an Indian destination, and who are indulging in a thousand ideal speculations on the impunity of Indian luxury and idleness.

"The needlework of the domestic establishment in India is performed by a tailor, or *dirzee*, as he is called; and those men who are employed upon the wardrobes of ladies, are usually very expert, but they undertake nothing beyond the mere sewing, hemming,

stitching and copying departments. They will make a gown from a given pattern with tolerable accuracy; but they do not consider it to be their business to try it on; and they would refuse if required to do so, on the plea of indecorum, which it is rather curious should come from them instead of the lady. On this account some acquaintance with the method of cutting out a gown, and trying it on, will be found very important in India; for the expense of having new dresses from the *Marchands de Mode* of the Presidencies is too great for the majority of female residents; while, without the lady can contrive to assist in the manufactures, books and prints of fashions are totally useless. A gown made by a *dirzee* who is left entirely to his own skill and discretion, is usually pulled to pieces, and put together again so frequently, that it looks old before it has been worn; and in many places in the provinces, there is absolutely no remedy, no European woman being to be found throughout the whole station capable of affording the slightest assistance. The art of cutting out and fitting on, although so necessary, is very difficult of acquirement in India, where the circle may be so small as to furnish no one person able or willing to give the necessary instructions; while there is nothing to prevent a young lady in England from obtaining a sufficient acquaintance with the process, to enable her to make a fashionable appearance. The toil is not great, since the executive may always be left to the tailor, who will follow the directions given with great accuracy.

The millinery art, though not quite so essential, since a single hat or cap will suffice, where many gowns are necessary, is very advantageous to those who study the graces of the toilet in India. To be able to trim, and modify, and alter, will be found most useful when at the distance of perhaps a hundred miles from any person who can perform these constantly required services. At all the large stations men may be found who undertake to make hats and bonnets after any given pattern, but who are totally unequal to the task of placing feathers, bows, or any other ornament in their proper positions, taste and elegance being quite out of the question. If the lady herself cannot supply this omission, she must be content to make a very poor figure in the circle in which she moves. It has been said that people must be born milliners, to succeed in an art which requires a very peculiar and perhaps unattainable talent; but though it may be difficult or impossible to excel, a certain degree of dexterity may be arrived at, which will turn to good account in places where nothing very much better can be found. As an Indian voyage is seldom undertaken without a few months of previous preparation, ladies, who have not

* Owen Glendower is always thus called in the *Fædera*.

the prospect of being permanently settled at one of the three Presidencies, should endeavour to render themselves acquainted with this very useful branch of feminine economy; for, however ingenious they may be, and equal to remedy all deficiencies of the kind, their natural cleverness will be much assisted by a little practical knowledge. India has been for so long a period represented as a perfect paradise for women, that it is difficult to dissipate an idea which seems to have gained possession of every mind; and certainly rich ladies, either at the Presidencies or elsewhere, may obtain every thing they can want, and nearly every thing they can wish for. The rich, however, form a very small portion of Anglo-Indian society; by far the greater number of the wives and daughters of European families being restricted within very limited means. Cheap materials, which are frequently attainable, will be of very little use to such persons, unless they have some skill in the art of making them up; and though it is esteemed little less than high treason to find fault with the toilets of Anglo-Indian ladies, truth compels me to say that there is great room for improvement, more especially in the Upper Provinces. Girls who go out to their parents, under the idea that they will find their wants supplied with the same readiness as at home, will be much disappointed; and though there are many resources which may be rendered available as substitutes, active habits, and a readiness at contrivance, are necessary to bring them into the service. There are so very few methods for the employment of the time of the softer sex in India, that a more than ordinary devotion of it to the subject of dress, is not only pardonable, but praiseworthy, especially as many causes operate to induce negligence. The indulgence of the indolence which the oppressive nature of the climate is so apt to produce, is but too frequently attended by an unwillingness to give up the comfort of a loose and careless attire for the restraints of the toilet. When this habit is suffered to grow upon the parties who have given way to it, they are indisposed to receive company in a morning; and the interests of society suffer very considerably from the seclusion of the female portion of a family in their chambers. So much of the happiness of life in India depends upon the exertions of the ladies, that they should consider very deeply, before they go out, the responsibility which they incur while becoming such important members of the community: every accomplishment and every useful and amiable quality will have a wide field for its display; and there can be no doubt that the direction of well directed female influence will always be productive of the happiest results. Where

the ladies of a Station patronise public amusements, and encourage social visiting, the gentlemen seldom or ever abandon themselves to gambling, or any other destructive pursuit; and a ready concurrence with any scheme proposed for the furtherance of harmless entertainment, forms one of the best means of keeping society together, since a capitious temper, caprice, or the want of inclination to oblige in one single individual may often mar the happiest arrangements which a limited society can propose."

We recommend this work as well to the voyager as to those parents whose children are educating with a view to live in the east. There is also a series of excellent papers on the medical service, and directions to medical tyros. One of the most curious facts relating to the prospects of a young person brought up to this dangerous but highly honourable and invaluable profession is, that Lord William Bentinck has cut down the retiring salaries of the few surgeons who survive their laborious duties to two-thirds, in proportion, less than that of the military veteran!! Ought a paternal government to suffer this? Ought the preserver to be worse paid than the defender? The India House may be glad to cut down as closely as possible; but the British Government ought to interfere, for the sake of thousands of Britons, whose lives will suffer from the want of a supply of efficient surgeons, the certain result of so vile a system.

The interests of the cadet and the civilian are likewise considered in this intelligent work, which appears to us without a fault, unless it be too earnest a recommendation of cups of strong tea for puppies—we mean four-legged ones.

An Essay on the Influence of Poetry.
By J. HEMMING WEBB, Esq.

THE admirers of pure metaphysical essay, among whom there is, we trust, a large number of our fair countrywomen, will be exceedingly pleased with this pamphlet; and all those who consider a highly polished style as the first requisite of an author, will scarcely find, in the present day, more elegant sentences than in this prize pamphlet, which has been so fortunate as to please the taste of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, at the Southwark Literary Society. Although

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we consider that ideality, in a greater proportion than the perceptive and regulating faculties, is one of the most dangerous gifts that can be bestowed on man; yet there is great truth in the following remarks, which we give as a specimen of the composition.

Were it possible to erase from the mind the faculty of imagining, what a dull, tame, plodding animal, man would be; no object which might fall within the compass of his vision would have the power of arousing within him a single emotion. The form of substances might have perhaps become known, but their properties and qualities would for ever remain to him enshrouded mysteries. He would turn from all that is affectionate, and beautiful, and good, without one expression of pain, or feeling of regret, and meet it again without any impulse to gladness or joy, because, in the first place, he would experience no loss, and in the second place he would be unconscious of any cause of accession of delight. In absence, the loved ones, if recalled to mind, would be so without any fervent feelings of desire to be re-united, and in their presence there would be no sweet emotion of passionate regard; for without imagination, memory would be inoperative; without imagination, love would be a merely sensual and present and momentary gratification. Imagination is the essence of affection. In much of our fondness for our fellows, in much of our admiration and esteem, we love what we imagine rather than what we know.

Yarrell's History of British Birds,
Part XIV.

WE are now introduced to that division of the highly amusing family of the Corvidæ, which includes jackdaws and magpies; these gradually blend with the woodpeckers. The wood-cuts here assume more than their usual beauty; the green woodpecker is a fine instance, and the skeleton of that creature, showing its wonderful mechanical structure for ascending trees, in its peculiar manner, will excite the admiration of all lovers of natural history. Mr. Yarrell has bestowed some inquiry on the provincial appellations by which this bird is known, and has mentioned the name woodspite as one; we have always heard it termed by country people wood-sprite, the name

arising from the flash of its bright colours momentarily seen and gone. This is a charming number, alike attractive from its delightful letter-press and valuable delineations.

Le Page's French Master for the Nursery. Wilson.

THIS little book is marked with the usual good sense and acumen for tuition, which distinguish the productions of Le Page.

He is the best idiomatic instructor we know. His dialogues on the sound of the French letters and the parts of speech are of first-rate excellence. But do not let parents suppose this book is a very easy one: it is too truly French—too thoroughly imbued with the indispensable idioms of that language to be learned by English children very quickly without sensible explanation, but then, what is learnt is really valuable—the idioms being completely in a conversational spirit, and very different from the Anglo-French, given in usual nursery dialogues.

The Terpsichore Quadrilles. By Miss SARAH AMELIA TUCKER, and dedicated to Mrs. Stephen Isaackson.

MUSIC entered upon the scene of the world to enliven it by extending her hand to DANCE: and not to separate these two sisters requires much talent in the composer. But this often occurs in writing music for dancing, to which it is much more frequently adapted than singing. Miss Tucker, however, in her quadrilles, has displayed considerable talent by the composition of graceful music, which irresistibly entices to join in the delightful mazes of the dance. We like all, but prefer the second quadrille. The fourth would please us more were it less monotonous, and if the base fell not always upon the fifth.

We are informed that the tale published in this (the Lady's) Magazine for January, 1836, entitled, "Whitsun Eve, or the Last Link in the Chain," by Edward Lancaster, Esq., has been dramatised for, and will be produced at, the Pavilion Theatre, on Monday (Sept. 30). We shall not, therefore, be able, in the present number, to give any mention of its reception.

[The reviews of the following are deferred:—*The Modern Literature of France—Encyclopædia of British Sports—The Ballot*, by the Rev. Sidney Smith—*Lieut. Elli's Reports on Ports and Harbours—London, Ancient and Modern*,



THE QUEEN'S GAZETTE.

VIVAT REGINA.

August 30.—Her Majesty gave audience to the Marquis of Normanby and Viscount Melbourne. The Queen, accompanied by her august mother, H. S. H. the Duke Ferdinand of Saxe Coburg and H. S. H. the Princess Victoire of Saxe Coburg, left Buckingham Palace, for Windsor.

31.—Windsor:—Her Majesty did not leave the Castle.

September 1.—Windsor (Sunday):—Her Majesty and H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, attended divine service in the Chapel Royal of St. George in the morning, and in the afternoon promenaded on the terrace.

2.—Windsor:—The unfavourable weather prevented the Queen going out.

3.—Windsor:—The Queen rode out on horseback.

4.—Windsor:—Her Majesty took equestrian exercise.

5.—Windsor:—The Queen rode out on horseback. Two of the royal carriages were sent to Woolwich, for the purpose of conveying their Majesties, the King and Queen of the Belgians and suite to the Castle; their Majesties did not, however, arrive.

6.—Windsor:—Her Majesty took her accustomed equestrian exercise in the afternoon. An express arrived at the Castle, with the intelligence that their Majesties the King and Queen of the Belgians had landed at Woolwich.

7.—Windsor:—Their Majesties the King and Queen of the Belgians and suite arrived at the Castle, on a visit to Her Majesty.

8.—Windsor (Sunday):—The Queen, accompanied by the King of the Belgians, the Duchess of Kent, and the Duke of Saxe Coburg, attended divine service in the morning, in St. George's Chapel. At half-past four o'clock in the afternoon, Her Majesty walked on the east terrace of the Castle, and at five o'clock Her Majesty, taking the arm of the King of the Belgians, the Queen being on the other side, proceeded to the outer terrace, where the public were admitted, and which was thronged with company. After passing through the whole extent of the terrace, between continuous lines of visitors, the illustrious party returned to the inner terrace.

9.—Windsor:—Her Majesty took an airing in a carriage, accompanied by the Queen of the Belgians, the Duchess of Kent, and the Princess Victoire of Saxe Coburg.

10.—Windsor:—The Queen took a carriage airing, accompanied as yesterday.

The Queen Dowager arrived at the Castle, and lunched with Her Majesty and her illustrious relatives. The Queen Dowager left at four o'clock.

11.—Windsor:—Her Majesty, and the King and Queen of the Belgians, and the Duchess of Kent, accompanied their illustrious relatives, T. S. H. H. the Duke Ferdinand of Saxe Coburg Gotha, the Princess Victoire, and the Princes Augustus and Leopold of Saxe Coburg, to Woolwich, to witness their embarkation for the Continent. The royal party returned to the Castle in the evening to dinner.

12.—Windsor:—Her Majesty promenaded on the terrace of the Castle, and also on the slopes, during the afternoon.

13.—Windsor:—Her Majesty rode out on horseback in the morning, and in the evening had a dinner party.

King Leopold went to Claremont, intending to pass the night there.

14.—Windsor:—The King of the Belgians returned from Claremont to dine at the Castle, and the Queen of the Belgians returned from a visit to the Queen Dowager.

15.—Windsor (Sunday):—Her Majesty accompanied by the King of the Belgians, attended divine service in St. George's Chapel.

The Queen promenaded on the terrace of the Castle in the evening, accompanied by the King and Queen of the Belgians.

16.—Windsor:—Her Majesty rode out on horseback.

His Grace the Duke of Wellington arrived at the Castle in the afternoon.

17.—Windsor:—Her Majesty, accompanied by the King and Queen of the Belgians, and the Duchess of Kent, went in the morning to Bagshot Park, the residence of H. R. H. the Duchess of Gloucester.

18.—Windsor:—Her Majesty, accompanied by the King and Queen of the Belgians, went in the afternoon to the top of the Round Tower; the royal party afterwards walked on the east terrace, and thence to the slopes.

19.—Windsor:—Her Majesty did not take her accustomed exercise.

20.—Her Majesty rode out on horseback. The King and Queen of the Belgians and suite left the Castle soon after five o'clock in the morning, for Woolwich, where their Majesties embarked for the Continent.

21.—Windsor:—Her Majesty rode out on horseback in the Park during the afternoon.

22.—Windsor (Sunday):—Her Majesty attended divine service in St. George's Chapel.

The Queen promenaded in the afternoon on the east terrace of the Castle.

23.—Her Majesty rode out on horseback, attended by all the visitors at the Castle.

24.—The Queen took her usual airing on horseback in the Park, accompanied by Viscounts

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Melbourne and Palmerston, and a party of the royal suite.

25.—Her Majesty, with a numerous suite, rode out in the afternoon.

26.—The Queen took her usual ride in the Park, attended by a large party from the Castle.

27.—Windsor. Her Majesty rode out this afternoon, attended by most of the royal visitors and suite.

RIDES AND DRIVES.

King and Queen of the Belgians, Sept. 7, 9, 16, 17.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, Sept. 3, 4, 5, 7, 9, 17, 22.

H.S.H. Duke Ferdinand of Saxe Coburg, Sept. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9.

H.S.H. Princess Victoire of Saxe Coburg, Sept. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10.

Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg, Sept. 3, 4, 5, 7, 9.

Prince Augustus of Saxe Coburg, Sept. 3, 4, 5, 7, 9.

Viscount Melbourne, Sept. 3, 4, 6, 13, 16, 22, 26.

Hon. Miss Anson, Sept. 3, 6, 13.

Baroness Lehzen, Sept. 3, 6, 13, 16, 20, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27.

Earl of Uxbridge, Sept. 3, 6, 13.

Lord Gardner, Sept. 3.

Col. Wemyss, Sept. 3, 4, 7, 16, 17, 20, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27.

Sir Robert Otway, Sept. 3, 6, 7, 16.

Lady Charlotte Dundas, Sept. 4, 9, 16, 17, 20, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27.

Baroness Fenyvessy, Sept. 4, 9, 10.

Hon. Miss Pitt, Sept. 4, 9, 10, 17, 27.

Lady Harriet Clive, Sept. 4, 9, 10, 16.

Miss Quentin, Sept. 3, 4, 5, 13, 16, 20, 22, 23, 25, 26.

Sir George Quentin, Sept. 4, 17, 22, 23, 25, 26, 27.

Viscount Palmerston, Sept. 6, 7, 16, 20, 22, 25.

Hon. Miss Spring Rice, Sept. 6, 7, 9, 10, 16, 20, 22, 23, 25, 26.

Earl of Fingal, Sept. 6, 7, 16.

Count Menzdorf, Sept. 7.

Lady Lyttleton, Sept. 9, 10, 16.

Earl Surrey, Sept. 13, 16, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27.

Duke of Wellington, Sept. 16.

Lady F. Cowper, Sept. 16.

Sir Hamilton Seymour, Sept. 16.

Hon. W. Cowper, Sept. 16.

Countess of Sandwich, Sept. 17, 20, 22, 24, 25, 27.

Hon. Mrs. George Campbell, Sept. 17, 20, 22.

Lord Byron, Sept. 17, 20, 22, 25, 26, 27.

Hon. Major Keppel, Sept. 17, 20, 22, 24, 26, 27.

Earl Cowper, Sept. 20, 22, 23, 26.

Countess Cowper, Sept. 20, 22, 24, 25.

Viscount Torrington, Sept. 20.

Countess of Albemarle, Sept. 20.

Hon. Miss Paget, Sept. 22, 25.

GUESTS AT THE ROYAL TABLE.

The King and Queen of the Belgians, Sept. 8, 9, 10, 13, 15, 18, 19, 22.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, Aug. 31, Sept. 6, 8, 9, 10, 13, 15, 18, 19, 22.

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H.S.H. Duke Ferdinand of Saxe Coburg, Aug. 31, Sept. 6, 8, 9, 10, 13.

H.S.H. Princess Victoire of Saxe Coburg, Aug. 31, Sept. 6, 8, 9, 10, 13.

Prince Augustus of Saxe Coburg, Aug. 31, Sept. 6, 8, 9, 10, 13.

Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg, Aug. 31, Sept. 6, 8, 9, 10, 13.

Earl of Uxbridge, Aug. 31, Sept. 1, 13, 15, 19.

Countess of Uxbridge, Aug. 31, Sept. 1, 19.

Earl of Albemarle, Aug. 31, Sept. 18.

Countess of Albemarle, Sept. 18.

Hon. Col. Cavendish, Aug. 31, Sept. 1, 3, 9, 10, 22.

Hon. Mrs. Cavendish, Aug. 31, Sept. 1.

Lady Eleanor Paget, Aug. 31, Sept. 1, 19.

Lady Constance Paget, Aug. 31, Sept. 1, 19.

Lord John Russell, Sept. 1, 3, 13, 18, 25.

Hon. Miss Liston, Sept. 1, 3, 13, 18, 25.

Lieut.-Col. Reid, Sept. 1.

Lieut.-Col. Boys, Sept. 1.

Lady Caroline Barrington, Aug. 31, Sept. 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Harecourt, Aug. 31.

Countess Dowager Cowper, Sept. 13, 17, 18.

Lady Fanny Cowper, Sept. 13, 17, 18.

Right Hon. C. Poulett Thomson, Sept. 3.

Major Armstrong, Sept. 3.

Major Webb, Sept. 3.

Count Alexander Menzdorf, Sept. 6.

Earl of Surrey, Sept. 6, 8, 9, 10, 13, 15, 18, 19, 22.

Viscount Melbourne, Sept. 6, 8, 9, 10, 13, 15, 17, 18, 22, 26.

Viscount Palmerston, Sept. 6, 8, 9, 10, 13, 15, 17, 18, 22, 26.

Lady Lyttleton, Sept. 6, 8, 9, 10, 13, 15.

Lady Charlotte Dundas, Sept. 6, 8, 9, 10, 13, 15, 18, 19, 22.

Hon. Miss Paget, Sept. 17, 18, 22, 26.

Baroness Fenevessy, Sept. 6, 8, 9, 10.

Hon. Miss Pitt, Sept. 6, 8, 9, 10, 13, 15, 18, 19, 22.

Hon. Miss Spring Rice, Sept. 6, 8, 9, 10, 13, 15, 18, 19, 22.

Lady Harriet Clive, Sept. 6, 8, 9, 10, 13, 15.

Baroness Lehzen, Sept. 6, 8, 9, 10, 13, 15, 18, 19, 22.

Earl of Fingal, Sept. 6, 8, 9, 10, 13, 15.

Sir Robert Otway, Sept. 6, 8, 9, 10, 13, 15.

Col. Wemyss, Sept. 6, 8, 9, 10, 15, 18, 19, 22.

Lady Isabella Wemyss, Sept. 15.

Marquis of Normanby, Sept. 10.

Sir George Grey, Sept. 13.

Viscount Torrington, Sept. 17, 18.

Sir Hamilton Seymour, Sept. 13, 15.

Sir William Lumley, Sept. 13.

Countess of Sandwich, Sept. 17, 18, 19, 22.

Sir William Freemantle, Sept. 18, 19, 22.

Hon. Mrs. George Campbell, Sept. 17, 18, 19, 22.

Hon. Sir Edward Cust, Sept. 17.

Lady Cust, Sept. 17.

Sir Robert Gardiner, Sept. 17.

Lady Gardiner, Sept. 17.

Hon. William Cowper, Sept. 17, 18.

Hon. Charles Howard, Sept. 17.

Duke of Wellington, Sept. 17.

Sir Edward Codrington, Sept. 18.

Count Brunow, Sept. 18.

Lord Byron, Sept. 18, 19, 22.

Earl Cowper, Sept. 18, 19, 22.

Countess Cowper, Sept. 18, 19, 22.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHION PLATES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

No. 789.—Plate with three figures—*Carriage or Visiting Costume*. Dinner costume—first sitting figure. Redingotte of striped satin *noisette* and blue; the corsage is low and fits tight to the bust, and has a deep falling collar or cape (see plate); the sleeves are plain at top, with two tucks put on, the remainder full; a frill, of the same material as the dress, goes entirely down the front and round the collar; it is cut on the cross way, and is edged with a *passé poil* or piping of satin. Drawn capotte of white crape; this capotte, as may be seen by referring to the plate, is quite different from the two already described (see the other plate), a band of plain crape dividing each space of gathers, and the wires which form the foundation being covered with amber satin, gives it altogether a different appearance; it is very much *evasée*, and the fronts meet under the chin; the trimming consists of a roll of crape crossing the front and a bouquet of full blown roses placed at the right side; the strings are of crape, cambric ruffles, pale yellow kid gloves, cambric handkerchief trimmed with lace, black varnished leather shoes.

First standing figure (centre).—The *coiffure* of this figure is half Chinese, half *à la Grecque*; the front hair being turned back from the roots, and the back twisted into braids, very low at the back of the head, nearly as low as the roots of the hair (see plate). At the sides of the face are the little curls called *les accroche cœurs*. Low dress of pale pink silk, *à pois satinés*, with satin spots. The corsage *à l'enfant* with gathers across the front and back. Long sleeves, plain at the shoulder, and full the remainder of the way down, with deep *poignets* and embroidered ruffles. Scarf of India muslin, frilled on each side with lace, long gold ear-rings, yellow kid gloves.

Third Figure.—Coiffure exactly similar to the one just described; dress of white crape over satin. The corsage is low and has a little fulness at the lower part of the waist, both at front and back (see plate); a double revers or pelerine falls over the top of the corsage, it is

deep at back, and is cut away almost entirely towards the centre of the front. The skirt of the dress is open in front, and rounded off at the corners. The trimming consists of three tucks, cut on at the crossway with a very narrow blonde run on at the edge of each. The sleeves of this dress are similar to those already described. Hair chain round the neck, gold ear-rings and broche, dark violet satin brodequins.

No. 791.—*Carriage Costume—Standing Figure*.—Transparent drawn capotte of black lace. This capotte is not made with crown and front separate, but is cut all in one piece, with the round put in at top (see plate); the lace is supported on wires, three of which go lengthways, besides those which go across. The lace is put on in full and even gathers, and at each drawing a row of lace is put on, with a sufficient degree of fulness to make it sit properly. One row of lace is put on at the round at top, another at the edge of the front, and two more at equal distances between; the bavolet is double and rather deep, and the *brides* (strings) are very long, pointed at the ends, and cut on the cross way; they are trimmed all round with a very narrow lace, put on plain. A bunch, consisting of three full blown roses, a deep red, a pink, and a yellow, is placed as low as the ear, at the left side of the capotte. The dress is a *redingotte décolletée* (low) of white muslin. The corsage is plain, fitting tight to the bust, and has a low pelerine adapted to it. The pelerine is scarcely more than a finger and half in depth at back (see plate); it crosses in front beneath the ceinture, the ends being sloped away to a point. The skirt of the dress opens on the left side; all round is a very broad hem, to the edge of which, down the opening, is a double frill of rich embroidery, narrow at the waist, and becoming gradually wider as it goes down. All round the dress, inside the hem is a very elegant border of work; the pelerine is embroidered and trimmed to match. The sleeves are plain upon the shoulder, the remainder very loose, with a puffing at top; at the wrist they are finished by a deep cuff, with a row of

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work and a frill at the upper part. A bow, consisting of three puffs of yellow ribbon, fastens the pelerine in front; the ends, which are very long, are passed under the ceinture which is of the same colour. Hair in bands, white kid gloves, black shoes of varnished leather and fan.

Sitting Figure.—Blue crape capotte, not precisely the shape of the black one, as may be observed by the plate, the front and crown being in two distinct pieces; the cross wires on which the crape is supported are on the outside and covered with satin, which gives them the

appearance of little satin *rouleaux*; to each of these is a row of narrow white blonde, three on the crown and three on the front, independently of the one at the joining together of the front and crown, in all seven; the bavolet and strings are of crape, and a blonde veil is put on at the edge of the front, instead of a lace.

The pelerine is similar to the one before described. The dress is a low redingotte of cedar-colour satin, sleeves full, with a plain piece and a puffing at top. The skirt is without trimming at bottom.

THE NEWEST MODES OF PARIS.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Paris, September 23, 1839.

EH! bien, ma chère belle, which am I to give you, summer or winter fashions, to-day? It is a point upon which I can hardly decide. Were I to consult the weather, all last week would have said, "Winter," for we had wind, torrents of rain, and cold; and to-day and yesterday we have something like summer again. Ten days ago, it was so hot that all our belles were dressed in *organdi* redingottes, lined with coloured silk; the dresses trimmed round the bottom and down the fronts with lace, or *bouillons*, in which coloured ribbons are inserted; tucks cut the cross way and put in, with a narrow lace at the edge, or a trimming called *chicorée*, the muslin cut out at the edge in *chevaux-de-frize*, and quilled thickly; two or three rows of this are fashionable on silk dresses as well as on muslin. It also makes a pretty garniture for a pelerine. Another very favourite trimming for these dresses consists of three or five flounces, in mitres or scallops at the edge, done in alternate colours, blue and *bois*, or nut colour, or pink and burnt coffee colour. The over-casting is done in fine worsteds. The ribbons worn with this must be to match.

Since the weather has turned colder, *gros de Naples* and *poux de soie* have been more worn. Plain silks are on the decline, stripes being preferred at present. Those most worn are nut colours and blue, *ecrue* and blue, *ecrue* and green, apricot and green, burnt coffee, and rose, or cherry. [Of course the *liserés*

(pipings) and ribbons, &c. must match the stripe.

In the make of the dresses there is nothing new. The corsages are still *decolletés* (low). Some cross in front, in folds from the shoulder; others are *en châle*, like a waistcoat, with the *revers* turned back; and others have a deep falling collar, as in one of the accompanying plates. These are worn over *chemisettes* half high, and, for morning with habit shirts, frilled down the front. For dinner dresses the corsages are *à la Grecque* or *à l'enfant*,—*à la Sevigné*, with draperies, or tight, to fit the bust, with a point. The short sleeves are in three or five puffs or *sabots*, with *engageantes* (ruffles) of rich Alençon or other lace. The long sleeves are tight on the shoulder; the remainder full, with two or three tucks, or one or two puffings put on at the top of the full sleeve.

Hats and Capottes.—Black and white lace capottes have nearly superseded every other. The forms are exactly similar to those in the plates; the fronts *évasées*, and meeting under the chin. A mixed bouquet of full-blown roses, or of sweet pea, are the favorites for the black capottes. A bunch of dahlias is the most *distingué* for the white ones. Hats of *paille de riz* and *poux de soie* are trimmed with crape *lisse*, and ornamented with flowers. Some ladies prefer a bunch of ostrich feathers; two or three placed in a drooping position at the left side.

Turbans are fashionable in dinner dress. They are made of white or

coloured gauzes, and many have long lappets, that float over the neck and shoulders.

Hair.—The back hair is worn as low as possible, almost falling on the neck. The hair is done into one long braid, which is twisted and coiled up like a serpent. The front hair is sometimes in long ringlets à l'Anglaise, and frequently either in smooth bands, in *bouffans*, frizzed bands falling at each side of the face, or *berthas*. *Berthas*, you know, are thick braids, *enfer à cheval* (horse-shoe). *Féronnières* are very much worn; they consist of a fine gold Venetian chain, with a little ornament in front, and, in *demi-toilette*, of a band of velvet. Velvet bows are worn in the back hair, and on the temples.

Aprons are in high favour. Some are made of shot silk, and others of satin de laine or Cashmere, the latter embroidered in floss silks, and the others trimmed with black lace. They are exceedingly small, and the corners rounded; the pockets in the form of scallop shells (the round part down) on the outside, and the *ceintures à points*. But the most elegant of all are of embroidered muslin, with a *rivière à jours* all round, and a handsome lace outside. These latter are lined with pink, blue, lilac, or pale yellow silk.

Brodequins are fashionable; the fronts are made of black varnished leather, and the backs of the material of the dress striped *coutil*, or of a material made of cotton and silk. They are much worn in dress, made of black, violet, puce, or myrtle green satin, or *satin de laine*. A silk fringe goes round the tops.

Long and short gloves and mittens, of black *fillet*, are universally adopted. They are trimmed at the tops or round the wrists with narrow black lace.

Ruffles are become an indispensable article in the toilette of a lady. For morning they are made of cambric, double, and with one or two rows of fine stitching; for *demi-toilette*, of clear cambric, with a *revière*, or embroidered; and for *grande toilettes de visites*, of *guipure* to match the collar or cape.

Pocket handkerchiefs are also embroidered in *guipure* for full dress. Those for morning and *demi-toilette* are embroidered in coloured cottons, blue, red, lilac, and chocolate; the patterns a kind of zigzag, and done in chain stitch. The

initials are in very curiously formed zigzag letters to match.

The pantoufles are at present made of black, puce, or green velvet, embroidered in coloured silks. The fronts of some are in patterns stamped out, overcast round the edges, and with a different coloured satin laid underneath; these are very elegant.

My children are at home for their vacation. It has been a great relief to me to have had them in a convent this last year. However, M. de F. declares he will keep them at home now, and get a governess for them. *Quel tourment pour moi!* I must tell you how we dress our children at present in Paris:—

Children's Fashions.—For walking dress they wear *mousselines de laine*, very light colours, and small patterns, of course; or white or pink *jacconet* muslin. The frocks are very short, and in summer the trowsers are white. The corsages are made low, *à l'enfant*, with gathers front and back, and pieces on the shoulders; or quite tight and without a ceinture, but no point. Round the neck the frock is ornamented with a *revers*, or *pelerine*, which falls over the shoulders, and is trimmed round, according to the material of the frock, with narrow black lace, or a frill of itself. The sleeves are short, either quite tight, with three rows of trimming, or in three puffs; three tucks, or three narrow flounces, are often on the skirts of the frocks.

Their bonnets are, generally speaking, of English straw; the trimming consists of a *torsade* of crimson velvet, with a straw cord twisted over it, and formed into a little tassel at one side; sometimes a white ribbon replaces the velvet. A little wreath of violets, hare-bells, or some other little simple flower, goes entirely round the face, under the front of the bonnet. They wear little black silk mantelets, lined with rose colour, blue, or lilac silk, and trimmed with two rows of narrow velvet ribbon, or with a narrow black lace; these mantelets are crossed in front, and knotted at the back.

The aprons have little corsages, which are crossed at the back; they are fastened on the shoulders with bows of ribbon. They are made of *gros de Naples*, or *mousseline de laine*. Their brodequins are of *coutil*, with leather fronts; their

Miscellany.

gloves are mittens of *peau de Suède*, dog's skin, or of black netting.

For evenings the frocks are of organdi; the skirts open in front, and rounded off. They are trimmed, as well as the body and sleeves, with frills, embroidered in coloured worsteds; the ribbons, shoes, &c., are to match.

You know some of our friends dress their little girls in satins and velvets,

trimmed with lace, and put feathers in their bonnets, but really this is too *savré*, and only makes *coquettes* of children.

Colours. The prevailing colours for bonnets are black and white (lace), pink, and pale lemon colour. For dresses: apricot, bright green, and burnt coffee.

Maintenant chère amie adieu, toute à toi.

L. DE F.

The late Tournament.—We understand that it has been determined by the company assembled at the tournament at Eglinton Castle, to subscribe for a piece of plate to be presented to the Earl of Eglinton, to remain in his family for ever, in commemoration of this splendid entertainment. The following noblemen and gentlemen to form a committee of management:—The King (the Marquis of Londonderry), the Marshal (Sir Charles Lamb), and the Judge of the Lists (Lord Saltoun), the Knights of the Tournament, the Duke of Montrose, Lord Burghersh, Viscount Chelsea; Sir George Head, Hon. Secretary.

The steamer *Solway*, of Carlisle, left Belfast on the 17th ult., with 250 head of cattle, &c. When off the Mull of Galloway, she sprung a leak. The sea running high, 55 of the cattle were thrown overboard to lighten the vessel and clear the decks, the leak having increased so fast as to extinguish the fires. Twelve of the cattle were drowned in the hold; most of those thrown overboard were carried on shore from Portpatrick to Corsewall.

Enormous Property of the late Sir John Ramsden, Bart.—The young baronet, his grandson, twelve years of age, succeeds to 120,000*l.* a-year; 500,000*l.* is left to be divided amongst Sir John's sons; 40,000*l.* to each of his daughters, and 8,000*l.* a-year, together with the mansion of Byrom, to Lady Ramsden, the widow.

A Grave Adventure.—Last month, when the remains of Mr. J. Jenkins were to be interred in Thorp churchyard, the friends and family standing

round the grave, the sides of the pit suddenly gave way, and the whole of the party, together with the coffin, were thrown into the grave with a terrible crash. No person was seriously hurt.

A young tenor-singer, from the Pyrenees, who has never yet appeared upon the stage, and is to make his *début* at the Grand Opera in Paris, in *Guillaume Tell*, named Madrou, is said to combine, with the quality of voice of Mario, the excellent method of Duprez and Rubini. His voice, including falsetto, is stated to extend to within three notes of the third octave, one note above Rubini's and Haitsinger's.

Mademoiselle Taglioni returned to St. Petersburg at the latter end of August, from Berlin and Deberan, to resume her seven months' engagement at the theatre of that capital.

Van Amburgh is said to have been given 6000*l.* for a wholly black tiger, which has lately arrived in England.

Extraordinary Sagacity.—The Editor of the *Weekly Dispatch* has actually discovered that a certain anonymous paper, entitled "The Irish Tutor," partly published in our last Number, is from the pen of a gentleman who had another partly published paper in the *Metropolitan Magazine* for August. As we did not send any copy to the *Dispatch*, it was very kind of the author to give the information, (see Sept. 16), and we only regret, that a regard to truth did not make the writer abstain from commenting on the one hand and finding fault on the other, where he himself kept back the concluding portion of the MS., and led us into the necessity for that frequent division, which, unnecessarily, we shhhor.

MUTILATION AND INTERPOLATION OF REGISTERS AND TOMBSTONES.

THE late extraordinary mutilation of tombstones in Marylebone, and interpolations in the parish registers, have been the subject of minute inquiry and especial report by the committee appointed for the purpose, and it has awakened a general interest in the public mind, so that at length the subject seems to have become one almost of vital importance. It is not indeed to be wondered at, when so very many public and private movements are founded upon, or regulated by, reference to registers.

Important information has been derived, valuable property secured, and titles obtained by evidence indirectly confirmed by reference to *inscriptions* upon ancient tombstones. This part of the subject which has now awakened so much attention in London is, by no means, of rare or novel occurrence, since those who are acquainted with the principality of Wales, and the nature of litigation there, know full well that *the alteration of monumental inscriptions* is of very frequent occurrence.

In the parish of Marylebone, "an entry of marriage, an entry of birth, and of burial, each relating to the same parties, exhibited in each case the same evidence of falsification.* The first set of certificates which had been signed by the minister were brought again to the vestry of the church, so damaged by fire

that they were useless as evidence, yet retained sufficient for him to identify them when he was required to sign a fresh set of certificates."

In consequence of this proceeding "the committee have felt it incumbent on them to recommend that the vestry shall devise some plan by which the register of births, marriages, and deaths, shall be placed in fit and proper custody; as well also as to effect the safe custody of the old head and foot-stones, now in the Paddington-street burial-ground (with the inscriptions thereon), so that, for ever, an effectual stop shall be put to the further occurrence of transactions of so fraudulent a character as the present."

Fully agreeing with the vestry of Marylebone, "that no subject assuredly can be so important to all classes of the community, as the effectual security of the documents in question," as well with respect to the entries of *Births, Deaths, and Marriages*, as of *Monumental inscriptions*, we beg to call attention to *the mode of registration adopted in this Magazine*, which, the more it is known the more it will be valued, and which will prevent, as far as human power can, deposited as this publication is, not only in the public libraries of the three kingdoms, but scattered abroad over the whole world, any chance of total destruction, any hope of successful alteration.

There cannot, indeed, be a more secure and at the same time effectual mode of registration, when the purpose for which registration is intended, a knowledge to *all* those who *MAY* be interested, than this which we have been long devising and perfecting which, will, we think, be readily admitted.

* October 19th, 1809. The name of William Fendall has been inserted on the erasure of some other name, formerly standing as "F. S——." The name of William is original, and the letter S. of the old surname is remaining, imperfectly converted into "Wm." The letters "Fendall" are, apparently, entirely

General Monthly Register of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, at Home and Abroad.

Office of Registration, 11, Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn.

[In every case it would be well to furnish the number of the public register as well as the name of the church, chapel, or place where each ceremony was performed, and, when convenient, the names of the executors.]

BIRTHS.

Adamson, the lady of Charles A—, Esq., of a son, at Cheshunt, Aug. 27.

Ainslie, the lady of Daniel A—, Esq., of a son, at Calcutta, May 21.

Aldridge, the lady of John A—, Esq., of a daughter, in Upper Woburn-place, Sept. 14.

Alston, the lady of James A—, Esq., of a son, at 18, Devonshire-street, Portland-place, Sept. 14.

Bloomfield, the lady of Sir Thomas B—, of a daughter, at Brighton, Sept. 9.

Bovell, the lady of J. R. B—, Esq., of a son, who survived his birth only a few hours, in Montague-square, Sept. 18.

Borrodale, the lady of Fred B—, Esq., of a daughter, at Balham, Sept. 8.

Bourcluc, the lady of Dr B—, civil surgeon, of a daughter, at Rutnagherry, E. I., Apr. 28.

Brandt, the lady of Edmund B—, Esq., of St Petersburg, of a daughter, at 11, Park-road, Regent's Park, Sept. 19.

Bruce, the lady of John Wyndham B—, Esq., of a daughter, at Geneva, Aug. 31.

Cartarr, the lady of Charles J C—, Esq., of a son, at Greenwich, Sept. 17.

Cowell, the lady of Longlands C—, Esq., his Belgian Majesty's Consul, of a daughter, at Gibraltar, Sept. 5.

Dowler, the lady of Thomas D—, Esq., of a son, at Richmond, Surrey, Sept. 2.

Driberg, the lady of the Rev C. L. D—, of a son, at Calcutta, May 14.

Erskine, the lady of the Hon. J. C. E—, B.C.S., of a daughter, at Simla, E. I., May 22.

Farwell, the lady of the Rev. Arthur F—, rector of Stoke Fleming, of a daughter, Aug. 29.

Fletcher, Lady Frances, of a daughter, at Pierremont, Isle of Manet, Aug. 29.

Freeman, the lady of Luke F—, Esq., of a daughter (still-born), in Guilford-street, Russell-square, Sept. 15.

Goode, the lady of the Rev. William G—, rector of St. Antholin and St. John the Baptist, of a daughter, at 31, Charterhouse-square, Sept. 16.

Halkett, the lady of Commander H—, of a son, at Uplands, Sept. 4.

Hankey, the lady of George H—, Esq., of a son, at The Cottage, Wimbledon, Sept. 3.

Holloway, the lady of Lieutenant and Adjutant E. V. G. H—, 42nd M.N.I., of a daughter, at Hosangabad, April 8.

Huish, the lady of Lieutenant Alfred H—, Horse Artillery, of a son, at Cawnpore, E. I., May 10.

Jackson, the lady of the Rev. David J—, of a daughter, at the vicarage, Barton Stacey, Hants.

Johnson, the lady of John J—, Esq., late of Calcutta, of a son, at Osnaburgh-street, Regent's Park, Aug. 30.

Johnston, the lady of D. Graham J—, Esq., of a son, at 41, Hertford-street, May Fair, Sept. 3.

Knobel, the lady of William Edward K—, Esq., of a son, in Upper Baker-street, Sept. 7.

Letts, the lady of the Rev. John L—, of a daughter, at the rectory, Hart-street, Sept. 14.

Martin, the lady of Captain Thomas M—, R.N., of a son, at Lcamington, Warwickshire, Sept. 1.

Masterman, the lady of Thomas M—, Esq., of Bush Cottage, Wanstead, Essex, of a son, Sept. 8.

M'Callum, the lady of Donald M'C—, Esq., of a son, at Calcutta, May 16.

Micheli, the lady of E. Eastland M—, Esq., of a son, in Lancaster-place, Sept. 21.

Molyneux, the lady of W. H. M—, Esq., of a son, at Naples, Aug. 27.

Moon, the lady of William M—, Esq., of a son, at Tottenham, Middlesex, Sept. 3.

Moresby, the lady of Capt Robert M—, Indian Navy, of a daughter and son, at Gloucester-place, Southsea, Portsmouth, Sept. 3.

Morris, the lady of the Rev. Robert M—, of a son, at 71, Great Russell-street, Sept. 5.

Osborn, the Lady Elizabeth, of a son, at Carlisle, Sept. 12.

Owen, the lady of Albert O—, Esq., surgeon, of a son, at Tenterden, Kent, August 29.

Park, the lady of Alexander Atherion P—, Esq., of a daughter, at Merton-grove, Sept. 20.

Parker, the lady of James P—, Esq., of a son, at Rothby Temple, Leicestershire, Sept. 3.

Patterson, the wife of Lewis Henry P—, Esq., of a daughter, at Brompton-row, Sept. 18.

Poynter, the lady of Jas. P. P—, Esq., of a son, at Bathurst, N. S. W.

Prior, the lady of Capt. H. P—, 23rd L. J., of a daughter (still-born), at Mangalore, E. I., April 30.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths,

- Pusey**, Lady Emily, of a son, in Grosvenor-square, Sept. 15.
- Routh**, the lady of Henry R—, 15th Hussars, of a daughter, Sept. 8.
- Rowlath**, the lady of T. C. R—, Esq., of Queen's College, Cambridge, of a daughter, at Cambridge, Sept. 19.
- Roxburghe**, the Duchess, of a son and heir, at Floors, Sept. 5.
- Schulch**, the lady of Vernon S—, Esq., Haileybury, Hertfordshire, of a son, at Westport, county of Mayo, Ireland, Sept. 15.
- Scott**, the lady of Capt. J. A. S—, of a son, at Neemuch, E. I., May 24.
- Seymour**, the lady of Sir Hamilton S—, her Majesty's Minister at Brussels, of a daughter, at Glynde, August 27.
- Shaw**, the lady of Thomas George S—, Esq., of a son, Sept. 18.
- Sloper**, the lady of George S—, Esq., of a son, at Cape Cure, 'Boulogne-sur-Mer, Sept. 16.
- Solly**, the lady of Samuel S—, Esq., of a son, in St. Helen's-place, Sept. 18.
- Smith**, the lady of George Robert S—, Esq., M.P., of a son, in Great Cumberland-place, Sept. 16.
- Taylor**, the lady of R. J. T—, C.S., of a daughter, at Mirzapore, E. I., May 12.
- Walbooff**, the lady of J. E. W—, Esq., of a son, at Colombo, Ceylon, March 19.
- Wilde**, the lady of Charles W—, Esq., of a daughter, at College-hill, Sept. 13.
- Wilkinson**, the lady of Robert W—, Esq., of a daughter, at Farley-hill, near Reading, Sept. 3.
- Williams**, the lady of Benj. W—, Esq., of the Madras Medical Service, of a son, at Kensington, Aug. 31.
- Willis**, the lady of Frederick W—, Esq., of a daughter, at Hurst-house, Sept. 3.
- Wilson**, the lady of Lea W—, Esq., of a daughter, at Norwood, Surrey, Sept. 1.
- Brine**, Katherine, you. dau. of the late John B—, M.D., of Cavendish-square, to John Mills *Probyn*, Esq., M.D.; at St. Michael's, Chester, September 19.
- Burrell**, Susan Ann, third dau. of the Hon. L. M. P. B—, to W. T. *Crosbie*, Esq., Ardferf Abbey, Kerry; at Debdon Hall, July 29.
- Champion**, Julia, eld. dau. of Thomas C—, Esq., of Milbury and Stockwood, to Arthur *Willis*, Esq., of Wanstead, Essex; at Stockwood, Dorsetshire, September 3.
- Coghill**, Emmeline Egerton, second dau. of Captain Sir Josiah C—, Bart., R.N., of Belvidere House, Dublin, to the Reverend Charles *Buske*, second son of the Right Hon. the Chief Justice of Ireland; at Cheltenham, August 27.
- Cookson**, Sarah Jane, third dau. of Isaac C—, Esq., of Meldon Park, Northumberland, to Sydney *Streetfield*, Major 52nd Regiment, second son of the late Richard Streetfield, of the Rocks, Sussex; at Meldon, Sept. 12.
- Crosbie**, Fanny Page, eldest daughter of General Sir John C—, G. C. H., to Edward *Sivewright*, Captain of the 12th Lancers, July 25.
- Cross**, Elizabeth, only dau. of the late John C—, Esq., of Bottesford, Leicestershire, to William V. *Pettigrew*, Esq., M.D., of Saville-row; at St. Mary's, North-end, Fulham, September 5.
- Dallin**, Amelia, you. dau. of the late Rev. R. D—, of Shooter's-hill, Kent, to Henry Richardson, Esq., of York, M.A., of Caius College, Cambridge; at Plumstead, Kent, September 3.
- Davies**, Mary Elizabeth Jane, only dau. of the Rev. Samuel D—, of Northaw, Hertford, and Rector of Llanelly, Carmarthen, to the Rev. John Ashfordby *Trenchard*, of Stanton House, Wilts; at Northaw Church, August 27.
- Floyer**, Mary Ann Harriott, only dau. of William F—, Esq., of Floore, Northamptonshire, to George Henry *Phipps*, Esq., of London; at Floore, September 3.

MARRIAGES.

- Alexander**, Mary Anne, only dau. of Richard Hayward A—, Esq., of Corsham, Wilts, to Gabriel *Goldney*, of Chippenham; at Corsham, September 16.
- Arcedeckne**, Miss, dau. of Andrew A—, Esq., to the Hon. Mr. *Vanneck*, eld. son of Lord Huntingfield; at St. George's, Hanover-square, July 6.
- Baumgartner**, Georgiana, second dau. of T. F. B—, Esq., of Godmanchester, Huntingdonshire, to Edward *Charrington*, son of the late Nicholas C—, Esq., of Mile-end; at Godmanchester, Sept. 10.
- Bayley**, Caroline, eld. dau. of Thos. B—, Esq., of Wandsworth-road, to Edward *Van Heythuyzen*, Esq., of John-street, Bedford-row; at Lewisham Church, September 16.
- Beatson**, Harriet, eld. dau. of David B—, Esq., of Rotherhithe, to William *Murdoch*, Esq., M.D.; at Trinity Church, Rotherhithe, September 19.
- Gibbs**, Margaret, you. dau. of James G—, Esq., of Jermyn-street, St. James's, to Edward, eld. son of M. L. *Welch*, Esq., of Wyndham-place, Bryanston-square; at St. George's, Hanover-square, September 5.
- Goldsmid**, Caroline, you. dau. of Edward G—, Esq., of Upper Harley-street, to Major Albert *Goldsmid*, of Park-crescent, Portland-place; at Trinity Church, Marylebone, September 5.
- Gore**, Georgiana, eld. dau. of the late Vice-Admiral Sir John G—, and Maid of Honour to her Majesty the Queen Dowager, to Captain Charles *Stuart*, Grenadier Guards, nephew of Lord Stuart de Rothsay; at St. Martin's-in-the-fields, September 4.
- Guillemard**, Ann, eldest daughter of the late Peter G—, Esq., of Southern-hill, Reading, to William Deane *Bath*, Esq., of Bridge-water; at St. John's, Hackney, Sept. 17.
- Hawley**, Augusta Harriet, fourth daughter of the late Sir Henry H—, Bart., to the Rev.

[THE COURT

Court Magazine Advertising Sheet for October, 1839.

- John *Hamilton*, Vicar of Lynsted, eldest son of J. *Hamilton*, Esq., of Riseland; at *Frant*, August 6.
- Herbert, Lady Emma, youngest daughter of the late Earl of Pembroke, to the Honourable Thomas *Vesey*, eldest son of Viscount De Vesey; at Wilton Church, Sept. 19.
- Hill, Sophia Anne, eldest daughter of John H—, Esq., of Leicester, M.D., to George *Hayes*, Esq., Middle Temple, barrister-at-law; at Leicester, September 3.
- Hill, Louisa Charlotte, youngest daughter of John H—, Esq., of Ashley-hall, Cheshire, attorney-general for the county, to Edward Gordon *Fawcett*, Esq., Bombay Civil Service; at Bowden, Cheshire, September 5.
- Hine, Amelia, daughter of Jonathan H—, Esq., of Nottingham, to John *Bennett*, Esq., of Lincoln's-inn-fields, September 12.
- Hyslop, Mary Wellwood, youngest daughter of the late John H—, Esq., of Finsbury-square, to Denny William *Wright*, Esq., of Lisbon; at Bexley, August 30.
- Jones, Annie, youngest daughter of John J—, Esq., to John N. *Lloyd*, Esq., of the Cottage, Bluith, and formerly of the island of St. Lucia, second son of Richard L—, Esq., late of Holloway-house, Middlesex; at Bluith, September 10.
- Johnson, Anne, only daughter of the late Thomas J—, Esq., of Smedley, to James *Kelso*, Esq., of Dunkenhall Cottage, near Blackburn; at the Collegiate Church, Manchester, September 12.
- Johnston, Clara, third daughter of Sir William J—, Bart., of Hilltown, Aberdeenshire, to Edward *Lake*, Esq., Lieutenant R. N., second son of the late Sir James L—, Bart., of Ramsgate; at St. Giles-in-the-Fields, September 12.
- King, Mary, fourth surviving daughter of the late Morris K—, Esq., army agent, of Vigostreet, and Great Ryder-street, St. James's, to the Reverend Aaron *Thomas*, M.A., of Eye Cottage, Leominster, Herefordshire; at Hammersmith, September 12.
- Lewis, Louisa Caroline, eldest daughter of W. L—, Esq., of Hackney, to Capt. W. B. *Price*, of Poplar; at St. John's, Bethnal-green, August 30.
- Liddiard, Maria, second daughter of J. W. L—, Esq., of Hyde Park-street, to William Nelson *Beechey*, Esq.; at St. John's, Paddington, September 5.
- M'Lachlan, Anna Lucy, eldest daughter of the late John M'L—, Esq., of Baddow-hall, to Thomas Webb *Greene*, Esq., of Lincoln's-Inn, Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge; at Great Baddow, Essex, September 3.
- Nisbit, Elizabeth, only child of the late Henry N—, Esq., of Brixton, Surrey, to Henry, youngest son of John Holmes *Gibson*, Esq., of the Grove-house, Ramsgate; at St. George's Church, Ramsgate.
- Norbury, Mary, second daughter of J. G. N—, Esq., to the Honourable G. P. *O'Callaghan*, second son of Viscount Lismore; at St. James's, July 25.
- Oakeley, Sophia, fifth daughter of the late Reverend Herbert O—, D.D., of Oakeley, Salop, to Commander R. F. *Cleaveland*, R.N.; at St. Margaret's, Westminster, Sept. 18.
- Overend, Martha, third daughter of the late Hall O—, Esq., to William *Rose*, Esq., Middle Temple, barrister-at-law; at Ecclesfield Church, near Sheffield, September 19.
- Pusey, Charlotte Bouverie, youngest daughter of the late Honourable Philip P—, to the Reverend R. L. *Cotton*, D.D., provost of Worcester College, Oxford; at St. George's, Hanover-square, June 27.
- Radford, Mary, eldest surviving daughter of the late Joseph R—, Esq., of Billericay, Essex, to Samuel Astley *Weston*, of Hereford; at St. Paul's Chapel, Winchmore-hill, September 3.
- Rice, Maria, third daughter of the Honourable and very Reverend the Dean of Gloucester, and niece to Lord Dyncvor, to the Reverend Edward *Banks*, Chaplain in Ordinary to Her Majesty, Prebendary of Gloucester and Bristol, and Rector of Corfe Castle, Dorsetshire; at Oddington, Gloucestershire, September 3.
- Rigby, Louisa, second daughter of the late William R—, Esq., of Moss-house, West Derby, to the Reverend Thomas *Clark*, M.A., incumbent of Christchurch, Preston; at Walton-on-Hill, Lancaster, September 3.
- Scobell, Anne Margareta, only daughter of the late Captain Edward S—, R.N., of Poltair-house, Cornwall, and 7, Dorset-square, to Daniel Higford Darall *Burr*, Esq., M.P., of Gayton, Herefordshire; at St. Marylebone Church, September 18.
- Seymer, Louisa, second daughter of the late Henry Ker. S—, Esq., of Handford, Dorset, to the Lord Bishop of Salisbury; at St. George's, Hanover-square, June 27.
- Seymour, Lizzy, sixth daughter of the late Rear-Admiral Sir Michael S—, Bart. K.C.B. to George Howard *Vyse*, Esq., Captain 2d Life Guards; at Marlborough Church, Devon, August 29.
- Simmons, Merville Caroline, only daughter of Nathaniel S—, Esq., of Gloucester Lodge, Croydon, to Samuel *Mason*, Esq., of Finsbury-square, surgeon; at St. George's, Hanover-square, September 7.
- Talbot, the Honourable Mrs. to the Honourable Craven Fitzhardinge *Berkeley*, M. P., youngest son of the late Earl of Berkeley.
- Thackragh, Eden, second daughter of George T—, Esq., of Feltham-place, Middlesex, to Percival *Perkins*, of Usworth-place, county of Durham, fourth son of Frederick P—, Esq., of Chipstead-place, Kent; at Feltham Church, September 18.
- Twiss, Fanny, H. S., only daughter of Horace T—, Esq., Queen's Counsel, to Francis *Bacon*, Esq., barrister-at-law; at St. George's, Hanover-square, July 4.
- Ward, Elizabeth, only daughter of Captain W. R. W—, R.N., to William Henry *Kitchingman*, Esq.; at Sowerby, Yorkshire, August 31.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Webber, Isabella Helen, youngest daughter of the late W. W—, Esq., of Bingfield Lodge, Berks, to Henry Ker Seymer, Esq., of Handford, Dorset; at Hamble, July 4.

Whateley, Ellen, daughter of Henry Piddock W—, Handsworth, Staffordshire, to Thomas Drake, Esq., of Clifton; at Boulogne-sur-Mer, September, 20.

Willis, Josephine, fourth daughter of Isaac W—, Esq., of Grosvenor-street, to Henry Hinkley Willis, Esq., of Wanstead, Essex; at St. George's, Hanover-square, Sept. 18.

Wise, Caroline Jane, only daughter of the Rev. G. F. W—, to the Rev. Charles Osmond, B.C.L. of Tiverton; at Loddiswell, Devon, June 20.

Wren, Mary Ann, youngest daughter of William Weld W—, Esq., of Eastwood, Bury, to Samuel Chapman, Esq., third son of Thomas C—, Esq., Marshal of the Queen's Bench Prison; at Eastwood, Essex, September 6.

DEATHS.

Acraman, Maria, wife of D. W. A—, Esq., at Clifton, five days after her return from Malta, July 21.

Bentinck, Lady Jemima; at Nutwood Lodge, Gotton, Surrey, September 16.

Bisshopp, Cecil Fitzroy, aged 15 months, infant son of Colonel Cecil B—, C. B., of the 11th Regiment of Foot; at 21, Cambridge-street, Connaught-square, September 2.

Boswell, Elizabeth, wife of J. E. B—, Esq.; residency surgeon at Penang, E. I., April 2.

Bowes, Juliet, wife to the Rev. T. F. Foord B—, D.D., chaplain to the Queen, and eldest daughter of the late Edward Topham, Esq.; at Burton Rectory, Bedfordshire, July 27.

Babington, T., Esq., aged 75; at Rotherfield, Sussex, July 20.

Brandram, William Caldwell D—, Esq.; of Gower-street, aged 52, by a fall from his horse, August 12.

Briggs, Elizabeth, wife of D. W. Perronet B—, Esq., R. A., and daughter of the late Thomas Alderson, Esq., of Durham; in Bruton-street, Berkeley-square, September 4.

Brydges, Sir John, aged 75, at his seat Wotton Court, Kent, head captain of Sandgate Castle, and a commissioner of Dover Harbour, and brother-in-law to the late Marquis of Waterford, having married Lady Isabella Anne, the eldest daughter of George, the first Marquis.

Brydon, Miss Jane Mary, aged 17, of Powis-place, Great Ormond-street, August 27; buried in the Highgate Cemetery.

Burra, Sarah Mary, aged 79, wife of Robert B—, Esq.; at Carshalton, September 2.

Cancross, William Henry, aged 25, eldest son of William C—, Esq.; at Ponzance, July 29.

Carew, Lady, wife of Sir Thomas C—, R.N.; in Wimpole-street, July 11.

Collier, Louisa, wife of Henry C—, Esq.; of 11, Eaton-square, August 6.

Colpoys, Lady Griffith, relict of Vice-Admiral Sir E. G. C—, K.C.B., and previously of Sir John Wilson, Judge of the Common Pleas; at Fareham, Hants, July 26.

Cornwall, Mary Jane, aged 17, second daughter of the late Sir George C—, Bart., of Moccas-court, Hereford. She was amusing herself with her brothers in a boat on the Wye, when she overbalanced, and fell into the river, August 5.

Craven, the Honourable Georgina, aged 67, aunt to the Earl of C—, August 18.

De la Main, Jessie Anna, wife of E. S. D—, Esq., late of the 67th Regiment; at Brighton, after giving birth to a daughter, August 9.

Devereux, the Honourable Henry Cornewall, aged 32, eldest son of Viscount Hereford; at Norwood, September 14.

Drummond, Lady Mary, aged 81, widow of the late Andrew D—, Esq., of Cadland, Hants; at the rectory, Trowbridge, Sept. 18.

Etough, Georgiana, wife of the Reverend Richard E—, D.D., rector of Claydon and Akenham, and vicar of Croxton-Kerrial, and Stonesby, Leicestershire.

Fielder, Anna Ramsay, aged 23, daughter of the late John F—, Esq., of Charlotte-street, Portland-place; at Home Bay, August 31.

Forbes, James Keith, Esq., aged 20, 10th Regiment of Bengal Native Infantry, eldest son of Captain J. K. F—, of Oxford-terrace, Hyde Park; at Lucknow, E. I., June 5.

Fraser, Lady, wife of General Sir John F—, G. C. H.; at Camden-hill, Kensington, September 11.

Gordon, Henry, Esq., aged 50; at Stoke Court, near Taunton, September 15.

Guthrie, Emily Louisa, second daughter of David Charles G—, Esq.; at 30, Portland-place, September 17.

Hanbury, the Honourable G. S. H—, aged 4, youngest son of Lord Bateman; at Brighton, August 12.

Hardy, Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Masterman, Bart., G.C.B., and Governor of the Royal Hospital at Greenwich, September 20.

Hargrave, Joseph, Esq., of the Ordnance Office, Tower, September 1.

Hingston, John, Esq., aged 43; at Lyme Regis, September 5.

Hornidge, Elizabeth Gwinnett, aged 26, youngest daughter of the late Reverend William Gwinnett H—, vicar of Churcham, Gloucestershire; at Chilcompton, near Bath, September 19.

Howden, the Right Honourable John Francis Caradoc, aged 80, Baron H—, of Crimston and Spaldington, and of Craddockston, county of Kildare, in the Peerage of Ireland; Baron Howden, of Howden and Crimston, county York, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom; G. C. B. and K. C.: a general in the army, and colonel of the 43rd Foot, and a member of the Consolidated Board of General Office, *late*.

Hubback, George, Esq., late of Durham; at Kensington, September 13.

Irby, Albinia, aged 57, sister to Lord Boston; at Notting Hill, August 21.

Jones, Philip, Esq., aged 60; at Surgas Court, Hereford, *late*.

Court Magazine Advertising Sheet for October, 1839.

- Johnston, Captain J. Pym, half-pay unattached, late of the 21st Fusiliers; at 5, Tavistock-street, Bedford-square, Sept. 17.
- King, Georgina, aged 27, younger daughter of the Honourable George K—, and cousin to the Earl of Lovelace; at Fryorn, near Storrington, Sussex, July 19.
- Klerck, Willem Jan, Esq., aged 72; at Cape Town, May 21.
- Le Maitre, W. F., Esq., aged 36; at his residence, Queen-street, Hammersmith, after a protracted and severe illness, September 1.
- Lucan, the Right Honourable Richard Bingham, second Earl of L—, and Baron Lucan of Castlebar, county Mayo, aged 74; at his residence, Serpentine-terrace, Knightsbridge, July 1.
- Macbean, Lieutenant-General Sir Joseph, K.C.H., Royal Artillery, aged 74; at Woolwich, September 19.
- Macgregor, Fanny Emily, aged 19, daughter of Maj.-Gen. J. A. Paul M—; at Calcutta, May 9.
- McLean, Sir Joseph, C.B., K.C.H., at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, September 19. Sir Joseph was one of the most dashing officers in the last war, in which he had been several times wounded in the service of his country, and has left a son, now serving in the Royal Artillery, a widow, and several daughters, to deplore his loss.
- Marindin, S. P., Esq., aged 61, of Chicesterion, Salop, September 7.
- Metivier, Esther, aged 77, widow of J. C. M—, Esq., Solicitor-General in Guernsey, at Wotton-under-edge, Gloucestershire, July 22.
- Montgomery, Hugh, aged 20, third surviving son of James M—, Esq., of Brentford; September 7.
- Morris, Mary, aged 71, relict of William M—, Esq.; at Southampton-court, Gloucestershire, September 19.
- Neyle, Charlotte, relict of the late Gilbert Neville N—, Esq.; at the Baths, Lucca, September 8.
- Noble, John Robinson, Esq., aged 30, of Bowness, Westmorland, surgeon; at Hammersmith, September 4.
- Nugent, the widow of Lieut.-Col. N—, aged 80, late of Welbeck-street; in Park street, Grosvenor-square, August 6.
- Pare, General John; at Southampton, August 6.
- Polhill, George, Esq., aged 72, of Sunderland, Kent; at Tunbridge Wells, September 13.
- Pomfret, Dowager Countess of, aged 70; at Richmond, Surrey, September 17.
- Powe, John, Esq., aged 40, native of Whitehaven, in Cumberland, after a long and painful illness; at Hammersmith, September 10.
- Prescott, Lieut. Richard, aged 31, of the 8th Regiment of Madras Cavalry; at Arcot, E. I., July 11.
- Prior, Elizabeth Leathes, wife of Captain Henry P—, 23rd Madras Infantry, and daughter of Sir John Mortlock, Commissioner of Excise, at Vellore, E. I., of cholera, June, 17.
- Price, Barrington, Esq., aged 82, uncle to Sir Robert P—, of Foxley, Bart., M. P., for Herefordshire; at Sparshol-house, Oxfordshire, April 5.
- Rawstone, Eliza Henrietta, aged 24, wife of Fleetwood R—, Esq., resident Magistrate for Colesberg; Cape of Good Hope, May 20.
- Rendlesham, the Right Honourable Lord William; at Rendlesham, September 13.
- Ross, Captain John Maitland, of the 5th Native Infantry; at Madras, May 18.
- Smallpiece, John, Esq., aged 49; at Lisbon, September 7.
- Silver, James, Esq., aged 62, of Doughty-street, August 27; buried in the Highgate Cemetery.
- St. Aubyn, Sir John, aged 82, of Clowance, in the county of Cornwall, Bart.; at Putney, August 10.
- Stanhope, Lady Hester Lucy, aged 64, after a long illness; at Djoun, in Syria, June 23. She was the eldest daughter of the late, and sister to the present, Earl Stanhope.
- St. George, Joseph Price, Esq., of Nottingham-square, Kensington, suddenly; at the residence of William Berkeley, Esq., Cooper-sale hall, Essex, September 2.
- Stracey, John, Esq., aged 69; at his residence, Balsham, Cambridgeshire, July, 31.
- Sudley, the Right Honourable Henrietta Susanuah Lady S—; in Dover-street, June 5.
- Sullivan, Arthur Frederick, youngest son of J. S. Esq.; at Porto Novo, E. I., April 20.
- Sweatman, John, M.D., aged 39, physician accoucheur to the Middlesex Hospital; in Berners-street, September 18.
- Syngnes, Lieutenant H. A. S., R.N., aged 45, chief officer of the Coast Guard Station at Brook, Isle of Wight, August 20. His premature death is attributed to his great exertions in saving the lives of the crew of the French brig *Clair*, wrecked off the island in December last, when he nearly lost his life by the swamping of his boat.
- Taylor, Edgar, F.S.A., aged 46, after a long and trying illness, borne with unceasing patience, resignation, and cheerfulness; at 40, Bedford row, August 19.
- Thornton, the Reverend Charles, M.A., youngest son of the late Henry T—, Esq.; at Battersea-ridge, June 21.
- Tomlin, Frances, eldest daughter of the late W. E. T—, Esq., of Rugby-grove, Lincolnshire; at Sandgate, July 30.
- Topping, the Reverend John, Vicar of Leigh, Lancashire; at Leigh, July 20.
- Truston, William, Esq., aged 78; at his residence, Haveringwell-house, Hornchurch, Essex, July 29.
- Uwins, Jane, aged 51, relict of the late Dr. U—, July 7.
- Venour, the Reverend John, aged 72, rector of Bourton-upon-Dunsmore, Warwickshire, July 11.
- Vibart, Thomas Gowan, Esq., Bengal Civil Service; at Leamington, September 4.
- Wall, Mrs., aged 79, relict of Archdeacon W—; at Dublin, lately.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths, Court Magazine.

- Walker, the Reverend William Panton, aged 20, of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Curate of Louth, Lincolnshire, June 8.
- Walker, James Lawrie, aged 16, eldest son of John Walker, Esq., of Crawfordton, Dumfriesshire; at Cowes, Hampshire, lately.
- Walpole, G., Esq., aged 69, formerly of Blackheath; at Chamberwall, lately.
- Walsh, Lieutenant-General Anthony, aged 78; in Gordon-place, August 13.
- Walsingham, the Reverend Lord, aged 62, at Merton Hall, Norfolk. His Lordship was Archdeacon of Surrey, prebendary of Winchester and rector of Fawley, Southampton, and is succeeded in his title by his eldest son, the Hon. Thomas de Grey, now Lord Walsingham.
- Wardell, Anna Margaretta, aged 17, only child of John Lloyd W—, Esq.; at Southampton, September 6.
- Wardele, Elizabeth, the beloved wife of John W. Esq., after a long and painful illness; at Daventry, August 8.
- Warner, Jane, the beloved wife of Thornton W—, Esq., of Trinidad, on her passage from that island to England, June 14.
- Warrington, Mary Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Reverend George W—, after a short illness; at Wyke Cottage, near Weymouth, July 26.
- Wilson, William, Esq., aged 87; at Norton, near Stockton-on-Tees, September 9.
- Warner, Emma, aged 28, second daughter of the Reverend James Lee W—, of Walsingham, Norfolk, September 4.
- Wedderburn, Colonel Alexander, of Inveresk Lodge, Musselburg, late of the Coldstream Guards, brother to Sir David W—, of Balledean, county Perth, Bart., and youngest son of Sir John Wedderburn, Bart.; at Glasgow, July 30.
- Wheatstone, Lieutenant, aged 28, of H. M. 53rd Regiment of Foot; on board the Lord Lowther, on the passage from England to Madras, January 8.
- Wilkins, William, Esq., on his sixty-first birth-day; at his residence at Lensfield, Cambridge, August 31.
- Willis, Dora Gertrude d'Anyers, aged 2 years and 11 months, daughter of Frederick W—, Esq., of Dublin Castle; at Hurst-house, September 13.
- Willis, Isabella Sophia, the beloved child of Joseph S. W—, after only twelve hours' illness, at St. German's place, Blackheath, September 7.
- Wise, Emily, the wife of Dr. W—, aged 27, at Calcutta, May 12.
- Wood, Alexander, Esq., aged 60, of Pinckley Lodge, Finchley, September 27; burial place in the Highgate cemetery.
- Wrangham, Amelia, wife of Digby W—, Esq., of the Inner Temple; at Beach-hill, near Barnet, September 11.

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[Notices of Marriages, &c., are received by Mr. W. F. Watson, 33, Princes-street, Edinburgh; Mr. Duncan Campbell, 2, Buchanan-street, Glasgow; Mrs. Meyler, Abbey Churchyard, Bath, No 61, Boulevard St Martin, Paris; Adam Smith, Esq., Calcutta; and could be forwarded by Booksellers from every part of the Kingdom.]

